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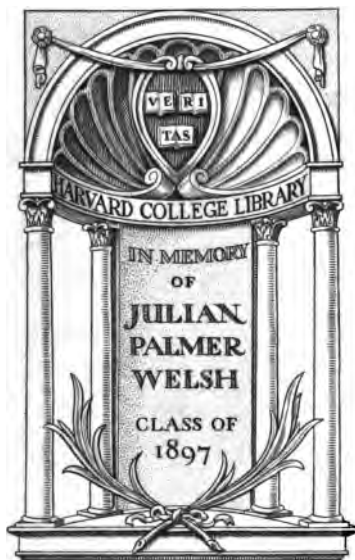
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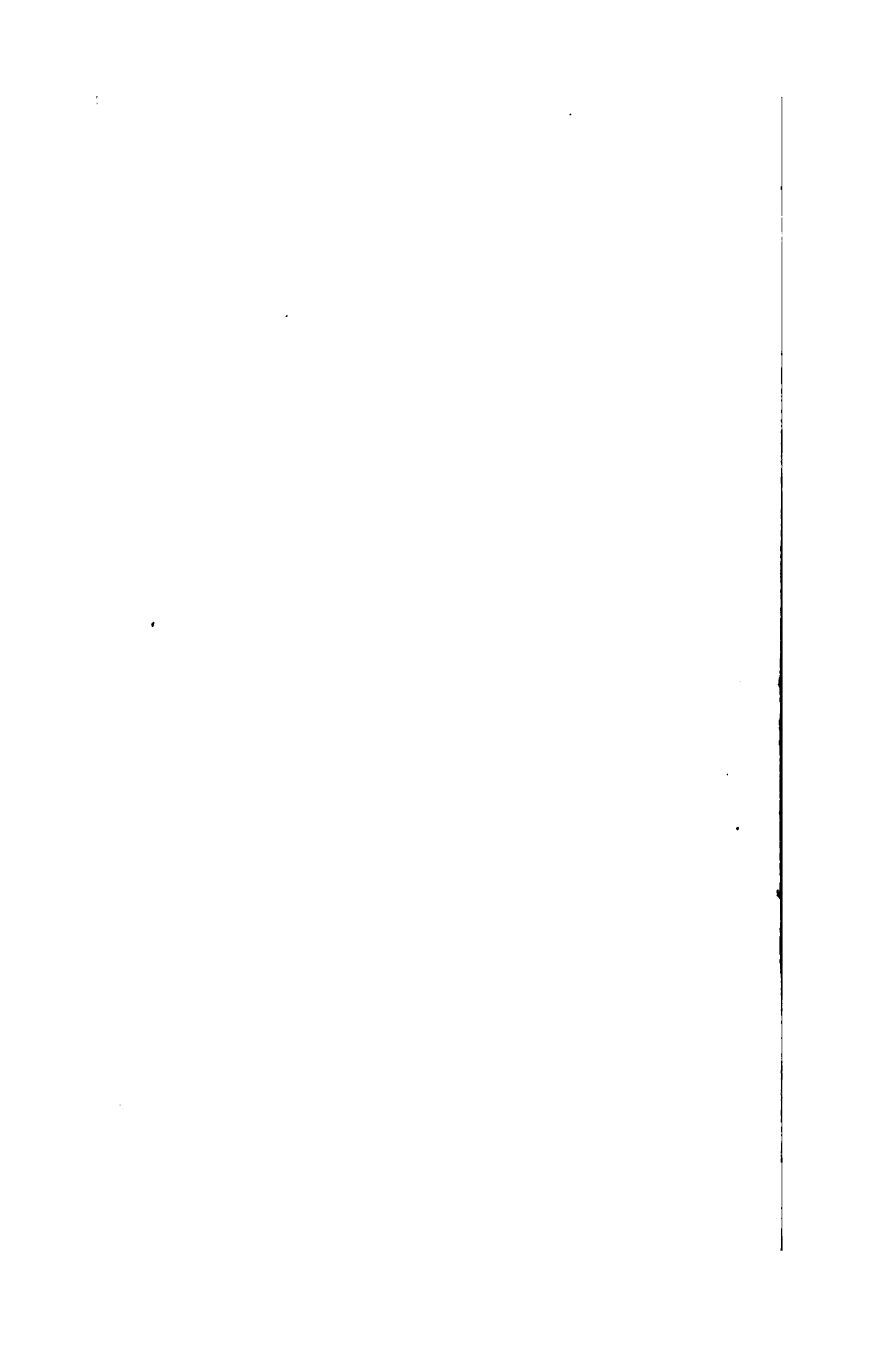


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INCHBALD'S
BRITISH THEATRE.

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Welsh friend

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THE
BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,
A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

The Theatres Royal,

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, HAYMARKET, AND LYCEUM.

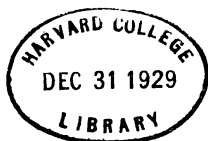
PRINTED, UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS,
FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,
BY MRS. INCHBALD.

A NEW EDITION.
IN TWENTY VOLUMES.
VOL. XII.

LONDON:
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1824.

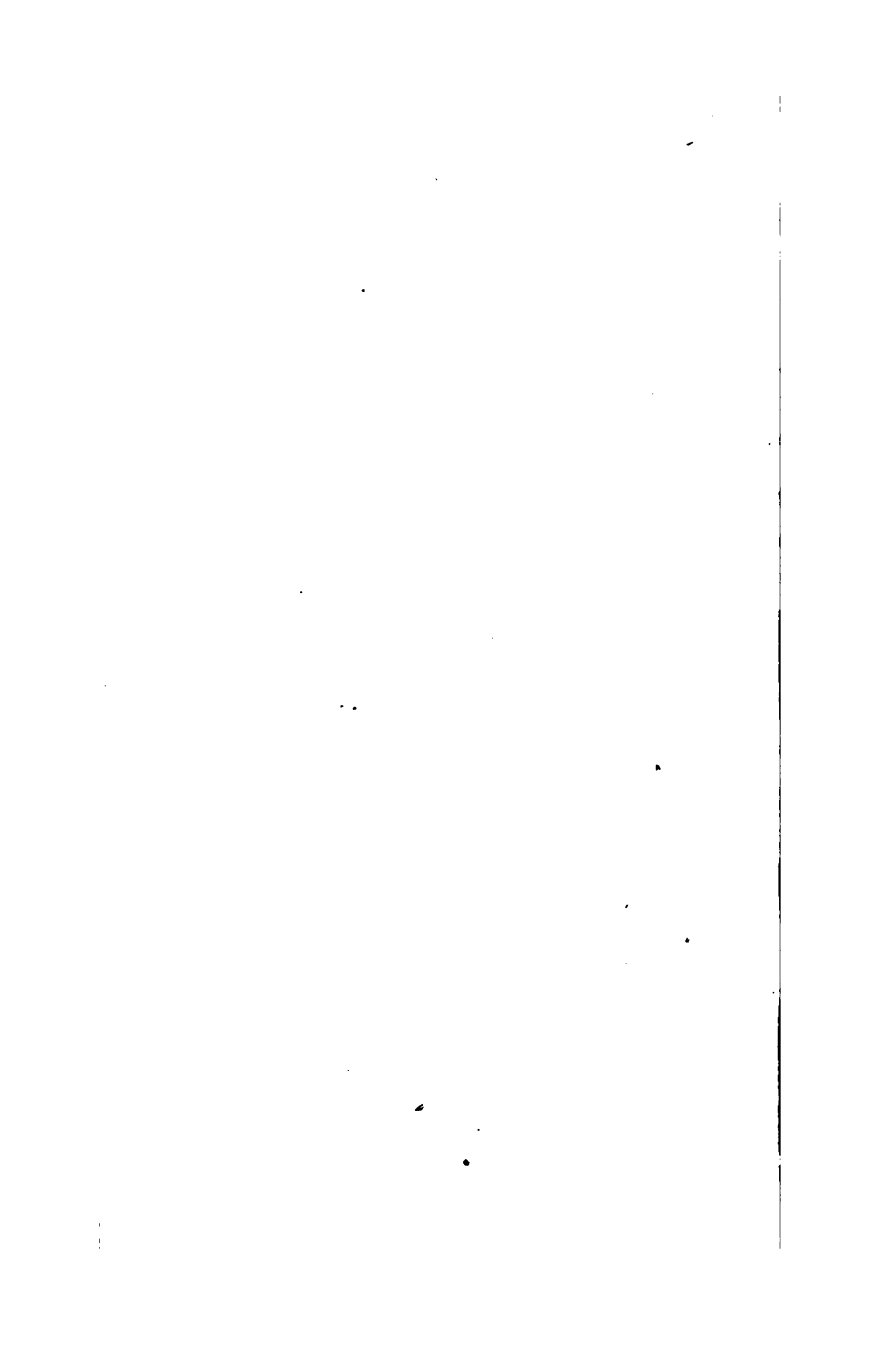
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Welsh fund

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The Point of Honour
Rivals
Surrender of Calais
Speed the Plough
Dramatist
Fontainebleau





POINT OF HONOR.



GEORGE. MY EMBROIDERED EAGLE IS A MEMENTO!
 AND, BEWARE! I THREATEN THEM. SCENE II.

Designed by Singleton.

Engraved by Longman & Co.

Published by J. B. Nichols.

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THE POINT OF HONOUR:

A PLAY,

IN THREE ACTS;

By CHARLES KEMBLE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS,

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK



A NEW EDITION.

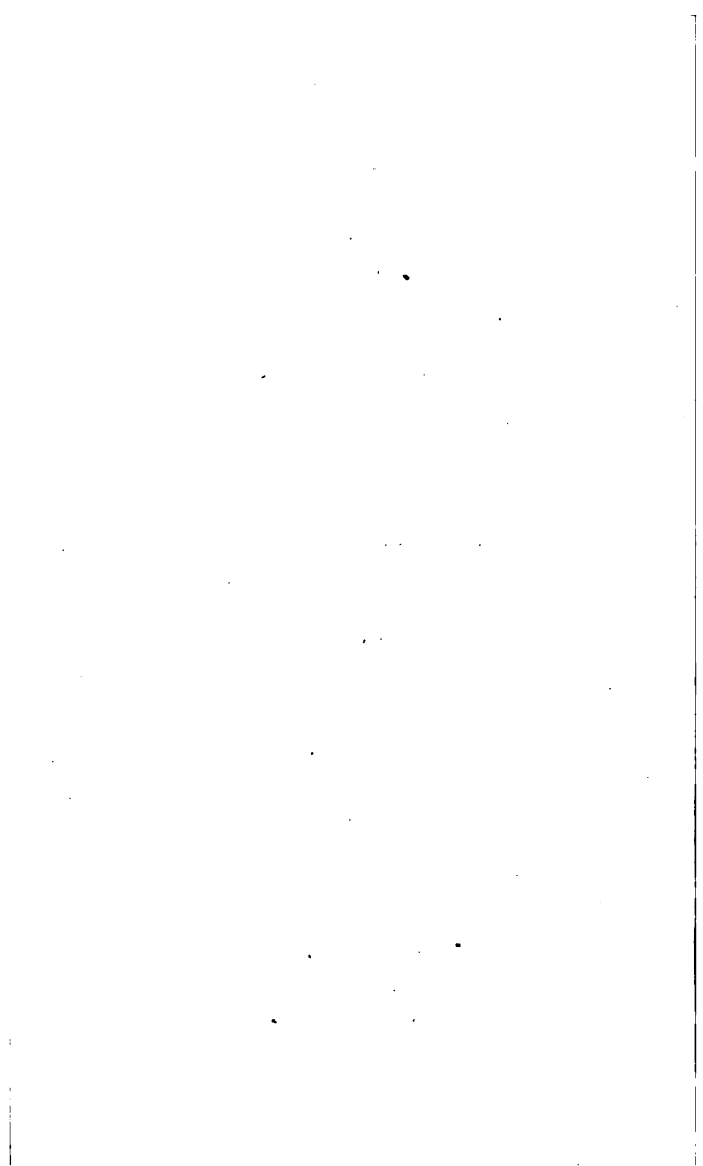


WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER ROW.**



REMARKS.

The Prologue to this drama, in reference to the author, has the following lines,

“ ————— His muse to-night,
“ On timorous wings has try'd her maiden flight.”

The timidity of a favourite actor may be called in question by some critics ; whilst other observers will readily believe, that an actor's most powerful apprehension, as a dramatist, may arise from that very favour with which the town has already received his efforts on the stage—the dread of sullyng reputation hardly earned, and dearly prized.

It was those fears which, perhaps, induced Mr. C. Kemble to make his first attempt, in the pursuit of literary honours, as a translator.

The “ Point of Honour” is taken from the French: still the term translation should be applied to the work in a limited sense ; for in the dramatic art many talents are requisite towards the introduction of a French play upon an English stage, besides that of correctly changing one language into another.

The audience, and the actors of this country, are so different from those of France, that a much bolder, if not a more elegant, pen is required to animate the colder expression of the last, and to captivate, or delude, the more sober judgment of the first.

The task necessary for the success of a French play in an English theatre, Mr. C. Kemble has here accomplished : and the reception, which the town gave to the work, has fully repaid him for his labour.

Though the production was announced "a comedy," and in the first acts gave evidence of its claim to that title, yet so skilfully was the passion of fear excited as the concluding scenes approached, that the spectators, forgetting the class of amusement to which they had been invited, trembled for the fate of the hero of the drama, even to the expectation of a tragical catastrophe.

It was only necessary that the subject of this play should not have been presented to the public before, in order to have rendered the exhibition a most popular one.

To invent a new fable, is difficult, and it is still more difficult to treat an old one, so as to bestow upon it the semblance of novelty. The foreign writer employed his utmost skill to give a degree of interest to the story on which this piece is founded, made common to the public of Paris, by the well known afterpiece of the "Deserter."——Mr. C. Kemble had the same disadvantages to contend with, by the same entertainment being equally known to a London audience ; and he has been even more successful than the original author, in giving renewed attraction to a familiar tale.

Still, few persons can be present at the "Point of Honour" without feeling a decrease of interest in the scenes before them, in consequence of calling to mind some events in the musical farce just named : and

again, in the much admired opera ballet, under the title of the "Deserter of Naples."

There is a number in the "Rambler" which so wisely teaches the danger of imitation to an author, that an extract from it may serve as a lesson to the authors of the present composition, for their instruction, and to their readers for their indulgence; reminding them, that it is much more hazardous to adopt, than to create:

"One of the old poets congratulates himself that he has the untrodden region of Parnassus before him, and that his garland will be gathered from plantations which no writer had yet culled: But the imitator treads a beaten walk, and, with all his diligence, can only hope to find a few flowers or branches untouched by his predecessor, the refuse of contempt, or the omission of negligence."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHAVALIER <i>de</i> ST. FRANC	<i>Mr. Young.</i>
VALCOUR	<i>Mr. Abbott.</i>
DURIMEL	<i>Mr. C. Kemble.</i>
STEINBERG	<i>Mr. Liston.</i>
FIRST OFFICER	
SECOND OFFICER	
ZENGER	
STEIBEL	
KEEPER OF THE PRISON	
MRS. MELFORT	<i>Mrs. Faucit.</i>
BERTHA	<i>Miss O'Neill.</i>

The Action passes in a small Town upon the German Frontier.

THE
POINT OF HONOUR.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

*A Room in Mrs. MELFORT'S House.—Tables, Chairs,
&c. &c.*

Enter Mrs. MELFORT and STEINBERG, meeting.

Stein. So, so, so! fine times these! soldiers without end; infantry, cavalry, dragoons, light troops, huzzars, baggage-waggons, and the devil knows what, pouring in upon us!—Well, I foresaw it all;—Don't you remember, Mrs. Melfort, what I predicted last Wednesday was two years, when I read you the gazette of the sixth of March? I foresaw that this would become the seat of war—I foresaw the whole plan as well as they who designed it: I make no doubt now, but the enemy will compel us to show our joy at their arrival, by a voluntary illumination and public rejoicing.

Mrs. M. Better so than to behold our streets streaming with blood; and the four corners of our poor little town delivered to the flames.

Stein. What! admit the foe without resistance? I love my country, madam; I am a patriot;—you understand me?

Mrs. M. Indeed, sir, I do not ; pray explain yourself.

Stein. Well then, madam, the protection you have afforded that young Frenchman, whom you have made in a manner one of your family, sufficiently evinces your partiality to his whole nation, and his insolence keeps pace with your——

Mrs. M. Sir, sir ; the person you speak of is a young man of extraordinary merit ; he is prudent, economical, intelligent : nor was it possible for me to find a person better calculated to conduct my affairs : add to which, he was unfortunate, and that alone had been sufficient claim on my protection.

Stein. Well, I have done : but you don't know what reports are in circulation—all your friends are shocked at them.

Mrs. M. Reports ! and pray what are they ?

[Smiling.]

Stein. Why they go so far as to talk of marriage between him and your daughter ; and you may well suppose——

Mrs. M. Yes, sir, I can well suppose that such reports are calculated to give uneasiness : and to put an end to them at once, Durimel shall call her wife to-morrow.

Stein. I'm astonished ! Why, madam, what can induce you to——

Mrs. M. The reports, of which you were just speaking——reports, you know, Mr. Steinberg, are dangerous.

Stein. I can bear no more ; here's gratitude to the man who generously offered to rid you out of the cares of widowhood.—I did think you would have no objection to me as a son, whatever might be your reason for rejecting me as a husband.

Mrs. M. I believe, sir, you have frequently heard thought no sacrifice too great to secure happiness : I am now about to do it :

imagine, then, how great must be my satisfaction in reflecting, that instead of raising a blush on my daughter's cheek, in beholding the ceremony of her mother's nuptials, I shall now appear with honour at the celebration of her's.

Stein. Then I have been completely deceived in my expectations? I, who never——

Mrs. M. We cannot know every thing, sir; and he who, in reading a gazette, knows so well how to predict the future revolutions of Europe, often prophesies extremely ill when he reads in the eyes of a young girl—but she is here; I will inform her of what has passed, and should you be fortunate enough to succeed with her, I promise you I will not in any way oppose her inclinations.

Enter BERTHA.

My dear Bertha, you are come very *a-propos*: Mr. Steinberg insists on having you for his wife. What say you? Do you approve of him for your husband?

Bertha. For any thing else in the world—but for a husband—oh, no, dear madam.

Mrs. M. What are your objections?

Bertha. Oh, do not ask me!—you know as well as I do; to you I confide the most secret wishes of my soul—and I have already avowed——

Mrs. M. Proceed.

Bertha. What! name him? Oh, you know him well.

Stein. What! Miss Bertha, a fellow who comes from I don't know where—who has not a shilling to bless himself with—an adventurer; and you can prefer him to me? Really, madam, a prudent mother owes it to her child, not to suffer her to be guilty of so much folly.

Mrs. M. You hear what Mr. Steinberg says, my dear; so answer for yourself.

Stein. Reflect, my dear Miss Bertha, how terrible

it will be to have all my expectations crushed ; I who have lived seven long years in hope.

Bertha. Live so still, my dear Mr. Steinberg ; for all who hope are happy ; and I fear you would no longer be so if we were married : our ages, our tastes, our sentiments, all differ ;—we shall live much better as friends ; be generous then—speak to me no more of love, and your friendship will be still the dearer to me.

Stein. [*Sighing.*] Ah ! Miss Bertha, I remember you quite an infant—I watched with rapture the growth of your charms, and now you disdain me ;—you reject me—me, who would have left you every thing I have in the world—me, who am so old a friend too.

Bertha. Is it not natural, sir, at my age, to prefer a younger friend ?

Stein. Very well, Miss, very well—and so you prefer a beggar—a——If I cared less about you, I could inform you, but I won't ; no, no—I've done—ingratitude is worse than——

Mrs. M. Come, come, no enmity ; my daughter has acquainted you with her sentiments ; then do not blame her, if her heart——

Stein. Don't tell me, don't tell me ; there's nothing but ingratitude upon the face of the earth : how the world's changed !—perverted !—ah ! what's become of your poor deceased husband ? he would not have used me thus—he was my friend—he was a man of good sense and enlightened understanding—it is but too plain he is no longer here.—Bad world !—nothing but ingratitude, cruelty, and treason.

[*Exit STEINBERG, and returns almost immediately unperceived.*]

Mrs. M. His exclamations fatigue me ; [*During this speech STEINBERG returns, as if about to speak ; but perceiving himself to be the subject of conversation, retires to a closet in the flat, where he overhears the*

rest of the scene] yet they are excusable; I cannot bear to see distress, even in those who do not respect the sensibility of others.

Stein. 'Tis of me they are talking, and I should like to know their opinion of me—listeners, they say, hear no good of themselves.—I'll try the truth of that remark. *[Goes into the closet.]*

Bertha. What a difference between him and Durimel! Oh! my dear mother, 'tis you who create my happiness and his! what unaffected sincerity he possesses! you were ever decided in his favour, and I derive so much pleasure from that decision, that I sometimes fear a change in your sentiments.—This place is full of envy.

Mrs. M. Banish your fears, my child—I believe him to be worthy of your love; and, in uniting your fortunes, how sweet will it be to me to pay the debt of gratitude I owe him, in a manner so congenial with my feelings! Be to him equable, complaisant, and affable; dispel the smallest cloud which threatens to obscure the sunshine of your peace: women have not force for their inheritance; candour and an affecting softness are their only arms. Avoid caprice; it is the rock on which our happiness is often wrecked; and in the married state, trifles light, and even imperceptible at first, contain the dreadful seed of dangerous discord:—continue then your confidence in me, that my experience may assist you to prevent or dissipate the storms which may arise.

Bertha. I see no clouds, nor do I dread a storm; the sun of happiness shines full upon me, and brightens all my prospects.

Mrs. M. You are now, dear Bertha, on the point of entering into duties, the sweetest, sure of life, but not the less important: summon, then, all your courage; be prepared for all events; for to-morrow you become the wife of Durimel.

Bertha. With what care, with what anxious tenderness, you watch over my happiness!

Mrs. M. Here he comes: we shall raise him to the very summit of felicity; but I fear the height will turn his brain.

Bertha. 'Tis he; but I dread to—I have not power—I—permit me to withdraw. *[Exit BERTHA.]*

Mrs. M. [Calling.] Bertha! Bertha!—Ah! she's gone.

Enter DURIMEL.

Why did you not hold her?

Dur. My presence was, perhaps, the occasion of her flight, madam: if so, it would have been a rudeness to have held her. I fear I have interrupted you.

Mrs. M. Not in the least—not in the least; she will not always shun you thus. *[Smiling.]* Hear me, Durimel—it is time to bestow upon your merit, your attachments to our interests, and a sentiment, the rise and growth of which I have with pleasure marked, the sweet reward which you expect, and I, with truth, can say, is but your due. What ails you?—why are you silent?—have you any disagreeable news to communicate? some delay, some failure, among our correspondents?

Dur. No, madam; your affairs are in a more flourishing condition than ever I remember them; the books, which I delivered to you yesterday, must have convinced you of the truth of what I say.

Mrs. M. What can this mean? to be so sad at such a moment, when all things smile around you! Tell me, Durimel, has not your heart a secret presage of the happiness which now awaits you?

Dur. [Sighs.] No, madam; I can no longer cheat myself into a belief that there is any happiness for me.

Mrs. M. Durimel, I am no stranger to your love; the nobleness of your sentiments has acquired my most sincere esteem: then take my daughter—I give her to you—to-morrow she shall be yours.

Dur. Oh, madam! how ignorant are you of the situation of my soul! True, I have dared in secret to cherish the sweet hope. Bertha! I adore her! but, in the name of all your bounty, I conjure you! tell me she sincerely loves—she loves as I love her,—tell me, my benefactress, my guardian angel, tell me! for my future destiny hangs on it.

Mrs. M. If I should tell you, will you be more discreet? more composed? You are no longer the same person.—Yes, dear Durimel, my daughter's heart is yours entirely.

Dur. Then I defy you, Fate!—she loves me! to-morrow I may call her by the tender name of wife: shall I then fly from her, to end my days in sorrow and despair? No! though loss of life should be the price of such supreme delight, I'll stay—I'll die content.

Mrs. M. Die! you have filled my mind with terror. Should you be unfortunate——

Dur. Unfortunate! have you not bestowed your daughter on me? but you do not know me: you might, however, have suspected, that a voluntary exile does not quit the cherished scenes of his birth without a cause: who knows whether a single word will not recal the blind partiality which pleads in my behalf? whether Bertha herself will not reject, nay blush, for having loved me.

Mrs. M. Reject you! Oh! no, dear Durimel; I cannot be deceived; If I have never sought to make you break the silence you have imposed upon yourself, 'twas from a firm conviction that the virtues you possess, could never spring from a corrupted heart: from what you are, I judge of what you have been—what you will be. The husband of Bertha, you be-

come my son ; now guard your secret, or confide it to a mother's breast—you are at liberty to chuse.

Dur. I am unable to resist ;—I was about to quit you.—Start not, but summon all your fortitude to hear, as I must relate my story. Reared far from the tender eyes of a parent, it is but rarely I've enjoyed the blessing of embracing him : at sixteen years of age—deprived of all resource, and animated by the example of my father, I followed the career of arms : in performing the painful duties of my station, my courage never failed ; and yet, how frequent were the occasions to exercise it ! It was my lot to serve under a colonel the most oppressive, the most inflexible, of men : five years of patience had I passed beneath his iron yoke, when, oh ! fatal moment ! unjustly molested, my blood began to boil ; I answered sharply, and received a blow—disgraceful outrage ! which, at this distant period, covers me with blushes.

Mrs. M. Moderate this passion, I entreat you ; it terrifies me.

Dur. No, I could not bear it ; an involuntary motion carried my hand to my sword, and in the moment when I thought vengeance within my reach, I became a slave ; degraded, loaded with irons, and thrust into a dungeon, my only resource was to bribe my guards, and, by a sudden flight, escape the humiliating, loathed ceremony, of asking pardon for an injury received : I was instantly denounced, pursued, declared a deserter, and adjudged to death.

Mrs. M. To death ! oh, Heaven !

Dur. A wandering outcast, I arrived upon the German frontier : Fortune then seemed to smile in offering me an asylum under your hospitable roof, where seven years have rolled away in peace ; but in the happiest moment of my life, the most desired, the war conducts the very regiment hither which bears my sentence : my judges are at your door, madam—once known, my doom is certain.

Mrs. M. Flight would be dangerous.

Dur. Flight! Oh! if I fly I must abandon all that's dear to me: upon such terms life is not worth the having, and I will stay and die with Bertha.

Mrs. M. Conceal yourself within the house; these regiments must soon give place to others; and this asylum, without doubt, is preferable to any.—Haste then, this instant, and conceal yourself.

Dur. But, Bertha——

Mrs. M. Be careful not to let a single word escape you; if you should, her fears will ruin all; we will acquaint her with the danger when it is over: appear before her, but with prudence; do not seem to fear, but let your carriage——

Enter a SERVANT of MRS. MELFORT

Serv. Madam, the regiments have entered the town—two officers are billeted on us, and here is the order.

Mrs. M. Prepare two chambers instantly, at the far end of the corridor, and let nothing be wanting.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

Dur. Alas! what trouble have I brought upon you! Why did you not place your tenderness on one more fortunate?

Mrs. M. Think you I loved you only when you were happy? do me not so much injustice:—but come;—you must instantly retire to the apartment behind the manufactory.—Calm your terrors—confide in me; and with a mother's anxious care I'll watch over, and conceal your safe retreat from every eye.

[*Exit MRS. MELFORT and DURIMEL.*]

Enter STEINBERG from the Closet.

Stein. Except mine—what I have just heard will do; 'tis good, very good.—Now, my young Frenchman, I may chance to be even with you; for though I lose my mistress, I shall find my revenge; and will not forego the opportunity.

[*Exit STEINBERG.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall.—SERVANTS cross the Stage with Portmantous.

Enter ST. FRANC and VALCOUR.

Val. Now, Major, confess; are we not in high fortune, to fall so snugly under the roof of a handsome widow, whose daughter is an angel; you shall attack the widow, chevalier;—methinks I already overhear you in a charming, *tête à tête*, relating the most interesting passages of your youth; I am told she's a charming woman, and I give you my honour, if (by the description) her daughter were not ten times more to my taste, I should not so easily consign her over to you.

St. F. Valcour, in the pleasure of triumphing over women, you seem to forget that the enemy remains unconquered.

Val. Far from it, my dear Major; 'tis love alone can make a hero of me:—it amuses, it inflames me: I must be active, and till our duty calls us to the field, how can my busy restless mind find sweeter employment?—this divine creature once subdued, I'll prove a thunderbolt of war.

St. F. And can you then thus coolly meditate—

Val. Coolly, say you? I'm all on fire; my heart's in a blaze.

St. F. So it has been in every different town we've entered; yours is a most uncommon heart, my friend; the fire so many times experienced, must have reduced it almost to a cinder.

Val. True, Major; but, phoenix-like, it rises from the ashes, replete with tenfold vigour.

St. F. But consider, Valcour, we are under the roof of a respectable woman, whose daughter is both beautiful and virtuous; think then how disastrous may be the consequences of your irregular and wild desires!

Val. Disastrous! ha! ha! ha!

St. F. Even to yourself, young man! Think you so lightly, then, of bringing misery upon a lovely innocent young creature, whose own simplicity and natural goodness inspire a confidence in all around her?—think you that remorse, more bitter than the tears you cause to flow, will cease to sting and goad the heart, which, for a passing momentary joy, embitters all the future hours of a life, which else had flown away in peace and virtue? Never believe it:—a widow's cries to the offended Deity, for vengeance on her child's seducer, shall fall in thunder on the wretch who basely wronged her noble hospitality, and robbed her of the stay and comfort of her age.

Val. Bravo, major! By my honour, the chaplain of the regiment would find it difficult to produce so good a sermon.

St. F. [*With great reserve.*] If you please, sir, we will chuse another subject.

Val. Content, say I; for in spite of all this giddiness, this folly, my heart assures me you are in the right.

St. F. The council appears much irritated at the late desertions.

Val. And not without reason, I think; in three days seven and twenty from one company!—I fear they will make some terrible example, to stop the further progress of the evil.

St. F. And yet, however necessary may be the example, is it not terrible to turn the arms, which oft have gained them victories, against the hearts of those who bore them? Valcour, I am filled with horror at this bloody preparation; the bare mention of a de-

serter chills my very soul: think, then, how dreadful is the charge allotted me, to give the fatal signal for their deaths—to see their straining eyes fixed eagerly on mine, to the last moment, hoping a reprieve—oh! 'tis too horrible. Their judges should, like me, have risen by length of service from the common ranks—like me have felt the ills which private soldiers feel—then might the life of many a wretch be spared to fight his country's battles still, and call down blessings on them for their mercy.

Val. Why do they not send them home to cultivate their native peaceful vales, and for us reserve the dangers and the glory of the fight? then would desertion be unknown among us: as prompt as terrible, we should fly to victory; and the intrepid band might fall in slaughtered heaps upon the bloody plain, but never would desert it. Ah! here comes our charming hostess; Allons, Chevalier, I'll introduce you.

Enter MRS. MELFORT.

Chance, dear madam, often disposes of us much better than we could of ourselves; and we are infinitely her debtors for having thrown us on your hospitable shore; she has conducted us to the abode of beauty, knowing that we had eyes to distinguish, and hearts disposed to do it homage.

Mrs. M. I know not how to answer to such high flown compliment—the apartments I have ordered to be prepared are ready for your reception; shall I attend you to them?

Val. You are a most adorable creature, and wherever your apartment may chance to be, if you are but our neighbour, we shall be delighted with it. To tell you the truth, I can't bear solitude; it makes me hypochondriacal; and you Germans are so fond of lodging one at the end of corridors a mile in length, that I have sometimes, in my melancholy fit, supposed myself the plague, thrust into a remote corner

of the house to prevent my being caught. With a little humouring I'm as gentle as a lamb; but fierce—implacable, if provoked.—But where, madam, is your enchanting daughter? in whose praise no tongue is silent, the power of whose charms all hearts have felt? Why, Major! are you making game of us?

St. F. What extravagance! what folly!

Val. Ah! madam, you do not know the meaning of those impatient shrugs. The mere description of your daughter has bewitched him. Why is she not with you? Why does Love's offspring shun its mother? Have you commanded her absence? I hope not; for if you have, he'll be outrageous: he has been breathing nothing but flames and darts. There, there—don't you see how much he's agitated? Don't think of concealing her from him, for his vehemence is excessive; and, if once enraged, he becomes a madman.

St. F. From what you have just uttered, the lady might fairly infer that you were one already.—I flatter myself, however, madam, that while we have the pleasure of remaining under your roof you will have no cause to complain of the conduct of your guests.

Mrs. M. We shall be friends, I make no doubt; and, to show you that I have no fears on my daughter's account, I will immediately introduce her to you.—Who waits?

Enter SERVANT.

Tell my daughter I wish to speak with her. [*Exit SERVANT.*] Though I assure you I am loth to interrupt her, for 'tis a busy time: to-morrow is to be her wedding-day.

Val. To-morrow! oh, don't think of it; you are too precipitate. Believe me, 'twill be time enough to celebrate the nuptials when we are gone.

St. F. Lose not a moment, madam, in securing her future happiness. The object of her choice and your approbation must needs be worthy of her.

Val. Take care—take care, I tell you! You are

too precipitate, I'll venture to assert she does not prodigiously love her intended spouse.—Come, now, confess, Mrs. Melfort, she is not over head and ears in love with him.

Mrs. M. You'll pardon me—I think she loves him most sincerely.

Val. No—I tell you no; she may, indeed, imagine that she loves him, but I assure you it is no such thing. A husband, you know, my dear ma'am, is a very convenient kind of being: but her love for him is no more to be compared with that, some lovely creatures have felt for me—It was transport—madness—In short, I can't tell you what it was.

Mrs. M. And when your ingratitude brought them again to reason, most bitterly did they lament their folly; did they not, sir?

Val. Why, as to that---

Enter BERTHA.

But here, if I mistake not, comes your daughter. What blooming beauty!--See, Major, what a lovely blush overspreads her cheek! We are happy, madam, in--How soft is this fair hand!

Ber. Reserve for others, I beseech you, sir, these violent expressions of esteem.

St. F. Valcour! for Heaven's sake, consider--

Val. I have done, I have done--I have done, Major: yet to ravish so innocent a favour, cannot surely be a crime.

St. F. Let us retire to our apartments: we have no time to lose.

Val. True---you say true. I may be killed to-morrow; so I'll e'en make the most of to-day.--They tell me, my angel, you are going to be married, but, if I may be thought worthy to advise, you will defer---

St. F. I have business with you, and you must come. Every moment, now, is precious.

[*VALCOUR suffers himself to be led by St. FRANC.*

Oh! If you have business that must be attended to—She is unacquainted with half her worth! Did you ever see any thing so beautiful, Chevalier? What a complexion! How fine is the turn of that neck! How graceful the whole demeanour! she's a figure for an officer; and then, to throw herself away upon a——But as I have not had the pleasure of knowing the gentleman, I won't abuse him.

St. F. Follow me this instant, Valcour, or I lose all patience.

Val. I come—I come, Chevalier! A little mercy on my bones, dear Major!—Ay, by my honour, a figure for an officer!

St. F. Shame on you, Valcour! You'll bring disgrace upon the name.

[*Exeunt St. FRANC and VALCOUR.*

Mrs. M. Come, come, my child, let us retire, and avoid his insolence.

Bertha. What are we to expect from the licentious soldiery, when e'en their chiefs, forgetting what is due to female delicacy, can thus disturb the peace of helpless families, and injure those it is their duty to protect.

Enter DURIMEL.

Dur. They are retired, and I may at length appear. With what impatience have I waited for this moment!

Mrs. M. [*Aside.*] Imprudent Durimel! why have you ventured out? If you should be discov——

Bertha. What say you, mother?

Mrs. M. Nothing, my child.

Bertha. But you were about to say something;—and you, too, Durimel, seem agitated. Ah! I am no longer happy! Why did you refuse to appear with me before these officers, your countrymen? Why keep

yourself concealed? Had you been here, they would not have insulted us.

Dur. Insulted you! Have they then dared to——

Mrs. M. Bertha, seek not to be acquainted with his motives: let it content you that I know them—Is not your happiness my only care? Why, then, persist in an inquiry?

Bertha. I have done, dear madam; in all I will obey you.

Mrs. M. Give me your hand then—yours, Bertha; with all my soul I give her to you—May every future hour of your lives bring a fresh tribute of felicity, and this happy union of two virtuous hearts draw down upon you Heaven's choicest blessings!

Dur. Oh, Bertha! are you then mine? [*kneels and kisses BERTHA'S Hand.*]

Enter VALCOUR behind them.

Val. I have made my escape at last from that merciless Major, and may now return to the——[*Sees DURIMEL kissing the hand of BERTHA, runs and taps him on the shoulder.*]*—*Very well, young man; very well, indeed.

Dur. Sir!

Mrs. M. Oh, Heaven protect him!—Should he be known——

Val. So, so, ladies; it was to play me this pretty trick, you lodged me in the Antipodes; I'm your very humble servant—It was cruel though to banish me to the end of the world, when you knew I was so desirous of being your neighbour: this I presume is the intended—ha! his air is not so Germanic as I expected. By my honour, such a spark may be dangerous!—And do you, seriously, friend, intend to enter the lists with me?

[*DURIMEL smiles in contempt, and turns up the Stage.*]

Mrs. M. You are uncivil, sir; your apartment is

provided for you, and I must insist on your retiring.

Val. 'Tis into the heart of this lovely creature I would retire—I will accept no other asylum. Incomparable woman, behold at your feet—*[Kneels, attempts to take her hand—DURIMEL comes between them.]* Well, sir, whom do you stare at?

Dur. Do not provoke me to reply.

Val. What! are you about to be impertinent?

Dur. No, sir; but I will punish your presumption, spite of the uniform which you disgrace.

Val. A menace, by the honour of a soldier! You are not a German, I perceive.

Dur. Painful silence! how my blood boils!

[Aside.

Mrs. M. Durimel! withdraw, I beg of you.

Bertha. Do, if you love me, Durimel.

Dur. Let my compliance prove my love—but think not to escape unpunished, sir; the time may yet arrive, when you shall dearly mourn this insolence.

[Exeunt DURIMEL and BERTHA.]

Val. Ah! my fair fugitive; you must not thus escape me.

[Runs after BERTHA.]

Mrs. M. *[Holding him.]* What are you about, sir? By what authority do you presume to treat us thus? I no longer esteem you as a man of honour; and be assured I will make known your conduct through the town.

Val. By the honour of a soldier, ma'am, you are extremely strong in the wrist—methinks you make too great a fuss about so trifling an affair. If you exclaim so violently on my first approaches to the town, what will you say when it capitulates!

Mrs. M. To such language it is impossible for me to reply. Go, sir; and know, that the heaviest misfortune of the war, in our estimation, is the necessity we are under of admitting you beneath our roof.

[Exit Mrs. MELFORT.]

Val. Ha! ha! ha! our worthy hostess is in a fury; and, on reflection, I don't much wonder at it: I am too volatile---but what the devil can a man do in a strange place like this, if he does not make himself agreeable to the ladies? But have I made myself agreeable? I fear not---it is no matter---I shall be more successful in my next attempt---Strange fellow this intended husband! Well, I won't kill him; but I'm resolved to pursue the adventure, as well to punish his impertinence as to procure myself amusement: for a garrison town, without entertainment, is the devil; and if I had not constantly affairs of gallantry, or honour on my hands, I should die in a week of the spleen. [Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Room in Mrs. MELFORT'S House.

St. FRANC and Mrs. MELFORT discovered seated.

St. F. I ask a thousand pardons, madam, for the behaviour of my young friend; his spirits often run away with him; yet, I do not think he would, upon deliberation, act dishonourably; let me, therefore, entreat you to overlook the present rudeness, and I give you my honour that, for the future-----

Mrs. M. It is entirely forgotten: if his conduct

has occasioned us uneasiness, your goodness and civility have made us full amends: did your companions but resemble you, we should endure the evils of the war with greater resignation.

St. F. Youth can alone excuse the thoughtlessness which makes a mere amusement of a profession in itself so serious, in which even our success should cause our tears to flow. It is not enough to obey the terrible necessity which commands us in the fight to shut our ears against the cries of nature and of pity; but we must, even in our hours of relaxation, wound the hearts of those who give us shelter? How painful are to me the duties of the war! How pleasurable those of peace! For I may then fulfil the ardent wishes of my soul; and, in some measure, repair the dreadful ills of which I have been the blind and fatal instrument,—by solacing the woes of suffering humanity.

Mrs. M. With such noble feelings how many bleeding wounds you must have closed! How many bitter tears have dried! you should be happy, sir.

St. F. The number of the happy is but small—necessity at first induced me to take arms, and it has ever been to me a hard duty. I have, indeed, attained to a condition much above my birth; yet, still, I cannot say that I am happy.

Mrs. M. And yet the rank you hold may give advantages many might envy.—An officer, on more than one occasion, acts a distinguished part.

St. F. True, madam; many an officer would think the rank which I possess an ample recompence for a life of service: how then must I be gratified, who have risen to it from the lowest situation in the army? Incorporated these five years with a different regiment from that in which I learned the rudiments of war; almost the only one who 'scaped the dreadful scythe of war, which mowed down my companions, it was my chance to gather laurels, round which fell envy's ser-

pents twined, and raised up enemies against me more implacable, more dangerous, than any I e'er encountered in the field! Would you believe, madam, that even those, who, by their birth alone, hold equal rank, can scarce endure to see me by their side? Would you believe I often hear them saying, in contempt, "He's but an officer of fortune!" Heartless, unfeeling men! they remember well the obscurity of my origin, but forget the scars with which my breast is covered.

Mrs. M. What, sir, can warriors then feel envy?—Warriors, who, together, follow the glorious career of arms, and serve one common mother! Oh, it cannot be.

St. F. It is too true; but that is not the grief which preys upon my heart—Reason lifts me far above such pitiful injustice, too common among men, and teaches me to view their little passions with disdain.—More secret pains consume me; real ones, alas! the offspring, not of ambition, but of nature.—Pardon me, madam, I should not grieve in your presence, nor trouble the serenity of your mind—you seem happy—you have a child, the joy, the comfort of her mother—you are about to marry her.

Mrs. M. I am, sir: the youth to whom she is destined possesses the most amiable qualities; and, though his fortunes are inferior to my daughter's, yet by his virtues, he is more than equal to her.

St. F. Then he is worthy of her, and you are surely blessed.

Mrs. M. Ah! sir, appearances are oftentimes deceitful—every one has griefs, and concealment but aggravates the pain which they occasion—yet—yet—there are often reasons that forbid a confidence, which we find ourselves disposed to hazard. [*St. FRANC weeps.*] Your pardon, sir; I've given you uneasiness.

St. F. I feel most sensibly what you have just said, madam; I feel we often burn with a desire

pouring out the soul before some faithful friend, whose sympathizing tenderness may soothe the woes with which it is oppressed—'tis such a friend I need:—the dear companions of my early years have sunk, before me, to the grave; and now, when I am on the point of following them, shall I contract new friendships but to see them broken?—I am entirely surrounded by ambitious rivals, or young men profoundly occupied with trifles; can I, then, to such as these, confide my cares?—Oh, no! you are a mother, madam; your heart should be responsive to my own:—shall I, then, discover—yet wherefore should I grieve you—wherefore tell you woes, which you may pity, but cannot relieve.

Mrs. M. Though they admit not of a cure, it will be some relief to utter them; and pity's gentle aid may——

St. F. I am, indeed, a being to be pitied—none know how much!—What are to me the honours I enjoy?—the pleasures which attend my situation! I had a son, madam; a son, who was to me most dear; his birth was welcomed by nature, for I had only tears at that time to bestow on him; but now, when fortune smiles upon me—when I have it in my power to make him happy, I can no where find him—I can gain no tidings of him:—No; I have lost him; and in such a manner as makes me almost wish he never may again be found.

[*Loud Rolls of Drums, accompanied by Fifes.*

Enter BERTHA.

Bertha. Help, help! Fly, fly to his assistance—oh! mother!

Mrs. M. What is the matter?

St. F. Speak! explain!

Bertha. A guard of soldiers have seized on Duriel——

Mrs. M. Oh, Heaven!

Bertha. And, with brutal violence, tear him from us, as if he had been guilty of some crime.

Mrs. M. Oh, sir! save him! your authority may set him free—embrace his cause, or——

St. F. I will espouse his cause—but, tell me, wherefore is he arrested?

Mrs. M. Alas! my daughter! I tremble to declare before her—retire, dear *Bertha*; leave us for an instant—retire, I beseech you, and confide in me.

Bertha. Still, still this mystery! why am I kept in ignorance? if this concealment last, my heart will break. [Exit *BERTHA*.]

Mrs. M. [*Kneels.*] You, Sir, are now my only hope—Oh! how could they discover his retreat! in Heaven and you I trust; Oh! save him, if it be possible—he is a deserter from your regiment.

St. F. Gracious Heaven! how have you shaken me! my heart is still more torn—more agonized than yours. How often have I sunk with terror, lest in some wretch, like this, I should discover my unhappy boy. Oh, God! thou knowest how anxiously I wish to see him, yet how I tremble to regain him. Should this be he—dear, cruel hope! uncertainty is insupportable; I run, I fly to end it. [Exit *ST. FRANC*.]

Mrs. M. What combats must I now sustain! what terrors stifle! Oh! Heaven, give me courage—what brings *Steinberg* here?

Enter BERTHA and STEINBERG.

Bertha. Here is my mother, sir,—now, what of *Durimel*?

Stein. Bless my soul, what a hurry you are in! if I were going to be shot now, you would be quite calm;—did I not always tell you he would come to no good?—you would not listen to my counsels when you might, and now it's too late. I suppose, by this time, you know the whole story of his being taken to

the guardhouse, and immediately recognized by an old serjeant.

Mrs. M. Come, come, my Bertha, we'll leave him; he only wishes to afflict us.

[*Endeavours to lead BERTHA away.*]

Bertha. No, I will stay; for nothing I can learn will pain me more than this suspense.

Mrs. M. Oh! my dear child, pray to be ignorant of it—you will know it but too soon—arm yourself with courage—your unfortunate Durimel—

Bertha. Well?—

[*Mrs. M.* endeavours to speak, but cannot.

Stein. Doesn't she know that he's a deserter?

Bertha. A deserter! Oh, Heaven!

[*Falls on her Mother's neck.*]

Stein. Yes; 'twas the young officer that is billeted upon you, who informed against him—he is before the council of war now; and, by this time, the whole affair is settled:—'tis impossible he should get off; and, to-morrow, on the parade, he will be—

Mrs. M. Leave the house, and never let me see you more;—wicked, revengeful man! who triumph'st in the evils which oppress us; go and leave us to our torments.

Stein. Is it my fault that he is a deserter? I can't help his being shot, can I?

Mrs. M. No reply, sir; I will be obeyed.

Stein. Well, I'm going.—Bless my soul, how hasty they are? The daughter is in a hurry to let me in, and the mother to turn me out: I think I'm even with my young rival though; he'll find I don't suffer an enemy to forage on my territory with impunity.

[*Exit STEINBERG.*]

Bertha. The dreadful secret is at least revealed, and Durimel is a deserter!—already he may be condemned, and about to suffer. Oh! cruel, cruel judges! will not my tears appease you?

Mrs. M. Compose yourself, my dearest child'

things are not so desperate as you imagine—the old officer has promised to espouse his cause; I expect him every instant:—oh, then, be calm; and learn to bear the sad vicissitudes of life.

Bertha. Durimel! Durimel! what are thy present thoughts? does not thy heart now call on me? methinks I dread to see thee; feelings, before unknown, now rush into my soul, and fill it with despair and horror.

Enter VALCOUR.

Mrs. M. What do I see! Oh! let us fly.

Val. You see a man oppressed by grief and wonder.

Bertha. Monster! we curse the hour when first you passed the threshold of our door.

Mrs. M. How could you be so base, so cruel, as to betray a poor unhappy youth, it should have been your pride to have protected? [*Going.*]

Val. Who? I betray! Stay, I entreat you, stay;—you know but little of my heart—'tis my own fault; perhaps I have been indiscreet; but I swear to you, by the honour of a man, that I was ignorant of the arrest till I beheld him at the council, Oh! had you entrusted his unhappy fate to me, I might, I would have saved him.

Bertha. It was not by your order, then, he was arrested?

Val. Cease, madam, I conjure you, to impute to me a crime so odious—I should blush to combat such a charge; if I had power to save, not one of them should perish. But I lose time; the colonel under whom he served is my own father—Do not despair—I will throw myself at his feet, embrace his knees, solicit and obtain a pardon—no repose, no tranquillity for me, till I have freed your lover, and restored him to your longing arms: 'tis thus I will be revenged on your suspicions; 'tis thus I will compel

you to confess, that levity is not incompatible with feeling, nor gallantry with virtue. [Exit.

Bertha. Think you we may hope, mother?

Mrs. M. We are not yet certain of his fate.

Bertha. Oh! let us fly to him---he wants us now---my heart's tormented, and I judge of his sensations by my own. If he must die, oh, let thy mercy, Heaven, strike me first, and end my wretched, wretched being. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Room.

Enter ST. FRANC.

St. F. The only blow I dreaded has fallen and crushed my every hope. Impenetrable Providence! how dark, how sorrowful, hast thou rendered the end of my career. Alas! to find him was the only hope which cheered the prospect of my declining days: but to find him thus---oh! when my hand guided in peace his early years, how far was I from thinking that the same fatal hand would one day give the signal for his death---why was he not snatched from me when, sick and languishing in his cradle, I wearied Heaven with prayers for his recovery? I then had escaped the horrors of this moment---Alas! I knew not what I then demanded! I knew not I implored for woes, whose bitter pangs would burst my poor old heart---

Enter MRS. MELFORT.

Oh! spare me, madam, spare me! I saw him, I knew him; yes, he is my son.

Mrs. M. Merciful Providence!

St. F. Misfortune's cruel shafts at me alone are levelled; but I may now defy the malice of my fate, for I no more am vulnerable. I shall soon become acquainted with my son; if he possess a noble mind, he will know how to die—my task will then be easy.

Mrs. M. Are you not one of his judges? are you not his father? surely that title, and the service you have rendered to your country—

St. F. Will not avail—Justice is inflexible, and knows no distinction: it is sacred only while it is blind.

Mrs. M. Surely the colonel under whom he served—

St. F. He is my most inveterate enemy, and deaf to entreaties: then constancy support this drooping heart—No more shall these white hairs be humbled to the dust—no more my earnest prayers be spurned—Oh! no—fierce and inexorable, should I again implore, his malice would but triumph in my woes, and hasten the doom of my unhappy boy. I have saved many; but thou, poor wretch! wilt not escape, because thou art my son.

Mrs. M. Did he know you at the council?

St. F. No, madam; he has not seen me since his childhood; and was as far from thinking me in the station which I hold, as they who surrounded us were from suspecting him to be my son—it was a trying moment—yet, in my grief, I tasted of some joy; my heart was satisfied of his courage; and with pride I owned the blood which flowed in his veins—no meanness, no humiliation to obtain his life: he answered to their interrogatories without boldness, without fear: I too suppressed, with painful art, feelings which struggled to burst forth, and saw him doomed without a groan.

Mrs. M. Oh! how could you restrain the joy of making yourself known to your unhappy son? sure such a scene had melted the stern hearts of those who

doomed him, and they had given him free to the long-wished embrace of a dear father.

St. F. You know them not ; all I could obtain for him was leave once more to visit this loved mansion ; nor could I gain even that, till I had bound myself in the most solemn manner to answer for his person. Had I found a son unworthy of me, he never should have known his father ; but, as he is, why comes he not?—why is he not already in my arms?—Oh ! I will clasp him to a fond father's heaving breast, acknowledge, and then drown him with my tears.

Mrs. M. Shall I then see him once again? Oh, Heaven!

St. F. I die with impatience to behold him, yet dread the moment of his arrival—I wish to be alone with him : then let me beg we may not meet with interruption : above all, keep your daughter from us till our interview be ended, then we will join you—Hark ! I hear the tread of feet:—he comes, he comes : leave me, madam, leave me, I entreat you.

[*Exit MRS. MELFORT*

Enter DURIMEL.

Oh, Heaven ! let me but live a little while ; and I with pleasure will resign the unhappy remnant of my days.

Dur. My longing eyes in vain seek Bertha : I fear to meet, yet cannot die in peace till I behold her. She can console me for my sufferings ; she—she alone. But she flies me, dreads to encounter, and abandons me to my fate.—'Tis to you, sir, I am indebted for the liberty I now enjoy of once again beholding these dear scenes of happier days. They are fled. I have to entreat that to this kindness you will add another ; 'tis in your power, and I am confident you will. You seemed, of all my judges, most touched at my misfortunes : they are great, alas ! You see me weep, but 'tis not for myself. Oh, my unhappy father ! what will

become of thee, should Heaven have prolonged thy days? Thy poor old heart will surely break, when thou shalt hear my lamentable end! [*Takes out a Letter.*] Grant, Heaven, the sentiments expressed in this may soothe the agonies which he must feel! He shall find I followed the noble precepts he instilled into my soul; and, to the last moment, cherished virtue, honour, and religion.

St. F. What do I suffer!

[*Aside.*

Dur. The name of my father is the only assistance I can give you in the search. He serves in a regiment which, having suffered greatly, has been since incorporated with another; the name of which I do not know. I entreat you not to neglect it. You have, perhaps, a son; if so——

St. F. I have! I have!

Dur. Then, by the love you bear him, I conjure you to be active in your inquiries after my dear, loved father. Promise me this, and I shall die in peace.

St. F. Give me the letter. [*DURIMEL gives the Letter; ST. FRANC reads it. DURIMEL fixes his Eyes steadfastly on him; and ST. FRANC, extending his trembling Arms, exclaims*] My poor, poor Charles!

Dur. Oh, Heaven! is it possible that——

St. F. What! dost thou hesitate? For many a year thou hast eluded my embrace; then torture me no more, but fly, at length, into these old fond arms, and clasp, oh, clasp thy father!

[*They rush into each other's Arms, and remain for some Time silent.*

Dur. My father! in such a moment! Kind Heaven, I thank thee!

[*Falls at ST. FRANC's Feet, and embraces his Knees.*

St. F. Dost thou forget the moment which must follow? Charles, wilt thou preserve this courage to the last?

Dur. I have resolved it. Yet should some fond regret linger about my breast, and shake the firmness of my soul, it is from you, my father, I expect a look which shall recall the courage of your son, and teach him how to die.

St. F. Dost thou not know 'tis I must give the signal for thy death; Heaven knows, many a poor wretch, like thee, has found in me a father. In each of them I thought that I embraced a son. Shall I, then, lose the fruit of all the pains I have endured? Oh, no! 'twill cost my life; but all that should endear it to me will be lost; and I shall bless the pitying hand that strikes, and puts a period to my woes.

Dur. I was about to die in peace; but now the love of life revives within my breast, and all my resolution staggers. I have found a father! Scarce have I time to bathe his venerable hand with tears of joy, when pityless fate summons me to the spot where my grave already is prepared.

St. F. Thy griefs are great—I feel them all; together we must learn to conquer them: then murmur not, but unto Providence submit——

Dur. I will submit—without a groan I'll die. This seems to me an easy task: but, without a murmur, to renounce the blessings which awaited—the dearest object of my affections—is far beyond my strength; then give her to me—let me but call her wife, and then——

St. F. Well, be it so. Your marriage may be solemnized. Heaven forbids not hope: it is the only treasure of the wretched, then who could be so savage as to rob them of it?—But say, my son—what sacrifice hast thou yet made to offer to that God before whose awful throne thou shortly must appear? 'Tis not enough to yield submissive to the blow which we cannot avoid: another sacrifice is necessary—a voluntary sacrifice: the following hour is almost thy last, yet hast thou dared to dedicate it to another.

Dur. Oh, my dear father! can we offend the Being we adore, by ties so pure—when formed, too, in his sacred name? Together we will bless him, for thus permitting us to be united before our everlasting separation. Think not that selfishness inspires the wish; oh, no! the motive is more pure—more worthy. When I shall be no more, what sympathising friend will dry my Bertha's falling tears—will soothe my father's bitter anguish? Our marriage solemnized, she finds in you a father—you have still a child; and I shall then submit with humble resignation to my fate.

St. F. What, if this moment thou wert ordered forth?—what, if thou shouldst no more behold thy Bertha?—wouldst thou with firm and manly step march forth to undergo thy sentence?

Dur. If you, my father, should command it—If such must be my fate——

St. F. Well?

Dur. A sigh would sure break forth, but still I would submit.

St. F. Then follow me, my son—follow thy father to the fatal spot; for thou must die within this hour.

Dur. Die! Oh, Heaven!

St. F. Let us quit the house without tumult. Avoid the cries, the tears, the wild despair of these beloved innocents, and meet thy fate without the pangs of parting.

Dur. Oh, God! my heart is breaking!

St. F. Dost thou follow, Charles?

Dur. An instant, dearest father—but an instant!

St. F. Thou tremblest;—thy courage falters, and thy promise was above thy strength.

Dur. It was—it was! [*After a struggle,*] yet still I will perform it. Oh, Heaven! accept the agonies of a torn heart. Bertha! beloved Bertha! what will become of thee? We should have been united—Oh, cruel separation!—But though thou art not suf-

ferred to hear my parting words, I will be near thee still ;---death has no empire o'er the soul, and mine shall hover round thee.---Now---now, my father, seize these trembling hands, and tear me from the spot !

St. F. Hold, Charlez---it is enough ; the sacrifice is now accomplished, and Heaven demands no more. Thou shalt again behold thy Bertha, and to thy grave bear with thee the sacred name of husband. Enjoy the happiness which still awaits you, and forget the fatal hour we expect, until it sound.

Dwr. You have recalled me from the tomb ! Shall I again behold her---again enfold her in these arms ? ---Oh, Heaven ! when the last hour shall arrive, my father, dread not to encounter your now happy son : he will be ready ; and when the heavy, awful drum shall roll the signal for his death, without a sigh he'll bend him to his fate, and not disgrace his sire.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

STEINBERG'S House.

Enter STEINBERG in a Morning Gown and Slippers, as if hastily roused from his Bed ; speaks as he enters to ZENGER, who follows him.

Stein. [*With a Letter in his Hand.*] Very well, it is all very well---I'll give you the answer directly [*Exit Zenger*]---What can this mean ? I hope he has not

heard of the improper use I made of his name ; if he should, I am ruined—let me see—let me see—

[Reads.] *Sir, Unless you instantly send the most satisfactory and submissive apology for the insult you have put upon me, I shall send those who will bestow on you the chastisement your insolence deserves : I would inflict it in person ; but you have so far degraded yourself by your unmanly conduct, that I scorn descending even to punish you.*

VALCOUR.

Oh dear, oh dear ! what will become of me ? what shall I do ?—If I send the apology, 'twill be a confession of my infamy, and the entire ruin of my credit will ensue—If, on the other hand, I do not send, I shall have my throat cut by a black-looking grenadier as high as a halberd.—Oh dear ! oh dear ! what shall I do to get out of this alarming scrape ?—I had better make my escape—Matthias !—Zenger ! The intelligence I have conveyed to the troops who have just quitted the town, respecting those who now occupy it, will insure me a favourable reception with them—why Zenger ! Zenger ! I say.

Enter ZENGER.

Zenger. Bless me, sir, what ails you ? how alarmed you look !—why, you are quite pale ! what has terrified you so ?

Stein. Alarmed—pale ! why 'tis enough to make a man pale, to be dragged out of bed in the middle of his first sleep,—terrified, indeed ! my courage, I believe, was never doubted.

Zenger. Ah ! now you are yourself again—but, sir, have you written an answer to the letter I gave you just now ; the man who brought it is quite impatient to be gone ; he says his master will murder him if he stays.

Stein. I'm all over in a cold sweat.

Zenger. Lord, sir, how your colour comes and goes to-day ! why, now you are as white as a sheet again.

Stein. Am I? how odd that is now! my cheeks quite burn.

Zenger. What shall I say to the young man?—he dares not stay any longer—his master is so very passionate.

Stein. [*Aside.*] I'm glad of it—I shall gain time by this at any rate—you may tell the young man he need not wait—I'll send you with the answer when it is ready—and, do you hear, make all the haste you can in packing up, for I am resolved to leave town this very day.—[*Exit ZENGER.*]—Bless my soul! These soldiers are so hasty [*Loud Knocking.*] Oh, Lord! Oh, what's that? If he should already have sent his myrmidons—

Enter ZENGER, showing in Two OFFICERS ;---speaks as he enters.

Zenger. This way, gentlemen---there is my master.
[*Exit ZENGER.*]

Stein. Soldiers! Oh! I'm a dead man.

1st Offi. We wait on you, sir, in consequence of a letter—

Stein. Yes, sir, a letter---What will become of me?
---[*Aside.*] I was just considering—

1 Offi. The business requires no consideration: an immediate answer is all we want.

Stein. I had better make the apology at once, for I may then have a chance of escaping in a whole skin
[*Aside.*] Well, gentlemen, your commands shall be obey'd---I will write the answer directly.

1 Offi. You need not give yourself that trouble; all we demand is a verbal answer to a very simple question:---Do you acknowledge this to be your writing?---your name, I think, is Augustus Steinberg?

[*Taking out a Letter.*]

Stein. Yes, sir, Augustus is my name.---Why, what a mistake have I made! 'tis quite a different business I find---some contract for the army I suppose. [*Aside.*]

2 Offi. And that you confess to be your hand writing?

Stein. Yes, that certainly is my writing: I could swear to it by the A's and the G's—no one forms the letter A as I do.

1 Offi. Enough, sir—you will have the goodness to accompany us to the council of war, which is now sitting, in expectation of your arrival.

Stein. Yes, yes—'tis certainly some contract—Oh, sir, they do me too much honour—but I am such a figure, that I really feel ashamed to—Permit me just to change—

1 Offi. Upon these occasions the etiquette of dress is in general overlooked.—You must remain, and affix seals to all the doors in our absence.

2 Offi. I'll see it done.

Stein. Seals upon my doors! what for?

1 Offi. It is the custom with us, whenever we suspect a person of conveying information to our enemies.

Stein. I hope, gentlemen, you don't suspect me of such wickedness?

2 Offi. Oh, no, we don't suspect—we have proof.

Stein. Proof! oh, the malice of this world! Gentlemen, if you will but grant me a little time, you shall see how clearly I'll refute the charge, and cover my enemies with confusion.

1 Offi. Soldiers, though severe, are just—the opportunity of clearing yourself will not be wanting—but yours must be a most ingenious defence, to invalidate the powerful evidence contained in this epistle, which you have just confessed was written by yourself.

Stein. I made a mistake—'tis all a forgery! I'll take my oath 'tis not my writing.

1 Offi. Nay, nay—there can be no mistake—you know you could swear to it by the A's and the G's.

Stein. It is a plot upon me.

1 Offi. No one forms the letter A as you do.

Stein. Miserable man that I am! why did I ever learn to write?

1 *Off.* Away, away, away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Prison.

A Lamp nearly extinguished ;---Day breaks gradually ; BERTHA and MRS. MELFORT discovered in a large Chair ; BERTHA sleeping, and MRS. MELFORT quite exhausted with Watching and Fatigue ; DURIMEL on his Knees.---He rises and advances, looking frequently at BERTHA.

Dur. Her heavy eyes, fatigued with weeping, yield at length to sleep: repose, sweet innocent! forget thy griefs, and dream of happiness—she stirs; no—still as death—I dread the moment of her waking!—Could I escape before—[*Drum at a great distance*]—Hark! I hear the distant drum calling the companies to the parade—how rapidly the hours have flown! Time seems to envy me the few moments yet in my possession, and with giant stride accelerates the approaching hour of my death—Bertha! dear Bertha! to part with thee is all I have to do; but 'tis a task so difficult, so dreadful—no; this instant will I fly, and spare us both unutterable torment. [*Going*

Bertha. [*Sleeping.*] Durimel! Durimel!

Dur. My love!—'twas but a dream; she smiles upon me—oh; do not smile, my angel! for if thou dost, my fortitude forsakes me—Oh! how have I deserved these sufferings! No more shall the blest hours, sacred to the chastest tenderness, return; those, which are to come, belong to courage and to resignation---

To courage? Alas! one moment still remains, enough to shake the firmest soul. Oh, God! 'tis thou must strengthen me—thou knowest 'tis not the brilliant sun which I regret—the idle pleasures of a thoughtless world; but friendship, tenderness, and love—the sentiments with which our nature sympathize—these are the charms that bind me to the earth, and render death so bitter.

Bertha. [*Still Sleeping.*] You are his king! you are a God!—Disposer of lives!—my husband!—Pardon, pardon, or I expire at your feet!

[*She screams and starts from the Chair—DURIMEL catches her in his Arms.*]

Mrs. M. My child!

Dur. My Bertha!

Bertha. Where am I?—Oh! unhappy Bertha!—I thought I was upon my knees before thy sovereign; that sovereign thou hast so often called benevolent and merciful—I implored thy pardon—I obtained it—'twas but a dream; yet I will hail it as the happy omen of my husband's safety—no; thou shalt not die—Heaven does not will thy death, and thou shalt live for me.

Dur. Will this blow be the last?—Be calm, my love! Death has for me no terrors—for thee alone I fear—thy sufferings wound my soul! Hear me, Bertha; my father shortly will arrive; with him I must appear before my judges. He wishes to be private with me.

Bertha. Private! must I then leave you?

Dur. But for a little—something, he said, he had to tell me, which might induce my judges to be merciful; then leave me, Bertha! for while thou art present my every thought is centered in thee! Ah! do not weep.

Bertha. How can I cease to weep? Is not thy life my own?

[*ST. FRANC appears behind, but seeing BERTHA withdraws.*]

Dur. Madam, madam! separate us, I entreat you.

Bertha. Oh! cruel, cruel!

Dur. Leave me, I conjure you!

Bertha. I obey! but tell me—tell me, Durimel, dost thou still cherish hope?

Dur. I do, I do; forget not to offer up thy prayers in my behalf; thy virtue may disarm the angry power which threatens to destroy me.

Mrs. M. Come, my beloved child! let us retire, and implore of Heaven his pardon.

Bertha. Ay, there our earnest prayers will surely not be spurned; for thence alone can innocence obtain redress, when merciless, inexorable man denies it. Let us make haste—my head! I grow confused—no more delay—come, Mother, come, and let me fall upon my knees while I have sense to pray—for oh! I feel my grief will quickly drive me to distraction.

[*Exit BERTHA and MRS. MELFORT.* R. H.]

Dur. I trembled lest they should stay—my father, as I think, appeared, but suddenly withdrew. Now, then, my soul, be firm; the moment is arrived—What they have seen of me is but a shadow—what they have yet to see will fill them with disgust and horror!——

Enter ST. FRANC.

Were you not here before, sir?

St. F. I was; but waited the departure of thy wife. Give me thy hand; 'tis well—it does not tremble—thou know'st I come for thee.

Dur. I expected you much earlier—is every thing prepared?

St. F. The regiment is on the parade, and a detachment waits to conduct you thither.

Dur. Let me entreat you, sir, to avoid this sight; I tremble for you.

St. F. Oh, heed me not! extreme misfortunes beget extreme courage.

Dur. Had it but pleased the great Disposer of events to spare my life, to make me the comfort of your latter days—you weep—I have done—Oh! my dear sir, for the last time bless your unhappy son; and may Heaven ratify the pardon, which a father pronounces in his name. [*Kneels.*]

St. F. Thou hast my blessing, boy; and may the Father of all Mercy open wide his arms, and clasp thee to his breast as I now clasp thee.

Dur. Death is no longer dreadful. Come, father, let us bravely meet it.

St. F. My son, I follow.

Enter VALCOUR.

Val. Hold, my brave soldier; there yet is hope—although my father has refused to grant the delay even of a few hours—though he rejects my prayers and is inflexible—yet, if St. Franc will but consent, we still may save you.

St. F. Save him! oh, how?

Val. If you have courage to embrace my project, I engage for its success—The regiment is already on the parade; and the detachment which should conduct him thither, waits at the great entrance of the prison—but, as you leave this dungeon, upon the left there is a passage leading to a private door, which opens on the public road—two faithful servants, in whom I can confide, are there in waiting with a carriage. This paper, signed by me, will serve as a passport: then take it instantly, and let him chuse his road.

St. F. What do you offer! Have you no other means of safety? Cruel Valcour! think you I will consent that you should risk——

Val. Lose not the time in thinking of the dangers I incur—the enterprise I own is hardy, but it shall be accomplished:—his situation interests me:—my heart bleeds for him—yes, I have resolved to save him.

Could I, think you, bear to see him thus perish in the flower of his youth—upon the eve of happiness too, when a beloved tender mistress stretches forth her lovely arms, and hails him the husband of her choice?—Oh! no; I have been falsely thought the vile detested miscreant who betrayed him—why then do I delay an act of justice to myself?—let me this instant break his bonds—give him once more to freedom and his love; and prove, that though through thoughtlessness I may unconsciously give pain, I have a heart which never ceases to reproach me, till the wrongs my folly has occasioned, are redressed.

St. F. My friend! my dear friend! I admire your generous courage—I never can forget it.

Val. Why do you not profit by it? my arms, this passport, my livery, all promise an easy and a safe retreat—Why, why, then, do you deliberate?

St. F. Oh! Heaven support me—my friend will one day know this heart; and of what sacrifices it is capable—more, more than life is here concerned—thy carriage waits? then leave us to decide—fly to thy post;—thy absence will be marked; and I will follow—alone, or with my——

Val. Is this a time for argument?—no, no; believe me 'tis not—each moment now is precious—here, here—take these—[*Giving Purse and Passport*]—no thanks—conduct him from this scene of horror, and may Heaven favour his escape! [Exit VALCOUR.]

St. F. [After a Pause—extending the Purse to DURIMEL.] Charles! how do you decide?

Dur. My fate is in your hands—whate'er you shall decree, your son will cheerfully obey.

St. F. Pronounce, my son, and save thy father.

Dur. Alas! I dare not.

St. F. Oh, Charles! canst thou conceive how precious is to me thy life?

Dur. How much more precious is to me your honour! Was not my person delivered into your

charge upon the faith of a promise?—is not the sacred seal of an oath upon the trust?

St. F. Oh! Heaven! it is.

Dur. The sacrifice of honour is not in our power.

St. F. How gladly would I here lay down my life to save thee.

Dur. My father's word, his faith is pledged; and he must not recede.

St. F. My son—my boy! thou art the hero, and thy father but the man: I am—I will be so—my heart commands it—I have no other law: Come, come, my boy, and let me save thee.

Dur. Never; you have given a sacred promise—I will perform it: believe me, sir, your son would rather suffer death with torture, than live to see his father's shame.

St. F. Thy life is now my only thought; all other cares are lost in that;—fly, then, this instant, fly, and spare thy father—the dreadful spectacle of a loved son expiring at his feet—fly, fly—oh! fly.

Dur. Think you I have so little profited by your instruction and example?—think you me so debased to purchase life with your disgrace?—upon such terms existence would be hateful. Courage, dear father—I am well prepared; then, wherefore this delay? let us go forth, and with a noble firmness, the sure attendants upon upright minds, laugh at the terrors of approaching death. [Going.]

Enter BERTHA.

Bertha. Where are you going?—whither would you lead him?—think you, you can again deceive me? I know what fate awaits him—my scattered strength returns, and I have flown to save him. Ah! whither do you fly?—into the cold embrace of death!—and you, cruel, unnatural father! you, you conduct him to the fatal spot.

Dur. Cease, Bertha; cease this frantic grief—'tis

fruitless; summon up all thy courage, love! for we must part.

Bertha. Part! Oh, Heaven! here—hide thee here: they cannot find you here: or, if they should, they will not tear thee hence; no, they dare not tear thee from thy fond Bertha's arms—my deep despair will touch their flinty hearts; my wild entreaties melt their ferocious souls; if these have no effect, my horrid screams will reach the throne of justice, and the red lightning of an angry God shall blast the inhuman butchers of their brethren, who thus would outrage love and nature.

Dur. Speak to her, sir: I cannot.

St. F. Daughter, forbear—

Bertha. If my dear husband perish, what is the universe to me? Fortitude does not belong to me:—my weakness is my only virtue. You may have courage—you have;—I see it:—it alarms me—it is full of terror: but surely you do not—no, you cannot love him with half the tenderness I feel.

St. F. Am I not his father? Who, then, shall vie with me in tenderness?—If I, worn out with sorrow and with age, am firm—command thy feelings also, and respect my misery.

Dur. Bertha—dear Bertha! the wild expressions of thy agony, are poniards in the bosom of my father.

Bertha. [*Kneeling.*] Oh! pardon the disorder of a distracted wretch, who knows not what she utters—who in her madness, may accuse e'en Heaven!—Ah! what paper have you there? Is it my husband's pardon?—Will he escape the dreadful sentence?

St. F. 'Tis not impossible, my child: but let the event be what it may, you must now quit this place. [*Leads her to the opposite Side of the Stage.*] My child, my child, let not an old man's tears be shed in vain! Leave him, I entreat you, to fulfil the sacred

duties imposed by nature and by honour. This—this is the moment of their triumph.—Go—go, my child, and I will soon rejoin you.

Bertha. With Durimel, my father?

Dur. [After a struggle.] Now! now! Bertha—my love—my wife—adieu! [Exit DURIMEL.]

Bertha. He's gone!—Let go your hold—unhand me! Let me, for mercy sake, once more behold him—Let me fly, and perish by his side!—He's gone—he's gone, and I shall never see him more! Oh!—oh! room for my heart!—Oh! Durimel—my love! [Faints.]

St. F. Within there! Help! help! help!

Enter MRS. MELFORT, followed by the KEEPER of the Prison.

Keeper. How now! What is the matter?

Mrs. M. Oh, my unhappy child! look up and bless thy mother with some sign of life!

Durimel. [Without.] Why does my father tarry, when his son requires his aid?

St. F. [Rushes out wildly.] Charles—Charles! I come!

Mrs. M. [To the KEEPER.] Your arm to lead her out.

Durimel. [Without.] Bertha! my love—my wife! eternally farewell!

[Exit MRS. MELFORT, BERTHA, and the KEEPER.]

SCENE III.

The Parade.

Halberts fixed—SOLDIERS drawn up in expectation of DURIMEL on each side of the Stage—VALCOUR

and other OFFICERS discovered at their head—muffled Drums beat.

Val. [Aside.] Oh! Heaven! then he has not escaped.

PROCESSION.

When DURIMEL is in his place, and ST. FRANC falls on his Neck, FIRST OFFICER says to VALCOUR.

1 *Off.* What can this mean? why all this interest for a stranger?

Val. Humane and generous he ever was—yet I confess I know not to account for such unusual tenderness.

[Muffled Drums beat, ST. FRANC starts wildly from the Arms of DURIMEL, and rushes to the Front of the Stage.

St. F. Now, spirits! rally round my heart;—but for an instant bear me firmly up, and I no more shall need your aid.—Comrades! friends! brothers! it is decreed, that he who basely quits the colours of his country merits death—the wretched victim, who now kneels before you in awful expectation of his fate, regardless of the stern decree, most rashly has abandoned them; therefore he—Oh! God! oh! God!—must I then struggle with the fondness thou hast placed about my heart, banish the father from my heaving breast, and trampling on the sacred laws of nature, pronounce the bloody sentence on my own son—horrible! horrible!

Val. St. Franc! my friend! ah! what means this deadly paleness on your cheek—this aimless motion of your eye? let not the generous pity pleading in your breast hurry you to the tomb with the unfortunate it is not in your power to save.

St. F. Oh! that it were within my power: with rapture would I open all these veins; let gush the purple stream that rolls within them, and, to preserve existence to him, exhaust the spring from which it flowed.

Val. How wild is this discourse?

St. F. [*After a Pause.*] Ha! it shall be so.

Val. Pray, pray be calm.

St. F. [*Falling on his Knees.*] Kind Heaven! I thank thee—thou hast, in mercy, sent my better angel forth—'tis he inspires the thought. [*Muffled Drums beat a short Roll.*] The signal beats; then we'll be brief—Advance, ye ministers of justice; ye, whose fatal arms link time and dread eternity together, advance! prepare! now fire! [*St. FRANC throws himself before the Body of his Son. During this Speech, the SIX SOLDIERS destined to shoot him advance, Kneel, and Point their Guns; but recover Arms as soon as VALCOUR speaks.*]

Val. Hold! Hold! what may this mystery mean? [*DURIMEL having disengaged himself from the Halberts, and lifted the bandeau from his Eyes.*] My father faints; fly, fly to his assistance.

[*SOLDIERS assist to recover St. FRANC.*]

Val. Great Heaven! his father!

St. F. Let go your hold—no power on earth shall force me to it. [*Starts up.*] What, barbarians! would you coldly stare, and see a father murder his own son? yes, fellow-soldiers, know he is my son; then save, or strike us both. [*Falls exhausted into his Son's Arms. and SOLDIERS form a Groupe round him.*]

Val. Heroic virtue! why, why was this concealed? give him all help; suspend awhile the fatal ceremony—for, if my hopes prove true, I yet may bring them pardon.

[*Exit. VALCOUR.—The Scene encloses the Others.*]

SCENE IV.

MRS. MELFORT'S House.

BERTHA recovering—Mrs. MELFORT watching her.

~~My mother~~ my mother, are you too their accomplice—husband? Speak, oh speak!

Mrs. M. Spare me, my child ; oh, spare thy mother.

Bertha. Alas ! will no one look with pity on my sufferings ? They are inexpressible—my mother hears me not, consoles me not—where am I ? A heavy mist obscures each object—help, help me, or I die. [*She nearly faints, when a Roll of the Drum makes her start from the Seat.*] Ah ! what is that ? Mother ! did you not hear the formidable sound ? Should it be—it is, it must be so—oh ! let me fly and pierce through all their files—let me but see him once—oh ! let him, let him hear my last adieu.

Mrs. M. Alas ! it is too late.

Bertha. Too late ! oh, God ! is there no hope ?

Mrs. M. None but in Heaven, poor, unhappy Bertha !

Bertha. Is he then abandoned ? Left to perish ? Why am I detained ? [*Drums roll again.*] It sounds again, and thunder rolls not so awful on the ear—Ah ! now I see him, the fatal fillet on his brow—Horrible moment !—It sounds no more ! oh ! mournful death-like silence ! [*Several Guns fire at once, after which BERTHA exclaims "Durimel !" and swoons ; then Roll of Drums till she recovers.*]

Mrs. M. My child ! my hope, revive ! thou art the only consolation left, and canst thou thus abandon me ?

Enter VALCOUR.

Assist me, sir, to raise her from the earth.

Val. Soft ; she recovers—look up, look up, dear lady, and view the harbinger of joy.

Bertha. Where is my husband now ?

Enter ST. FRANC and DURIMEL, who runs and embraces BERTHA.

St. F. Here, here, my child ; restored once more to liberty and thee.

Bertha. [*Rushing towards Durimel.*] Alive ! flow,

flow, my soul, to Heav'n, for this great mercy in never-ebbing streams of liveliest gratitude—it is too much—it is unutterable joy—it stops me here, ha! ha! ha! oh! Durimel! my life! my love! my husband! say—oh tell me, how, which way do I regain thee?

Dur. Behold my guardian angel, [*Pointing to VAL-OUR.*] he it was whose generous pity saved me—then kneel, my Bertha, kneel with me, and join to thank him for thy husband's life.

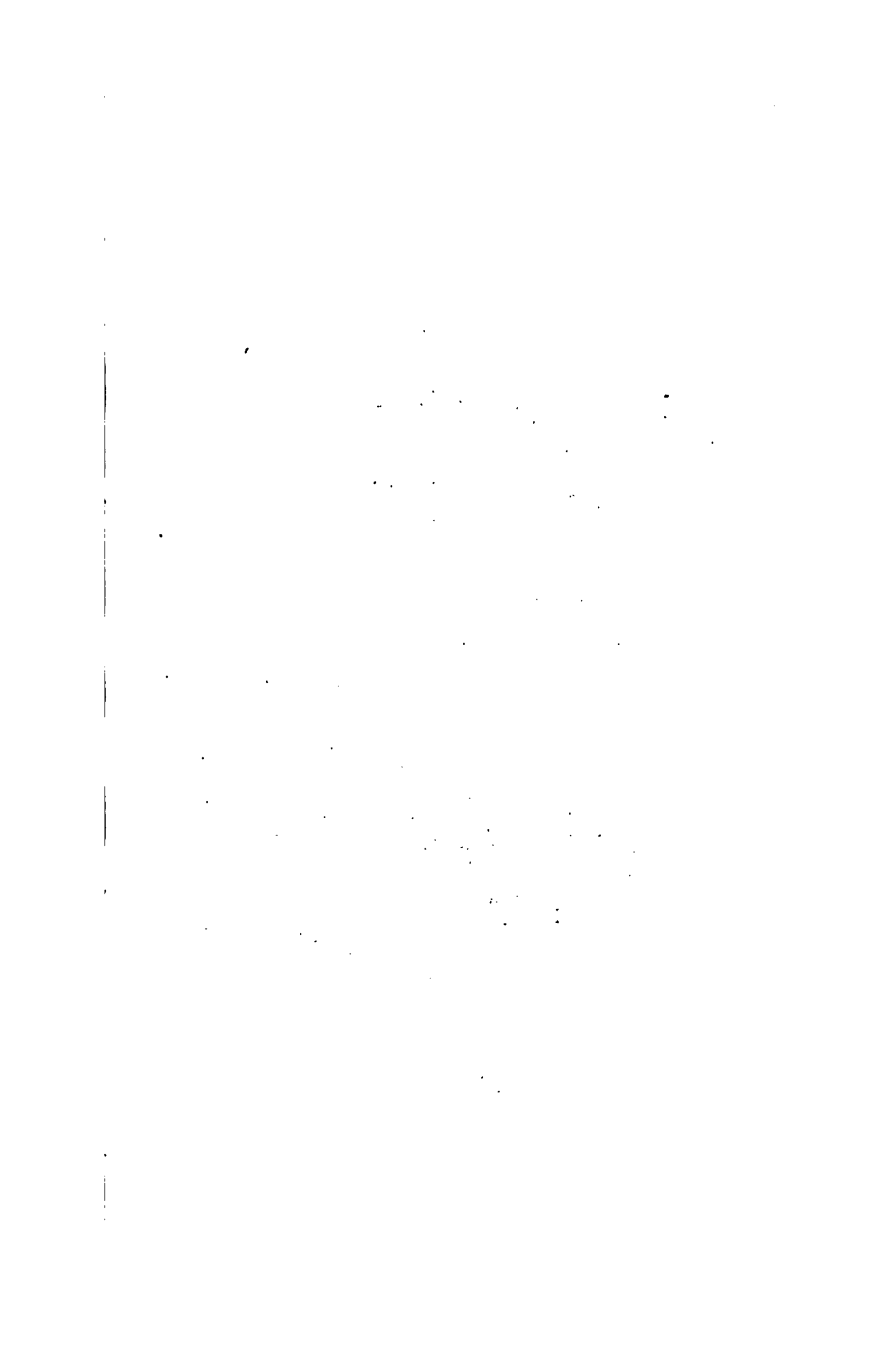
Val. Nay; to your venerable father yield those thanks which your mistaken gratitude now pays to me—his magnanimity it was prevailed; that, that alone drew tears of pity down my stern father's cheek, quelled his unjust resentment, and, to the arms of a distracted wife, restored a loved, a happy husband.

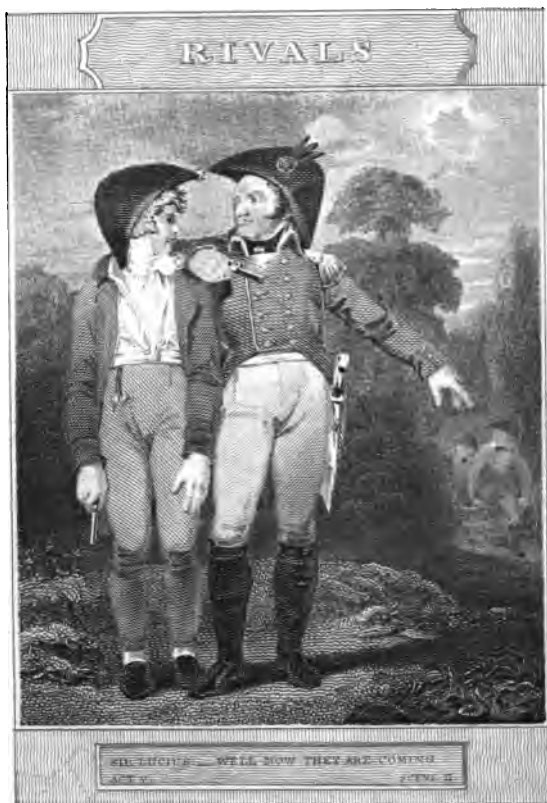
Bertha. Did I then fancy the report of guns?

Dur. The firing you heard, was a respect paid by the soldiers to our beloved father; thus were the arms intended to destroy your husband, discharged in joy for his deliverance.

St. F. Justice has laid her iron rod aside, and yields her throne to Mercy; who, with a milder sceptre reigning, spreads joy and happiness around.—One fear alone remains to damp them—the fear of your displeasure [*to the Audience.*] let it not hang with sullen influence over us, but kindly banish it with your applause.

THE END.





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° **THE RIVALS;**

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

**PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS
FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.**

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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REMARKS.

THE prologue to this comedy, delivered by the representative of a sergeant at law, addressing the audience, says—

“ Your judgment given—your sentence must remain ;
No writ of error lies—to Drury Lane.”

The event contradicted this declaration ; for, on the first night of performance, this excellent comedy was hissed from the stage, and had to appeal again and again before the tribunal of the town, ere justice was administered in its cause, and it became a public favourite.

As if to atone for those glaring wrongs which “ The Rivals,” on its first appearance, suffered, certain critics of the present day have pronounced the work equal, if not superior, in merit to “ The School for Scandal.” This is repairing one injury by the commission of another—by defamation against the character of the best dramatic composition since Shakspeare wrote.

“ The Rivals” is an elegant, an interesting, a humorous, and most entertaining comedy ; but, in neither fable, character, nor incident, is it, like “ The School for Scandal,”—inimitable.

If Mrs. Malaprop, Acres, Sir Lucius, and some other personages, in this drama, were not upon the stage before “ The Rivals” was acted, they have all

appeared there, in various dramas, many a time since. But where can Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, where can the Surface family be found, either in original or copy, except in "The School for Scandal?" Where can be traced the plot or events of that extraordinary play, or where even the shadows of them?

The perpetual flow of wit in "The School for Scandal" may familiarise it so much with some auditors, that they cannot be made sensible of its perfect enjoyment. Whereas the sprinkling of wit and repartee, with which "The Rivals" is occasionally enlivened, is easily distinguished, and more eagerly received, in consequence of its inferior pages.

Sir Anthony Absolute is generally counted the most prominent, though Faulkland is, no doubt, the most original character in the comedy. One particular circumstance adds extreme interest to this part. It is supposed, by the author's most intimate friends, that, in delineating Faulkland, he took a discerning view of his own disposition, in all the anxious tenderness of a youthful lover; and has here accurately described every sentiment, every feeling, which, at that trying period of his life, agitated his troubled heart. The very town of Bath, just before the writing of this play, has been the identical scene of all his restless hopes and fears.

The impressive language, the refined notions, the enthusiastic, yet natural, passion of Faulkland for Julia, with all the captivating charms of mind and expression which have been here given to this object of adoration, are positive vouchers that some very

exalted idea of the force of love, if not its immediate power, over himself, had at that time possession of the poet's fancy.

With all his gifts of eloquence in writing the dialogue of these lovers, Mr. Sheridan was, however, at a loss for circumstances to incite them to speak; and, in that most interesting scene in the fourth act, he has borrowed his incident from the tale of Prior's "Nut-brown Maid."

The character of Lydia Languish is so justly drawn, that its only fault is, the want of stronger features: circumstances are deficient, in making her an example of proper importance to romantic ladies. Accidents might have been invented, that would have rendered her a much more pointed mark for ridicule.

Against the illiterate Mrs. Malaprop, common occurrence, and common sense, protest. That any Englishwoman for these five hundred years past, in the habit of keeping good company, or any company, could have made use of the words—*extirpate* for *exculpate*, *exhort* for *escort*, and *malevolence* for *benevolence*, seems too far removed from probability, to make a reasonable auditor smile.

When future generations shall naturally suppose, that an author of Mr. Sheridan's reputation drew men and women exactly as he found them; this sketch of a woman of family and fortune, at the end of the eighteenth century, will assure the said generations—that the advance of female knowledge in Great Britain, was far more tardy than in any other European nation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY LANE. COVENT GARDEN.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE	}	<i>Mr. Downton.</i>	<i>Mr. W. Farren.</i>
CAPTAIN AB- SOLUTE		<i>Mr. Elliston.</i>	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
SIR LUCIUS O' TRIGGER		<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>	<i>Mr. Connor.</i>
FAULKLAND		<i>Mr. Wallack.</i>	<i>Mr. Abbot.</i>
ACRES		<i>Mr. Harley.</i>	<i>Mr. Blanchard.</i>
FAG		<i>Mr. Penley.</i>	<i>Mr. Farley.</i>
DAVID		<i>Mr. Knight.</i>	<i>Mr. Meadows.</i>
JAMES		<i>Mr. Honnor.</i>	<i>Mr. Louis.</i>
COACHMAN		<i>Mr. Williams.</i>	<i>Mr. Atkins.</i>
SERVANTS	}	<i>Mr. Crooke.</i>	<i>Mr. Heath.</i>
		<i>Mr. Povey.</i>	<i>Mr. Sutton.</i>
MRS. MALAPROP		<i>Mrs. Harlowe.</i>	<i>Mrs. Davenport.</i>
LYDIA LAN- GUISH	}	<i>Miss L. Kelly.</i>	<i>Miss Foote.</i>
JULIA		<i>Mrs. W. West.</i>	<i>Mrs. Faucit.</i>
LUCY		<i>Mrs. Orger.</i>	<i>Miss Green.</i>
JENNY		<i>Miss Phillips.</i>	<i>Miss Shaw.</i>

SCENE—Bath.

THE RIVALS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Street at Bath.

COACHMAN crosses the Stage.—*Enter FAG, looking after him.*

Fag. What! Thomas! Sure, 'tis he!—What, Thomas! Thomas!

Coachm. Hey! odds life!—Mr. Fag! give us your hand, my old fellow-servant!

Fag. Excuse my glove, Thomas; I'm devilish glad to see you, my lad! why, my prince of charioteers, you look as hearty!—but who the deuce thought of seeing you in Bath?

Coachm. Sure, Master, Madam Julia, Harry, Mrs. Kate, and the postillion be all come.

Fag. Indeed!

Coachm. Ay: master thought another fit of the gout was coming to make him a visit, so he'd a mind to gi't the slip—and whip! we were all off at an hour's warning.

Fag. Ay, ay; hasty in every thing, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute.

Coachm. But tell us, Mr. Fag, how does young Master? Odd, Sir Anthony will stare to see the captain here!

Fag. I do not serve Captain Absolute now.

Coachm. Why, sure!

Fag. At present, I am employed by Ensign Beverley.

Coachm. I doubt, Mr. Fag, you ha'n't changed for the better.

Fag. I have not changed, Thomas.

Coachm. No! why didn't you say you had left young master?

Fag. No. Well, honest Thomas, I must puzzle you no farther;—briefly then—Captain Absolute and Ensign Beverley are one and the same person.

Coachm. But, pray, why does your master pass only for ensign?—now, if he had shammed general, indeed——

Fag. Ah, Thomas! there lays the mystery o' the matter!—Hark ye, Thomas, my master is in love with a lady of a very singular taste—a lady, who likes him better as a half-pay ensign, than if she knew he was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet of three thousand a year.

Coachm. That is an odd taste, indeed! but has she got the stuff, Mr. Fag? is she rich, eh?

Fag. Rich! why, I believe she owns half the stocks!—Z——s, Thomas, she could pay the national debt as easily as I could my washer-woman!—She has a lap-dog that eats out of gold—she feeds her parrot with small pearls, and all her thread papers are made of bank notes!

Coachm. Bravo, 'faith!—Odd! I warrant she has a set of thousands at least; but does she draw kindly with the captain?

Fag. As fond as pigeons.

Coachm. May one hear her name?

Fag. Miss Lydia Languish;—but there is an old tough aunt in the way—though, by the bye, she has never seen my master—for he got acquainted with Miss while on a visit in Gloucestershire.

Coachm. Well, I wish they were once harnessed together in matrimony. But, pray, Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath? I ha' heard a great deal of it;—here's a mort o' merry making, eh?

Fag. Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well—'tis a good lounge—but damn the place, I'm tired of it; their regular hours stupify me—not a fiddle or a card after eleven! however, Mr. Faulkland's gentleman and I keep it up a little in private parties;—I'll introduce you there, Thomas, you'll like him much.—But, Thomas, you must polish a little—indeed, you must:—Here, now, this wig! what the devil do you with a wig, Thomas? none of the London whips, of any degree of ton, wear wigs now.

Coachm. More's the pity, more's the pity, I say—Odds life! when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair, I thought how 'twould go next. Odd rabbit it! when the fashion had got foot on the bar, I guessed 'twould mount to the box! but 'tis all out of character, believe me, Mr. Fag: and looke ye, I'll never give up mine, the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

Fag. Well, Thomas, we'll not quarrel about that.

Coachm. Why, bless you, the gentlemen of they professions ben't all of a mind,—for in our village now, thoff Jack Gauge the exciseman has ta'en to his carrots, there's little Dick the farrier, swears he'll never forsake his bob, though all the college should appear with their own heads!

Fag. Indeed! well said, Dick! but hold, mark—mark, Thomas.

Coachm. Zooks, 'tis the captain! Is that the lady with him?

Fag. No, no, that is Madam Lucy, my master's mistress's maid; they lodge at that house—but I must after him, to tell him the news.

Coachm. Odd, he's giving her money!—Well, Mr. Fag——

Fag. Good b'ye, Thomas; I have an appointment in Gyde's porch, this evening, at eight; meet me there, and we'll make a little party. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

A Dressing Room in Mrs. MALAPROP'S Lodgings.

LYDIA LANGUISH *sitting on a Sofa, with a Book in her Hand*—LUCY, *as just returned from a Message.*

Lucy. Indeed, ma'am, I traversed half the town in search of it: I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath, I han't been at.

Lydia. And could not you get "The Reward of Constancy?"

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am.

Lydia. Nor "The Fatal Connexion?"

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am.

Lydia. Nor "The Mistakes of the Heart?"

Lucy. Ma'am, as ill luck would have it, Mr. Bull said, Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetched it away.

Lydia. Heigho! Did you inquire for "The Delicate Distress?"

Lucy. Or, "The Memoirs of Lady Woodford?" Yes, indeed, ma'am, I asked every where for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's, but Lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it home, had so soiled and dog's eared it, it wan't fit for a Christian to read.

Lydia. Heigho! Yes, I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me: She has a most observing thumb, and, I believe, cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes. Well, child, what have you brought me?

Lucy. Oh, here, ma'am! [*Taking Books from under her Cloak, and from her Pockets.*] This is "The Man of Feeling," and this, "Peregrine Pickle."—Here are "The Tears of Sensibility," and "Humphrey Clinker."

Lydia. Hold!—here's some one coming—quick, see who it is—[*Exit Lucy.*]—Surely I heard my cousin Julia's voice!

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Lud, ma'am! here is Miss Melville!

Lydia. Is it possible!

Enter Julia.

Lydia. My dearest Julia, how delighted am I! [*Embrace.*] How unexpected was this happiness!

Julia. True, Lydia, and our pleasure is the greater; but what has been the matter? you were denied to me at first.

Lydia. Ah, Julia, I have a thousand things to tell you! but first inform me what has conjured you to Bath?—Is Sir Anthony here?

Julia. He is; we are arrived within this hour, and I suppose he will be here to wait on Mrs. Malaprop as soon as he is dressed.

Lydia. Then before we are interrupted, let me impart to you some of my distress; I know your gentle nature will sympathize with me, though your prudence may condemn me: My letters have informed you of my whole connexion with Beverley; but I have lost him, Julia;—my aunt has discovered our intercourse, by a note she intercepted, and has confined me ever since: Yet, would you believe it?

she has fallen absolutely in love with a tall Irish baronet, she met one night, since we have been here, at Lady Macshuffie's rout.

Julia. You jest, Lydia.

Lydia. No, upon my word:—She really carries on a kind of correspondence with him, under a feigned name though, till she chuses to be known to him;—but it is a Delia, or a Celia, I assure you.

Julia. Then, surely, she is now more indulgent to her niece?

Lydia. Quite the contrary: since she has discovered her own frailty, she is become more suspicious of mine.—Then I must inform you of another plague; that odious Acres is to be in Bath to-day, so that, I protest, I shall be teased out of all spirits!

Julia. Come, come, Lydia, hope for the best:—Sir Anthony shall use his interest with Mrs. Malaprop.

Lydia. But you have not heard the worst:—Unfortunately I had quarrelled with my poor Beverley, just before my aunt made the discovery, and I have not seen him since to make it up.

Julia. What was his offence?

Lydia. Nothing at all; but I don't know how it was, as often as we had been together, we had never had a quarrel; and, somehow, I was afraid he would never give me an opportunity; so, last Thursday, I wrote a letter to myself, to inform myself that Beverley was, at that time, paying his addresses to another woman.—I signed it, "Your friend unknown," showed it to Beverley, charged him with his falsehood, put myself in a violent passion, and vow'd I'd never see him more.

Julia. And you let him depart so, and have not seen him since?

Lydia. 'Twas the next day my aunt found the matter out; I intended only to have teased him three days and a half, and now I've lost him for ever.

Julia. If he is as deserving and sincere as you

have represented to me, he will never give you up so. Yet consider, Lydia, you tell me he is but an ensign,—and you have thirty thousand pounds!

Lydia. But, you know, I lose most of my fortune, if I marry without my aunt's consent till of age; and that is what I have determined to do ever since I knew the penalty; nor could I love the man who would wish to wait a day for the alternative.

Julia. Nay, this is caprice!

Lydia. What, does Julia tax me with caprice? I thought her lover Faulkland had injured her to it.

Julia. I do not love even his faults.

Lydia. But a-propos! you have sent to him, I suppose?

Julia. Not yet, upon my word! nor has he the least idea of my being in Bath:—Sir Anthony's resolution was so sudden I could not inform him of it.

Lydia. Well, Julia, you are your own mistress, though under the protection of Sir Anthony; yet have you, for this long year, been a slave to the caprice, the whim, the jealousy of this ungrateful Faulkland, who will ever delay assuming the right of a husband, while you suffer him to be equally imperious as a lover.

Julia. Nay, you are wrong entirely:—We were contracted before my father's death: That, and some consequent embarrassments, have delayed what I know to be my Faulkland's most ardent wish:—He is too generous to trifle on such a point;—and, for his character, you wrong him there too.—No, Lydia, he is too proud, too noble, to be jealous; if he is captious, 'tis without dissembling; if fretful, without rudeness. Unused to the coqueries of love, he is negligent of the little duties expected from a lover.—This temper, I must own, has cost me many unhappy hours; but I have

learned to think myself his debtor for those imperfections which arise from the ardour of his attachment.

Lydia. Well, I cannot blame you for defending him; but, tell me candidly, Julia—had he never saved your life, do you think you should have been attached to him as you are? Believe me, the rude blast that upset your boat was a prosperous gale of love to him.

Julia. Gratitude may have strengthened my attachment to Mr. Faulkland, but I loved him before he had preserved me; yet, surely, that alone were an obligation sufficient—

Lydia. Obligation! Why, a water spaniel would have done as much! Well, I should never think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim!

Julia. Come, Lydia, you are too inconsiderate.

Lydia. Nay, I do but jest.—What's here?

Enter Lucy, in a hurry.

Lucy. O, ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute, just come home with your aunt!

Lydia. They'll not come here:—Lucy, do you watch. [Exit Lucy.]

Julia. Yet I must go; Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me, to show me the town. I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chuses, with her select words, so ingeniously misapplied, without being mispronounced.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. O lud, ma'am! They are both coming up stairs!

Lydia. Well, I'll not detain you, coz.—Adieu, my dear Julia! I'm sure you are in haste to send

to Faulkland.—There—through my room you'll find another staircase.

Julia. Adieu!

[*Exit JULIA.*]

Lydia. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books.—Quick, quick.—Fling “Peregrine Pickle” under the toilet—throw “Roderick Random” into the closet—put “The Innocent Adultery” into “The Whole Duty of Man”—thrust “Lord Amworth” under the sofa—cram “Ovid” behind the bolster—there—put “The Man of Feeling” into your pocket—so, so; now lay “Mrs. Chapone” in sight, and leave “Fordyce’s Sermons” open on the table.

Lucy. O, burn it, ma’am! the hair-dresser has torn away as far as “Proper Pride.”

Lydia. Never mind—open at “Sobriety”—Fling me “Lord Chesterfield’s Letters.”—Now for them!

Enter Mrs. MALAPROP and Sir ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. M. There, Sir Anthony, there stands the deliberate simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydia. Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs. M. You thought, miss! I don’t know any business you have to think at all: Thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, from your memory.

Lydia. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. M. But, I say, it is, miss! there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chuses to set about it. I’m sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle, as if he had never existed, and I thought it my duty so to do; and, let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don’t become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why, sure, she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not! ay, this comes of her reading!

Lydia. What crime, madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

Mrs. M. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it: But, tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' chusing?

Lydia. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that, had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. M. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that, as both always wear off, 'tis safest, in matrimony, to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor, dear uncle, before marriage, as if he'd been a black-a-moor; and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made! and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But, suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lydia. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. M. Take yourself to your room: You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lydia. Willingly, ma'am; I cannot change for the worse. [Exit.]

Mrs. M. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anth. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am; all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven, I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. M. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy!

Sir Anth. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library; she had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers: From that moment, I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. M. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is, as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge!—It blossoms through the year! And, depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. M. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anth. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. M. Observe me, Sir Anthony—I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman;—for instance—I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning: nor will it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments: but, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and, as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries; but, above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise, that she might reprehend the true

meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate,—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. M. None, I assure you—I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres; and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. M. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop: Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a phrensy directly. My process was always very simple—in his younger days, twas, “Jack, do this,”—if he demurred, I knocked him down; and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. M. Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience!—Nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl—take my advice, keep a tight hand—if

she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. [*Exit SIR ANTH.*]

Mrs. M. Well, at any rate, I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me!—No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it. Lucy! Lucy! (*Calls.*) Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did you call, ma'am?

Mrs. M. Yes, girl.—Did you see Sir Lucius while you was out?

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am, not a glimpse of him.

Mrs. M. You are sure, Lucy, that you never mentioned—

Lucy. O gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out!

Mrs. M. Well, don't let your simplicity be imposed on.

Lucy. No, ma'am.

Mrs. M. So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir Lucius—but mind, Lucy, if ever you betray what you are intrusted with, (unless it be other people's secrets to me,) you forfeit my malevolence for ever: and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality. [*Exit.*]

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha! So, my dear simplicity, let me give you a little respite; [*Altering her manner.*] let girls, in my station, be as fond as they please of being expert and knowing in their trusts, commend me to a mask of silliness, and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it!—Let me see to what account have I turned my simplicity lately: [*Looks at a Paper.*] For abetting Miss Lydia Languish in a

design of running away with an ensign! in money; sundry times, twelve pound twelve—gowns, five; hats, ruffles, caps, &c. &c. numberless.—From the said ensign, within this last month, six guineas and a half.—About a quarter's pay!—Item, from Mrs. Malaprop, for betraying the young people to her—when I found matters were likely to be discovered,—two guineas and a French shawl.—Item, from Mr. Acres, for carrying divers letters—which I never delivered—two guineas, and a pair of buckles.—Item, from Sir Lucius O'Trigger, three crowns, two gold pocket-pieces, and a silver snuff-box!—Well done, simplicity! yet I was forced to make my Hibernian believe, that he was corresponding, not with the aunt, but with the niece; for, though not over rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune. [Exit.

- ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE and FAG.

Fag. Sir, while I was there, Sir Anthony came in; I told him you had sent me to inquire after his health, and to know if he was at leisure to see you.

Capt. Abs. And what did he say on hearing I was at Bath?

Fag. Sir, in my life, I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished!

Capt. Abs. Well, sir, and what did you say?

Fag. O, I lied, sir—I forget the precise lie, but, you may depend on't, he got no truth from me.—Yet, with submission, for fear of blunders in future,

I should be glad to fix what has brought us to Bath, in order that we may lie a little consistently.—Sir Anthony's servants were curious, sir, very curious indeed.

Capt. Abs. You have said nothing to them?—

Fag. Oh, not a word, sir—not a word.—Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman (whom I take to be the discreetest of whips)—

Capt. Abs. 'Sdeath!—you rascal! you have not trusted him?

Fag. Oh, no, sir—no—no—not a syllable, upon my veracity!—He was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was sly, sir—devilish sly!—My master (said I) honest Thomas (you know, sir, one says honest to one's inferiors) is come to Bath to recruit—yes, sir—I said to recruit—and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, sir, is nothing to him, nor any one else.

Capt. Abs. Well—recruit will do—let it be so—

Fag. Oh, sir, recruit will do surprisingly:—indeed, to give the thing an air, I told Thomas, that your honour had already enlisted five disbanded chairmen, seven minority waiters, and thirteen billiard markers.

Capt. Abs. You blockhead, never say more than is necessary.

Fag. I beg pardon, sir—I beg pardon—But, with submission, a lie is nothing unless one supports it.—Sir, whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge endorsements as well as the bill.

Capt. Abs. Well, take care you don't hurt your credit by offering too much security. Is Mr. Faulkland returned?

Fag. He is above, sir, changing his dress.

Capt. Abs. Can you tell whether he has been informed of Sir Anthony's and Miss Melville's arrival?

Fag. I fancy not, sir; he has seen no one since

he came in, but his gentleman, who was with him at Bristol.—I think, sir, I hear Mr. Faulkland coming down——

Capt. Abs. Go tell him I am here.

Fag. Yes, sir—[*Going.*] I beg pardon, sir, but should Sir Anthony call, you will do me the favour to remember that we are recruiting, if you please.

Capt. Abs. Well, well.

Fag. And in tenderness to my character, if your honour could bring in the chairmen and waiters, I shall esteem it as an obligation;—for though I never scruple a lie to serve my master, yet it hurts one's conscience to be found out. [Exit.

Capt. Abs. Now for my whimsical friend:—If he does not know that his mistress is here, I'll tease him a little before I tell him——

Enter FAG.

Fag. Mr. Faulkland, sir.

[Exit.

Enter FAULKLAND.

Capt. Abs. Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again: you are punctual in your return.

Faulk. Yes; I had nothing to detain me when I had finished the business I went on. Well, what news since I left you? How stand matters between you and Lydia?

Capt. Abs. Faith, much as they were; I have not seen her since our quarrel; however, I expect to be recalled every hour.

Faulk. Why don't you persuade her to go off with you at once?

Capt. Abs. What, and lose two-thirds of her fortune? You forget that, my friend.—No, no, I could have brought her to that long ago.

Faulk. Nay, then, you trifle too long—if you are sure of her, propose to the aunt, in your own character, and write to Sir Anthony for his consent.

Capt. Abs. Softly, softly, for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as Ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friends' consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on my side.—Well, but Faulkland, you'll dine with us to-day at the hotel?

Faulk. Indeed I cannot; I am not in spirits to be of such a party.

Capt. Abs. By Heavens! I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover!—Do love like a man.

Faulk. Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not, like mine, fixed immutably on one only object.—You throw for a large stake, but, losing—you could stake and throw again;—but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast, and not to succeed were to be stripped of all.

Capt. Abs. But, for Heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your whimsical brain conjure up at present?

Faulk. What grounds for apprehension, did you say? Heavens! are there not a thousand? I fear for her spirits—her health—her life—O! Jack, when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension!

Capt. Abs. Ay, but we may chuse whether we will take the hint or not.—So then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia were well, and in spirits, you would be entirely content?

Faulk. I should be happy beyond measure—I am anxious only for that.

Capt. Abs. Then cure your anxiety at once—Miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

Faulk. Nay, Jack—don't trifle with me.

Capt. Abs. She is arrived here with my father, within this hour.

Faulk. Can you be serious?

Capt. Abs. I thought you knew Sir Anthony better than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind.—Seriously then, it is as I tell you—upon my honour.

Faulk. My dear Jack—now nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, Mr. Acres, just arrived, is below.

Capt. Abs. Stay, Faulkland, this Acres lives within a mile of Sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever since you left her.—Fag, show the gentleman up. [Exit FAG.]

Faulk. What, is he much acquainted in the family?

Capt. Abs. Oh, very intimate: He is likewise a rival of mine—that is, of my other self's, for he does not think his friend, Captain Absolute, ever saw the lady in question;—and it is ridiculous enough to hear him complain to me of one Beverley, a concealed, sculking rival, who—

Faulk. Hush!—He's here!

Enter ACRES.

Acres. Hah! my dear friend, noble Captain, and honest Jack, how dost thou? just arrived, 'faith, as you see.—Sir, your humble servant. Warm work on the roads, Jack—odds whips and wheels! I've travelled like a comet, with a tail of dust all the way as long as the Mall.

Capt. Abs. Ah! Bob, you are indeed an eccentric planet, but we know your attraction hither—give me leave to introduce Mr. Faulkland to you; Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

Acres. Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you : sir, I solicit your connections.—Hey, Jack—what this is Mr. Faulkland, who——

Capt. Abs. Ay, Bob, Miss Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

Acres. Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man!

Faulk. I have not seen Miss Melville yet, sir,—I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire?

Acres. Never knew her better in my life, sir—never better.—Odds blushes and blooms! she has been as healthy as the German spa.

Faulk. Indeed!—I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

Acres. False, false, sir—only said to vex you : quite the reverse, I assure you.

Faulk. There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me ; I had almost fretted myself ill.

Capt. Abs. Now are you angry with your mistress for not having been sick!

Faulk. No, no, you misunderstand me :—yet surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love.—Now confess—isn't there something unkind in this violent, robust, unfeeling health?

Capt. Abs. Oh, it was very unkind of her to be well in your absence, to be sure!

Acres. Good apartments, Jack.

Faulk. Well, sir, but you was saying that Miss Melville has been so exceedingly well—what then she has been merry and gay I suppose?—always in spirits, hey?

Acres. Merry! odds crickets! she has been the bell and spirit of the company wherever she has been—so lively and entertaining! so full of wit and humour!

Faulk. By my soul! there is an innate levity in

woman that nothing can overcome!—What! happy, and I away!

Capt. Abs. Just now you were only apprehensive for your mistress's spirits.

Faulk. Why, Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of the company?

Capt. Abs. No indeed, you have not.

Faulk. Have I been lively and entertaining?

Capt. Abs. Oh, upon my word, I acquit you.

Faulk. Have I been full of wit and humour?

Capt. Abs. No, 'faith, to do you justice, you have been confoundedly stupid, indeed.

Acres. What's the matter with the gentleman?

Capt. Abs. He is only expressing his great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy—that's all—hey, Faulkland?

Faulk. Yes, yes, she has a happy disposition!

Acres. That she has indeed—then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at her harpsichord—such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante!—there was this time month—odds minnums and crotchets! how she did chirrup at Mrs. Piano's concert! (*Sings.*) *My heart's my own, my will is free.* That's very like her.

Faulk. Fool! fool that I am! to fix all my happiness on such a trifter! 'Sdeath! to make herself the pipe and ballad-monger of a circle! to sooth her light heart with catches and glees!—What can you say to this, sir?

Capt. Abs. Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, sir.

Faulk. Nay, nay, nay—I'm not sorry that she has been happy—no, no, I am glad of that—but she has been dancing too, I doubt not?

Acres. What does the gentleman say about dancing?

Capt. Abs. He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings.

Acres. Ay, truly does she—there was at our last race ball——

Faulk. Hell and the devil! There! there—I told you so! I told you so! oh! she thrives in my absence!—Dancing! but her whole feelings have been in opposition with mine;—I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary—my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulness.—She has been all health! spirit! laugh! song! dance!—oh! d—ned, d—ned, levity.

Capt. Abs. For Heaven's sake, Faulkland, don't expose yourself so!—Suppose she has danced, what then?—does not the ceremony of society often oblige—

Faulk. Well, well, I'll contain myself—perhaps, as you say—for form's sake. *I say Mr. — Mr. — What's his d—d name?*

Acres. Oh, I dare insure her for that—but what I was going to speak of, was her country dancing:—odds swimings! she has such an air with her!—

Faulk. Now disappointment on her!—defend this, Absolute, why don't you defend this?—country dances! jigs and reels! am I to blame now? A minuet I could have forgiven—I should not have minded that—I say, I should not have regarded a minuet—but country dances! Z—ds! had she made one in a cotillion—I believe I could have forgiven even that—but to be monkey-led for a night!—to run the gauntlet through a string of amorous palming puppies!—to show paces, like a managed filly!—Oh, Jack, there never can be but one man in the world whom a truly modest and delicate woman ought to pair with in a country dance; and, even then, the rest of the couples should be her great uncles and aunts!

Capt. Abs. Ay, to be sure! grandfathers and grandmothers!

Faulk. If there be but one vicious mind in the set, it will spread like a contagion—the action of their pulse beats to the lascivious movement of the jig—their quivering, warm-breathed sighs impregnate the air—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts through every link of the chain!—I must leave you—I own I am somewhat flurried—and that confounded looby has perceived it.

[*Going.*]

Capt. Abs. Nay, but stay, Faulkland, and thank Mr. Acres for his good news.

Faulk. D—n his news!

[*Exit.*]

Capt. Abs. Ha! ha! ha! poor Faulkland! five minutes since—"nothing on earth could give him a moment's uneasiness!"

Acres. The gentleman wasn't angry at my praising his mistress, was he?

Capt. Abs. A little jealous, I believe, Bob.

Acres. You don't say so? Ha! ha! jealous of me!—that's a good joke!

Capt. Abs. There's nothing strange in that, Bob; let me tell you, that sprightly grace and insinuating manner of yours will do some mischief among the girls here.

Acres. Ah! you joke—ha! ha! mischief—ha! ha! but you know I am not my own property, my dear Lydia has forestalled me.—She could never abide me in the country, because I used to dress so badly—but, odds frogs and tambours! I sha'n't take matters so here—now ancient madam has no voice in it—I'll make my old clothes know who's master—I shall straitway cashier the hunting frock—and render my leather breeches incapable—My hair has been in training some time.

Capt. Abs. Indeed!

Acres. Ay—and thoff the side curls are a little restive, my hind part takes it very kindly.

Capt. Abs. Oh, you'll polish, I doubt not.

Acres. Absolutely I propose so—then if I can.

find out this Ensign Beverley, odds triggers and flints! I'll make him know the difference o't.

Capt. Abs. Spoke like a man—but, pray, Bob, I observe you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing—

Acres. Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it—'tis genteel, isn't it?—I didn't invent it myself though; but a commander in our militia—a great scholar, I assure you—says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable;—because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say, by Jove! or by Bacchus! or by Mars! or by Venus! or by Pallas! according to the sentiment;—so that to swear with propriety, says my little Major, the “oath should be an echo to the sense;” and this we call the oath referential, or sentimental swearing—ha! ha! 'tis genteel, isn't it?

Capt. Abs. Very genteel, and very new indeed—and I dare say will supplant all other figures of imprecation.

Acres. Ay, ay, the best terms will grow obsolete—Damns have had their day.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you—Shall I show him into the parlour?

Capt. Abs. Ay—you may.

Acres. Well, I must begone—

Capt. Abs. Stay; who is it, Fag?

Fag. Your father, sir.

Capt. Abs. You puppy, why didn't you show him up directly?

[Exit FAG.]

Acres. You have business with Sir Anthony.—I expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop at my lodgings. I have sent also to my dear friend, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.—Adieu, Jack; we must meet at night, when you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

Capt. Abs. That I will, with all my heart. [*Exit ACRES.*] Now for a parental lecture—I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here—I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well!—your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Capt. Abs. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business.—Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. Abs. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir Anth. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. Abs. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world.—I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. Abs. Sir, your kindness overpowers me.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. Oh! that shall be as your wife chuses.

Capt. Abs. My wife, sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Capt. Abs. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Ay, a wife—why, did not I mention her before?

Capt. Abs. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir Anth. Odd so!—I mustn't forget her though. —Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference?

Capt. Abs. Sir! sir! you amaze me!

Sir Anth. Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. Abs. I was, sir,—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why—what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. Abs. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. What's that to you, sir?—Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Capt. Abs. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Anth. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. Abs. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Hark ye, Jack;—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool,—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led—when I have my own way;—but don't put me in a phrensy.

Capt. Abs. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Now d—n me! if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Capt. Abs. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir Anth. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you dog—if you don't, by——

Capt. Abs. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to——

Sir Anth. Z——ds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I chuse: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum—she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night, to write sonnets on her beauty.

Capt. Abs. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir Anth. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Capt. Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis false, sir; I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Capt. Abs. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please—It won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog—but it won't do.

Capt. Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word——

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! can't you be cool, like me? What the devil good can passion do?—passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate!—There, you sneer again!—don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog! you play upon the

meekness of my disposition? Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I chuse, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you.—If not, z——ds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission: I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest.—I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and d—n me! if ever I call you Jack again! [*Exit.*]

Capt. A. Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hands.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Assuredly, sir, our father is wroth to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the banisters all the way; I, and the cook's dog, stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master,—then kicking the poor turnspit into the area, d—ns us all, for a puppy triumvirate! Upon my credit, sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

Capt. Abs. Cease your impertinence, sir—did you come in for nothing more?—Stand out of the way. [*Pushes him aside, and exit.*]

Fag. So, Sir Anthony trims my master;—he is afraid to reply to his father, then vents his spleen on poor Fag! When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way, shows the worst of temper—the basest—

Enter ERRAND BOY.

Boy. Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your master calls you.

Fag. Well! you little, dirty puppy, you needn't bawl so—the meanest disposition, the—

Boy. Quick, quick! Mr. Fag.

Fag. Quick, quick! you impudent jackanapes! am I to be commanded by you too, you little, impertinent, insolent, kitchen bred— (*Kicks him off.*)

SCENE II.

The North Parade.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Sir Lucius is generally more punctual when he expects to hear from his dear Delia, as he calls her:—I wonder he's not here!—

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir L. Hah! my little ambassadress—upon my conscience I have been looking for you; I have been on the South Parade this half hour.

Lucy. [*speaking simply*] O gemini! and I have been waiting for your worship here on the North.

Sir L. 'Faith! may be that was the reason we did not meet; and it is very comical too, how you could go out, and I not see you—for I was only taking a nap at the Parade Coffee-house, and I chose the window, on purpose that I might not miss you.

Lucy. My stars! Now I'd wager a sixpence I went by while you were asleep.

Sir L. Sure enough it must have been so—and I never dreamt it was so late, till I waked. Well, but my little girl, have you got nothing for me?

Lucy. Yes, but I have—I've got a letter for you in my pocket.

Sir L. I'faith! I guessed you weren't come

empty-handed—well—let me see what the dear creature says.

Lucy. There, Sir Lucius. [*Gives him a letter.*]

Sir L. [*Reads.*] *Sir—There is often a sudden incentive impulse in love, that has a greater induction than years of domestic combination: such was the commotion I felt at the first superfluous view of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Very pretty, upon my word! Female punctuation forbids me to say more; yet let me add, that it will give me joy infallible to find Sir Lucius worthy the last criterion of my affections.*

Your's, while meretricious,

DELIA.

Upon my conscience, Lucy, your lady is a great mistress of language! 'Faith! she's quite the queen of the dictionary!—for the devil a word dare refuse coming at her call—though one would think it was quite out of hearing.

Lucy. Ay, sir, a lady of her experience.

Sir L. Experience! what, at seventeen?

Lucy. O, true, sir—but then she reads so—my stars! how she will read off hand!

Sir L. 'Faith, she must be very deep read, to write this way—though she is rather an arbitrary writer, too—for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this note, that would get their habeas corpus from any court in Christendom. However, when affection guides the pen, he must be a brute who finds fault with the style.

Lucy. Ah, Sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you!

Sir L. Oh, tell her, I'll make her the best husband in the world, and Lady O'Trigger into the bargain!—But we must get the old gentlewoman's consent—and do every thing fairly.

Lucy. Nay, Sir Lucius, I thought you wan't rich enough to be so nice!

Sir L. Upon my word, young woman, you have hit it:—I am so poor, that I can't afford to do a dirty action.—If I did not want money, I'd steal your mistress and her fortune with a great deal of pleasure.—However, my pretty girl, [*Gives her money.*] here's a little something to buy you a ribband; and meet me in the evening, and I will give you an answer to this. So, hussy, take a kiss beforehand, to put you in mind. [*Kisses her.*]

Lucy. O lud! Sir Lucius—I never seed such a gemman! My lady won't like you if you're so impudent.

Sir L. 'Faith she will, Lucy—that same—pho! what's the name of it?—modesty!—is a quality in a lover more praised by the women than liked; so, if your mistress asks you whether Sir Lucius ever gave you a kiss, tell her fifty, my dear.

Lucy. What, would you have me tell her a lie?

Sir L. Ah then, you baggage! I'll make it a truth presently.

Lucy. For shame now; here is some one coming.

Sir L. O 'faith I'll quiet your conscience!

[*Sees Fag.—Exit, humming a tune.*]

Enter Fag.

Fag. So, so, ma'am. I humbly beg pardon.

Lucy. O lud!—now, Mr. Fag—you flurry one so!

Fag. Come, come, Lucy, here's no one by—so a little less simplicity, with a grain or two more sincerity, if you please—You play false with us, madam—I saw you give the baronet a letter.—My master shall know this—and if he don't call him out—I will.

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha: you gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty!—That letter was from Mrs. Malaprop, impleton.—She is taken with Sir Lucius's address.

Fag. How! what tastes some people have! Why,

I suppose I have walked by her window an hundred times.— But what says our young lady?—Any message to my master?

Lucy. Sad news, Mr. Fag! A worse rival than Acres! Sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

Fag. What, Captain Absolute?

Lucy. Even so. I overheard it all.

Fag. Ha! ha! ha! very good, 'faith! Good b'ye, Lucy, I must away with this news.

Lucy. Well, you may laugh, but it is true, I assure you. [*Going.*] But, Mr. Fag, tell your master not to be cast down by this.

Fag. Oh, he'll be so disconsolate!

Lucy. And charge him not to think of quarrelling with young Absolute.

Fag. Never fear—never fear.

Lucy. Be sure, bid him keep up his spirits.

Fag. We will—we will. [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The North Parade.

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Capt. Abs. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed!— Whimsical enough, 'faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with! He must not know of my connection with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters; however, I'll read

my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed ; but, I can assure him, it is very sincere—So, so, here he comes—he looks plaguy gruff! [Steps aside.]

Enter SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Sir Anth. No—I'll die sooner than forgive him ! Die, did I say ? I'll live these fifty years, to plague him. At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper—An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy ! Who can he take after ? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters ! for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a-year, besides his pay, ever since ! But I have done with him—he's any body's son for me—I never will see him more—never—never—never—never.

Capt. Abs. Now for a penitential face ! [Aside.]

Sir Anth. Fellow, get out of my way !

Capt. Abs. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir Anth. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Capt. Abs. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir Anth. What's that ?

Capt. Abs. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir Anth. Well, sir ?

Capt. Abs. I have been likewise weighing, and balancing, what you were pleased to mention, concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir Anth. Well, puppy ?

Capt. Abs. Why, then, sir, the result of my reflections is, a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir Anth. Why, now you talk sense,—absolute sense; I never heard any thing more sensible in my life. Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

Capt. Abs. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir Anth. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented me telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare. What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Capt. Abs. Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir Anth. Worcestershire! no. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop, and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

Capt. Abs. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay, I think I do recollect something—Languish—Languish—She squints, don't she?—A little red-haired girl?

Sir Anth. Squints!—A red-haired girl! Z—ds! no!

Capt. Abs. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

Sir Anth. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

Capt. Abs. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent; if I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir Anth. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! Oh, Jack, lips, smiling at their own discretion! and, if not smiling, more sweetly pouting—more lovely in sullenness! Then, Jack, her neck! O, Jack! Jack!

Capt. Abs. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece, or the aunt?

Sir Anth. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you. When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The aunt, indeed! Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched any thing old or ugly to gain an empire.

Capt. Abs. Not to please your father, sir?

Sir Anth. To please my father—Z—ds! not to please—O, my father—Oddso!—yes, yes: if my father, indeed, had desired—that's quite another matter—Though he wasn't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Capt. Abs. I dare say not, sir.

Sir Anth. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful?

Capt. Abs. Sir, I repeat it, if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind—now, without being very nice, I own I should rather chuse a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back: and, though one eye may be very agreeable, yet, as the prejudice has always run in favour of two, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir Anth. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you are an anchorite! A vile, insensible stock! You a soldier! you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on! Odds life, I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

Capt. Abs. I am entirely at your disposal, sir; if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt; or, if you should change your mind, and

take the old lady,—'tis the same to me, I'll marry the niece.

Sir Anth. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie; I'm sure it must—come, now, damn your demure face! come, confess, Jack, you have been lying—ha'n't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey?—I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Capt. Abs. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir Anth. Hang your respect and duty! But, come along with me, I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you—come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back, stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, 'egad, I'll marry the girl myself! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

JULIA'S Dressing Room.

Enter FAULKLAND.

Faulk. They told me Julia would return directly; I wonder she is not yet come!—How mean does this captious, unsatisfied temper of mine appear to my cooler judgment! What tender, honest joy sparkled in her eyes when we met! How delicate was the warmth of her expressions!—I was ashamed to appear less happy, though I had come resolved to wear a face of coolness and upbraiding. Sir Anthony's presence prevented my proposed expos-

tulations : Yet I must be satisfied that she has not been so very happy in my absence. She is coming—Yes, I know the nimbleness of her tread, when she thinks her impatient Faulkland counts the moments of her stay.

Enter JULIA.

Julia. I had not hoped to see you again so soon.

Faulk. Could I, Julia, be contented with my first welcome, restrained as we were, by the presence of a third person ?

Julia. Oh, Faulkland ! when your kindness can make me thus happy, let me not think that I discovered something of coldness in your first salutation.

Faulk. 'Twas but your fancy, Julia. I was rejoiced to see you—to see you in such health : Sure I had no cause for coldness ?

Julia. Nay, then, I see you have taken something ill : You must not conceal from me what it is.

Faulk. Well, then, shall I own to you, that my joy at hearing of your health and arrival here, by your neighbour Acres, was somewhat damped, by his dwelling much on the high spirits you had enjoyed in Devonshire ; on your mirth—your singing—dancing—and I know not what ! For such is my temper, Julia, that I should regard every mirthful moment, in your absence, as a treason to constancy. The mutual tear, that steals down the cheek of parting lovers, is a compact, that no smile shall live there till they meet again.

Julia. Must I never cease to tax my Faulkland with this teasing, minute caprice ? Can the idle reports of a silly boor weigh, in your breast, against my tried affection ?

Faulk. They have no weight with me, Julia : No, no, I am happy, if you have been so—yet only say that you did not sing with mirth,—say that you thought of Faulkland in the dance.

Julia. I never can be happy in your absence. If I wear a countenance of content, it is to show that my mind holds no doubt of my Faulkland's truth. Believe me, Faulkland, I mean not to upbraid you when I say, that I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest my friends should guess whose unkindness had caused my tears.

Faulk. You were ever all goodness to me! Oh, I am a brute, when I but admit a doubt of your true constancy!

Julia. If ever without such cause from you, as I will not suppose possible, you find my affections veering but a point, may I become a proverbial scoff for levity and base ingratitude!

Faulk. Ah, Julia! that last word is grating to me! I would I had no title to your gratitude! Search your heart, Julia; perhaps, what you have mistaken for love, is but the warm effusion of a too thankful heart.

Julia. For what quality must I love you?

Faulk. For no quality: To regard me for any quality of mind or understanding were only to esteem me! And for person—I have often wished myself deformed, to be convinced that I owed no obligation there for any part of your affection.

Julia. Where nature has bestowed a show of nice attention in the features of a man, he should laugh at it as misplaced. I have seen men, who, in this vain article, perhaps, might rank above you; but my heart has never asked my eyes if it were so or not.

Faulk. Now, this is not well from you, Julia; I despise person in a man, yet, if you loved me as I wish, though I were an Æthiop, you'd think none so fair.

Julia. I see you are determined to be unkind—The contract, which my poor father bound us in, gives you more than a lover's privilege.

Faulk. Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my doubts. How shall I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought or promise, that I should still have been the object of your persevering love.

Julia. Then try me now—Let us be free as strangers as to what is past: My heart will not feel more liberty.

Faulk. There, now! so hasty, Julia! so anxious to be free! If your love for me were fixed and ardent; you would not loose your hold, even though I wished it!

Julia. Oh, you torture me to the heart! I cannot bear it!

Faulk. I do not mean to distress you: If I loved you less, I should never give you an uneasy moment.—I would not boast, yet let me say, that I have neither age, person, or character, to found dislike on; my fortune such, as few ladies could be charged with indiscretion in the match. O, Julia! when love receives such countenance from prudence, nice minds will be suspicious of its birth.

Julia. I know not whither your insinuations would tend; but, as they seem pressing to insult me, I will spare you the regret of having done so—I have given you no cause for this! (*Exit in tears.*)

Faulk. In tears! stay, Julia—stay but for a moment—The door is fastened! Julia! my soul! but for one moment!—I hear her sobbing! 'Sdeath! what a brute am I to use her thus!—Yet stay—Ay, she is coming now: how little resolution there is in woman! how a few soft words can turn them!—No, Z—ds! she's not coming, nor don't intend it; I suppose! This is not steadiness, but obstinacy! Yet I deserve it. What, after so long an absence, to quarrel with her tenderness! 'twas barbarous and unmanly!—I should be ashamed to see her now.—

I'll wait till her just resentment is abated, and when I distress her so again, may I lose her for ever!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

MRS. MALAPROP'S Lodgings.

MRS. MALAPROP, with a Letter in her Hand, and
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. M. Your being Sir Anthony's son, captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Capt. Abs. Permit me to say, madam, that, as I have never yet had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair, at present, is the honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop, of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mrs. M. Sir, you do me infinite honour! I beg, captain, you'll be seated. (*Sits.*) Ah! few gentlemen, now a-days, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman! Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty!

Capt. Abs. It is but too true, indeed, ma'am; yet I fear our ladies should share the blame; they think our admiration of beauty so great, that knowledge, in them, would be superfluous. Thus, like garden trees, they seldom show fruit, till time has robbed them of the more specious blossoms: Few, like Mrs. Malaprop, and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once.

Mrs. M. Sir, you overpower me with good breeding—He is the very pine-apple of politeness! (*Aside.*) You are not ignorant, captain, that this giddy girl has, somehow, contrived to fix her affec-

tions on a beggarly, strolling, eves-dropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows any thing of.

Capt. Abs. Oh, I have heard the silly affair before. I'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account, but it must be very distressing, indeed, to you ma'am.

Mrs. M. Oh, it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree!—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but behold, this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow—I believe I have it in my pocket.

Capt. Abs. O, the devil! my last note! (*Aside.*

Mrs. M. Ay, here it is.

Capt. Abs. Ay, my note, indeed! O, the little traitress, Lucy! (*Aside.*

Mrs. M. There, perhaps you may know the writing. (*Gives him the Letter.*

Capt. Abs. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before.—

Mrs. M. Nay, but read it, captain.

Capt. Abs. (*Reads.*) *My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!*—Very tender, indeed!

Mrs. M. Tender! ay, and profane too, o' my conscience!

Capt. Abs. *I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival—*

Mrs. M. That's you, sir.

Capt. Abs. *Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honour.—* Well, that's handsome enough.

Mrs. M. Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so.

Capt. Abs. That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

Mrs. M. But go on, sir—you'll see presently.

Capt. Abs. *As for the old weather-beaten shepherd, who guards you—*Who can he mean by that?

Mrs. M. Me, sir—me—he means me there—

what do you think now?—but go on a little further.

Capt. Abs. Impudent scoundrel!—*it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance; as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand—*

Mrs. M. There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure, if I reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs.

Capt. Abs. He deserves to be hanged and quartered! let me see—*same ridiculous vanity—*

Mrs. M. You need not read it again, sir!

Capt. Abs. I beg pardon, ma'am—*does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration—an impudent coxcomb!—so that I have a scheme to see you shortly, with the old Harri-dan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interviews.—Was ever such assurance!*

Mrs. M. Did you ever hear any thing like it?—He'll elude my vigilance, will he!—yes, yes!—ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors!—we'll try who can plot best!

Capt. Abs. So we will, ma'am—so we will.—Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy! ha! ha! ha!—Well, but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive at her escape—while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead,

Mrs. M. I am delighted with the scheme; never was any thing better perpetrated!

Capt. Abs. But, pray, could I not see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. M. Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind.—There is a decorum in these matters.

Capt. Abs. O Lord, she won't mind me!—only tell her, Beverley—

Mrs. M. Sir!

Capt. Abs. Gently, good tongue. [Aside.]

Mrs. M. What did you say of Beverley!

Capt. Abs. Oh, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below—she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. M. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves—besides, you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha!—Let him if he can, I say again.—Lydia, come down here! (*Calling.*) He'll make me a go-between in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia!—I don't wonder at your laughing—ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous!

Capt. Abs. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am!—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. M. The little hussy won't hear.—Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her.—And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Capt. Abs. As you please, ma'am.

Mrs. M. For the present, captain, your servant—Ah, you've not done laughing yet, I see—elude my vigilance! yes, yes—Ha! ha! ha! [Exit.]

Capt. Abs. Ha! ha! ha! one would think, now, that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security—but such is Lydia's

caprice, that, to undeceive, were probably to lose her. I'll see whether she knows me.

[Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the Pictures.]

Enter LYDIA.

Lydia. What a scene am I now to go through! Surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart.—I have heard of girls persecuted, as I am, who have appealed, in behalf of their favoured lover, to the generosity of his rival: suppose I were to try it—there stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but, Oh, how unlike my Beverley!—I wonder he don't begin—truly, he seems a very negligent wooer!—quite at his ease, upon my word!—I'll speak first—Mr. Absolute!

Capt. Abs. Ma'am.

[Turns round.]

Lydia. O heavens! Beverley!

Capt. Abs. Hush!—hush, my life!—softly! be not surprised!

Lydia. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed!—for heaven's sake, how came you here?

Capt. Abs. Briefly—I have deceived your aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and, contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on her for Captain Absolute.

Lydia. Oh, charming!—And she really takes you for young Absolute?

Capt. Abs. Oh, she's convinced of it.

Lydia. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing, to think how her sagacity is over-reached!

Capt. Abs. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur—then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserving persecution, and, with a licensed warmth, plead for my reward.

Lydia. Will you then, Beverley, consent, to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth?—that burden on the wings of love?

Capt. Abs. Oh, come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness!—Bring no portion to me but thy love—'twill be generous in you, Lydia—for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lydia. How persuasive are his words!—how charming will poverty be with him! [*Aside,*

Capt. Abs. By heavens, I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me but here. (*Embracing her.*) If she holds out now, the devil is in it. [*Aside,*

Lydia. Now could I fly with him to the Antipodes—but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis,

[*Aside.*

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, listening.

Mrs. M. I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports herself. [*Aside.*

Capt. Abs. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated?

Mrs. M. Warmth abated?—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose. [*Aside.*

Lydia. No—nor ever can, while I have life.

Mrs. M. An ill-temper'd little devil!—She'll be in a passion all her life, will she? [*Aside.*

Lydia. Let her choice be Captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine.

Mrs. M. I am astonished at her assurance!—to his face—this to his face! [*Aside.*

Capt. Abs. Thus, then, let me enforce my suit.

[*Kneeling.*

Mrs. M. Ay—poor young man!—down on his knees, entreating for pity!—I can contain no longer. (*Aside.*)—Why, thou vixen!—I have overheard you.

Capt. Abs. Oh, confound her vigilance! [*Aside.*

Mrs. M. Captain Absolute—I know not how to apologise for her shocking rudeness.

Capt. Abs. So—all's safe, I find. (*Aside.*) I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the young lady—

Mrs. M. O, there's nothing to be hoped for from her! she's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile.

Lydia. Nay, madam, what do you charge me with now?

Mrs. M. Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face, that you loved another better!—didn't you say you never would be his?

Lydia. No, madam, I did not.

Mrs. M. Good heavens, what assurance!—Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman!—Didn't you boast that Beverley—that stroller Beverley—possessed your heart!—Tell me that, I say.

Lydia. 'Tis true, ma'am, and none but Beverley—

Mrs. M. Hold!—hold, assurance!—you shall not be so rude.

Capt. Abs. Nay, pray, Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech:—she's very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt me in the least, I assure you.

Mrs. M. You are too good captain—too amiably patient;—but come with me, miss—let us see you again soon, captain—remember what we have fixed.

Capt. Abs. I shall, ma'am.

Mrs. M. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

Lydia. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my loved Bev—

Mrs. M. Hussy! Come along—come along.

[*Exeunt severally*—CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE kissing his Hand to LYDIA.]

SCENE IV.

ACRES's Lodgings.

ACRES and DAVID discovered—ACRES as just dressed.

Acres. Indeed, David—dress does make a difference, David.

David. 'Tis all in all, I think.—Difference! why, an' you were to go now to Clod Hall, I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you: Master Butler wouldn't believe his own eyes, and Mrs. Pickle would cry, "Lard, presarve me!" our dairy-maid would come gigling to the door, and I warrant Dolly Tester, your honour's favourite, would blush like my waistcoat—Oons! I'll hold a gallon, there an't a dog in the house but would bark, and I question whether Phillis would wag a hair of her tail!

Acres. Ay, David, there's nothing like polishing.

David. So I says of your honour's boots; but the boy never heeds me!

Acres. But, David, has Mr. De la Grace been here? I must rub up my balancing, and chasing, and boring.

David. I'll call again, sir.

Acres. Do—and see if there are any letters for me at the Post Office.

David. I will.—By the mass, I can't help looking at your head!—if I hadn't been at the cooking, I wish I may die if I should have known the dish again myself! [Exit.]

[ACRES comes forward, practising a dancing step.]

Acres. Sink, slide—coupee—Confound the first inventors of cotillions, say I!—they are as bad as algebra, to us country gentlemen—I can walk a minuet easy enough, when I am forced!—and I have

been accounted a good stick in a country-dance.—Odds jigs and tabors!—I never valued your crossover two couple—figure in—right and left—and I'd foot it with e'er a captain in the country!—but these outlandish heathen allemandes and cotillions are quite beyond me!—I shall never prosper at them, that's sure—mine are true-born English legs—they don't understand their cursed French lingo!—their *pàs* this, and *pàs* that, and *pàs* t'other!—damme! my feet don't like to be called paws!

Enter DAVID.

David. Heré is Sir Lucius O'Trigger to wait on you, sir.

Acres. Show him in.

[*Exit DAVID.*]

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir L. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir L. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. 'Faith, I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-Lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last!—In short, I have been very ill used, Sir Lucius. I don't chuse to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir L. Pray, what is the case?—I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius; I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival; and receive answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used,

Sir L. Very ill, upon my conscience!—Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there's the matter: she has another lover, one Deversley, who, I am told, is now in Bath.—Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir L. A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres. Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir L. Then sure you know what is to be done!

Acres. Not I, upon my soul!

Sir L. We wear no swords here, but you understand me?

Acres. What! fight him!

Sir L. Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir L. Now, I think, he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another, than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres. Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir L. That's no argument at all—he has the less right, then, to take such a liberty.

Acres. 'Gad, that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius!—I fire apace! odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it! but couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir L. What the devil signifies right when your honour is concerned? do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? no, by my soul, they drew their broad swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching!—I certainly do feel a kind of valour arising as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say—odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir L. Ah, my little friend! if I had Blunderbuss

Hall here—I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the New Room, every one of whom had killed his man!—For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank Heaven our honour and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres. Oh, Sir Lucius, I have had ancestors too!—every man of them colonel or captain in the militia!—odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm braced for it.—The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast!—Z—ds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds"—

Sir L. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case—these things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage—Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me.—Come, here's pen and paper. [*Sits down to write.*] I would the ink were red!—Indite, I say, indite!—How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir L. Pray, compose yourself.

Acres. Come—now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme!

Sir L. Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a christian. Begin now—*Sir*—

Acres. That's too civil by half.

Sir L. *To prevent the confusion that might arise—*

Acres. Well—

Sir L. *From our both addressing the same lady—*

Acres. Ay—there's the reason—*same lady—*
Well—

Sir L. *I shall expect the honour of your company—*

Acres. Z—ds! I'm not asking him to dinner!

Sir L. Pray, be easy.

Acres. Well, then, honour of your company—

Sir L. To settle our pretensions—

Acres. Well—

Sir L. Let me see—ay, King's Mead-fields will do—in King's Mead-Fields.

Acres. So, that's done.—Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger, shall be the seal.

Sir L. You see, now, this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir L. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time.—Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then, let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres. Very true.

Sir L. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening.—I would do myself the honour to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here who put a jest on me lately at the expence of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman to call him out.

Acres. By my valour, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life, I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson!

Sir L. I shall be very proud of instructing you.—Well, for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do every thing in a mild and agreeable manner.—Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

*ACRES's Lodgings.**ACRES and DAVID.*

David. Then, by the mass, sir, I would do no such thing!—ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight when I wasn't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say when she hears o't?

Acres. But my honour, David, my honour! I must be very careful of my honour.

David. Ay, by the mass! and I would be very careful of it, and I think in return my honour couldn't do less than to be very careful of me.

Acres. Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honour!

David. I say, then, it would be but civil in honour never to risk the loss of a gentleman.—Look ye, master, this honour seems to me to be a marvellous false friend; ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant!—Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say of me;) well—my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance.—So—we fight. (Pleasant enough that) Boh!—I kill him—(the more's my luck.) Now, pray, who gets the profit of it?—why my honour.—But put the case that he kills me! by the mass! I go to the worms, and my honour whips over to my enemy.

Acres. No, David, in that case!—Odds crowns and laurels! your honour follows you to the grave!

David. Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Z—ds! David, you are a coward!—It doesn't become my valour to listen to you.—What,

shall I disgrace my ancestors?—Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors?

David. Under favour, the surest way of not disgracing them is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look ye now, master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think it might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should chuse to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, very great danger, hey?—Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

David. By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you!—Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his d—ned double-baralled swords and cut-and-thrust pisols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't—those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! well, I never could abide them!—from a child I never could fancy them!—I suppose there an't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

Acres. Z—ds! I won't be afraid—odds fire and fury! you sha'n't make me afraid.—Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend, Jack Absolute, to carry it for me.

David. Ay, i'the name of mischief, let him be the messenger.—For my part, I would'nt lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass! it don't look like another letter!—it is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter!—and I warrant smells of gunpowder, like a soldier's pouch!—Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

Acres. Out, you poltroon!—you ha'n't the valour of a grasshopper.

David. Well, I say no more—'twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod Hall!—but I ha' done.—How

Phillis will howl when she hears of it!—ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after!—and I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honour, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born! [*Whimpering.*]

Acres. It won't do, David—I am determined to fight—so get along, you coward, while I'm in the sand.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Captain Absolute, sir.

Acres. O! show him up. [*Exit Servant.*]

David. Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres. What's that?—Don't provoke me, David!

David. Good b'ye, master. [*Whimpering.*]

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven! [*Exit DAVID.*]

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Capt. Abs. What's the matter, Bob?

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead!—If I hadn't the valour of St. George, and the dragon to boot—

Capt. Abs. But what did you want with me, Bob?

Acres. Oh!—there— [*Gives him the Challenge.*]

Capt. Abs. To Ensign Beverley. So—what's going on now! (*Aside.*) Well, what's this?

Acres. A challenge!

Capt. Abs. Indeed!—Why, you won't fight him, will you, Bob?

Acres. 'Egad, but I will, Jack.—Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Capt. Abs. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Capt. Abs. Well, give it me, and trust me he gets it.

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Capt. Abs. Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it.—No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind.—What it is to have a friend!—you couldn't be my second, could you, Jack?

Capt. Abs. Why no, Bob—not in this affair—it would not be quite so proper.

Acres. Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack?

Capt. Abs. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the captain.

Capt. Abs. I'll come instantly. Well, my little hero, success attend you. *[Going.]*

Acres. Stay, stay, Jack.—If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

Capt. Abs. To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob?

Acres. Ay, do, do—and if that frightens him, 'egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack?

Capt. Abs. I will, I will; I'll say you are called, in the country, "Fighting Bob."

Acres. Right, right—'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life, if I clear my honour.

Capt. Abs. No!—that's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him, do you, Jack?

Capt. Abs. No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, hey? *[Going.]*

Acres. True, true—But stay—stay, Jack—you

may add, that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage!

Capt. Abs. I will, I will.

Acres. Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

Capt. Abs. Ay, ay, “Fighting Bob.”

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Mrs. MALAPROP's Lodgings.

Enter Mrs. MALAPROP and LYDIA.

Mrs. M. Why, thou perverse one!—tell me what you can object to him?—Isn't he a handsome man?—tell me that.—A genteel man? a pretty figure of a man?

Lydia. She little thinks whom she is praising!
(*Aside.*) So is Beverley, ma'am.

Mrs. M. No caparisons, miss, if you please.—Caparisons don't become a young woman.—No! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman.

Lydia. Ay, the Captain Absolute you have seen.
[*Aside.*]

Mrs. M. Then he's so well bred;—so full of alacrity and adulation!—He has so much to say for himself; in such good language too. His physiognomy so grammatical; then his presence so noble! I protest, when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the play:—“Hesperian curls—the front of Job himself!—an eye, like March, to threaten at command!—a station, like Harry Mercury, new”—Something about kissing—on a bill—however, the similitude struck me directly.

Lydia. How enraged she'll be presently, when she discovers her mistake!
[*Aside.*]

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute are below, ma'am.

Mrs. M. Shew them up here. [*Exit SERVANT.*
Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a young woman.—Show your good breeding, at least, though you have forgot your duty.

Lydia. Madam, I have told you my resolution! —I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't even speak to, or look at him.

[*Flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door.*]

Enter SIR ANTHONY and CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Sir Anth. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty,—and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow—I don't know what's the matter, but if I had not held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

Mrs. M. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair.—I am ashamed for the cause! Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech you!—pay your respects!

[*Aside to her.*]

Sir Anth. I hope, madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her aunt's choice, and my alliance.—Now, Jack, speak to her.

[*Aside to him.*]

Capt. Abs. What the devil shall I do?—[*Aside.*—You see, sir, she won't even look at me whilst you are here.—I knew she wouldn't!—I told you so—Let me entreat you, sit, to leave us together!]

(CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE seems to expostulate with his father.)

Sir Anth. I say, sir, I won't stir a foot yet.

Mrs. M. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence over my niece is very small!—Turn round, Lydia, I blush for you!

[*Aside to her.*]

Sir Anth. May I not flatter myself, that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son?—Why don't you begin, Jack?—Speak, you puppy—speak!

[*Aside to him.*]

Mrs. M. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have any.—She will not say she has.—Answer, hussy! why don't you answer? [*Aside to her.*]

Sir Anth. Then, madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection, will be no bar to Jack's happiness.—Z—ds! sirrah! why don't you speak?

[*Aside to him.*]

Capt. Abs. Hem! hem! Madam—hem!—(ABSOLUTE attempts to speak, then returns to SIR ANTHONY)—'Faith! sir, I am so confounded!—and so—so—confused!—I told you I should be so, sir, —I knew it. The—the—tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence of mind.

Sir Anth. But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it?—Go up, and speak to her directly! (CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE makes signs to MRS. MALAPROP to leave them together.)—What the devil are you at? unlock your jaws, sirrah! or—

[*Aside to him.*]

Capt. Abs. (*Draws near LYDIA*) Now Heaven send she may be too sullen to look round!—I must disguise my voice. (*Aside.—Speaks in a low hoarse tone.*)—Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love?—Will not—

Sir Anth. What the devil ails the fellow?—Why don't you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy!

Capt. Abs. The—the—excess of my awe, and my—my modesty, quite choak me!

Sir Anth. Ah! your modesty again!—I'll tell you what, Jack; if you don't speak out directly and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage!—Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front.

[*Mrs. MALAPROP seems to chide LYDIA.*]

Capt. Abs. So!—all will out, I see!

[*Goes up to LYDIA, speaks softly.*]

Be not surprised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

Lydia. (Aside.) Heavens! 'tis Beverley's voice!—
(*Looks round by degrees, then starts up.*)
Is this possible!—my Beverley?—how can this be?
—my Beverley?

Capt. Abs. Ah! 'tis all over! [*Aside.*

Sir Anth. Beverley!—the devil—Beverley!—
What can the girl mean?—This is my son, Jack
Absolute.

Mrs. M. For shame, hussey! for shame!—your
head runs so on that fellow, that you have him
always in your eyes!—beg Captain Absolute's par-
don, directly.

Lydia. I see no Captain Absolute, but my loved
Beverley!

Sir Anth. Z—ds, the girl's mad!—her brain's
turned by reading!

Mrs. M. O' my conscience, I believe so!—what
do you mean by Beverley, hussy!—You saw Captain
Absolute before to-day; there he is—your husband
that shall be.

Lydia. With all my soul, ma'am—when I refuse
my Beverley—

Sir Anth. Oh! she's as mad as Bedlam!—or has
this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick!—Come
here, sirrah, who the devil are you?

Capt. Abs. 'Faith, sir, I am not quite clear myself;
but I'll endeavour to recollect.

Sir Anth. Are you my son or not?—answer for
your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

Capt. Abs. Ye powers of impudence, befriend
me! (*Aside.*) Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am
your wife's son; and that I sincerely believe myself
to be yours also, I hope my duty has always shown.
Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer
—and shall be proud to add affectionate nephew.
I need not tell my Lydia, that she sees her faithful
Beverley, who, knowing the singular generosity of
her temper, assumed that name, and a station, which
has proved a test of the most disinterested love,

which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

Lydia. So!—there will be no elopement after all.
[*Sullenly*]

Sir Anth. Upon my soul, Jack, thou art a very impudent fellow! To do you justice, I think I never saw a piece of more consummate assurance!

Capt. Abs. Oh, you flatter me, sir,—you compliment—'tis my modesty you know, sir—my modesty, that has stood in my way.

Sir Anth. Well, I am glad you are not the dull insensible varlet you pretended to be, however!—I'm glad you have made a fool of your father, you dog—I am—So this was your penitence, your duty, and obedience!—I thought it was d—n'd sudden—You never heard their names before, not you!—What, the Languishes of Worcestershire, hey?—if you could please me in the affair, 'twas all you desired!—Ah! you dissembling villain!—What! (*Pointing to LYDIA.*) she squints, don't she?—a little red-haired girl!—hey!—Why, you hypocritical young rascal—I wonder you a'n't ashamed to hold up your head.

Capt. Abs. 'Tis with difficulty, sir—I am confused—very much confused, as you must perceive.

Mrs. M. O lud! Sir Anthony!—a new light breaks in upon me!—hey!—how! what! Captain, did you write the letters then?—What!—am I to thank you for the elegant compilation of “an old weather-beaten, she-dragon”—hey?—O mercy!—was it you that reflected on my parts of speech?

Capt. Abs. Dear sir! my modesty will be overpowered at last, if you don't assist me.—I shall certainly not be able to stand it.

Sir Anth. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive;—odds life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in

my heart to be so good-humoured ! and so gallant ! hey ! Mrs. Malaprop !—Come, we must leave them together ; Mrs. Malaprop, they long to fly into each other's arms, I warrant !—Jack—isn't the cheek as I said, hey ?—and the eye, you rogue !—and the lip—hey ? Come, Mrs. Malaprop, we'll not disturb their tenderness—theirs is the time of life for happiness !——“ *Youth's the season made for joy* ”—(Sings)—hey !—Odds 'life ! I'm in such spirits, I don't know what I could not do !—Permit me, ma'am—(Gives his Hand to MRS. MALAPROP ; (Sings.) Tol-de-rol—'gad I should like to have a little fooling myself—Tol-de-rol ! de-rol ! (Exit singing, and handing MRS. MALAPROP off. LYDIA sits sullenly in the Chair.)

Capt. Abs. So much thought bodes me no good (Aside.)—So grave, Lydia !

Lydia. Sir !

Capt. Abs. So ! egad ! I thought as much !—that damned monosyllable has froze me ! [Aside.—What, Lydia, now that we are as happy in our friends' consent as in our mutual vows—

Lydia. Friends' consent, indeed ! [Peevishly.]

Capt. Abs. Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance—a little wealth and comfort may be endured after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such settlements as—

Lydia. Lawyers ! I hate lawyers !

Capt. Abs. Nay, then we will not wait for their lingering forms, but instantly procure the license, and—

Lydia. The license !—I hate license !

Capt. Abs. Oh, my love ! be not so unkind !—thus let me entreat— [Kneeling.]

Lydia. Pshaw !—what signifies kneeling, when you know I must have you ?

Capt. Abs. (Rising.) Nay, madam, there shall be no constraint upon your inclinations, I promise

you.—If I have lost your heart,—I resign the rest.—Gad, I must try what a little spirit will do. (*Aside.*

Lydia. (*Rising.*) Then, sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud.—What, you have been treating me like a child!—humouring my romance! and laughing, I suppose, at your success!

Capt. Abs. You wrong me, Lydia, you wrong me—only hear——

Lydia. So, while I fondly imaginod we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all—behold my hopes are to be crushed, at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation—and I am myself the only dupe at last! (*Walking about in a heat.*)—But here, sir, here is the picture—Beverley's picture! (*Taking a Miniature from her Bosom.*) which I have worn, night and day, in spite of threats and entreaties!—There, sir, (*Flings it to him.*) and be assured, I throw the original from my heart as easily.

Capt. Abs. Nay, nay, ma'am, we will not differ as to that—here, (*Taking out a Picture.*) here is Miss Lydia Languish,—What a difference!—ay, there is the heavenly assenting smile, that first gave soul and spirit to my hopes!—those are the lips which sealed a vow, as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar!—and there the half-resentful blush, that would have checked the ardour of my thanks—Well, all that's past;—all over indeed!—There, madam—in beauty, that copy is not equal to you, but, in my mind, its merit over the original, in being still the same, is such—that—I'll put it in my pocket. [*Puts it up again.*]

Lydia. (*Softening.*) 'Tis your own doing, sir—I, I, I suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

Capt. Abs. Oh, most certainly—sure now, this

is much better than being in love!—ha! ha! ha!—there's some spirit in this!—What signifies breaking some scores of solemn promises;—all that's of no consequence, you know.—To be sure people will say, that Miss didn't know her own mind—but never mind that:—or, perhaps, they may be ill-natured enough to hint, that the gentleman grew tired of the lady, and forsook her—but don't let that fret you.

Lydia. There's no bearing this insolence!

[*Bursts into tears.*]

Enter MRS. MALAPROP and SIR ANTHONY.

Mrs M. (Entering.) Come, we must interrupt your billing and cooing a-while.

Lydia. This is worse than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate! [Sobbing.]

Sir Anth. What the devil's the matter now!—Z—ds! Mrs. Malaprop, this is the oddest billing and cooing I ever heard!—but what the deuce is the meaning of it?—I'm quite astonished!

Capt. Abs. Ask the lady, sir.

Mrs. M. Oh, mercy!—I'm quite analys'd, for my part!—why Lydia, what is the reason of this?

Lydia. Ask the gentleman, ma'am.

Sir Anth. Z—ds! I shall be in a phrenzy!—why, Jack, you are not come out to be any one else, are you?

Mrs. M. Ay, sir, there's no more trick, is there?—you are not, like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?

Capt. Abs. You'll not let me speak—I say the lady can account for this much better than I can.

Lydia. Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of Beverley again—there is the man—I now obey you:—for, from this moment, I renounce him for ever.

[*Exit LYDIA.*]

Mrs. M. O, mercy and miracles! what a turn

Here is!—Why sure, Captain, you haven't behaved disrespectfully to my niece?

Sir Anth. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha—now I see it—Ha! ha! ha!—now I see it—you have been too lively, Jack.

Capt. Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word—

Sir Anth. Come, no lying, Jack---I'm sure 'twas so. Come, no excuses, Jack;—why your father, you rogue, was so before you:—the blood of the Absolutes was always impatient.

Capt. Abs. By all that's good, sir—

Sir Anth. Z—ds! say no more, I tell you—Mrs Malaprop shall make your peace. You must make his peace, Mrs. Malaprop—you must tell her, 'tis Jack's way—tell her, 'tis all our ways—it runs in the blood of our family!—Come, away, Jack, ha! ha! ha! Mrs. Malaprop—a young villain!

Mrs. M. Oh, Sir Anthony!—O, fie, captain!

[*Pushes him out.*
Exeunt severally.]

SCENE III..

The North Parade.

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER..

Sir L. I wonder where this Captain Absolute hides himself. Upon my conscience these officers are always in one's way in love affairs:—I remember I might have married Lady Dorothy Carmine, if it had not been for a little rogue of a major, who ran away with her before she could get sight of me!—And I wonder what it is the ladies can see in them to be so fond of them—unless it be a touch of the old serpent in them, that makes the little creatures be caught, like vipers, with a bit of red cloth.—Hah, isn't this the captain coming?—'faith it is!—There is a probability of succeeding about that fellow, that

is mighty provoking! who the devil is he talking to.
[Steps aside.]

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Capt. Abs. To what fine purpose have I been plotting! a noble reward for all my schemes, upon my soul!—a little gipsy!—I did not think her little romance could have made her so d—n'd absurd either.—'Sdeath, I never was in a worse humour in all my life!—I could cut my own throat, or any other person's, with the greatest pleasure in the world!

Sir L. O, 'faith! I'm in the luck of it.—I never could have found him in a sweeter temper for my purpose—to be sure I'm just come in the nick! now to enter into conversation with him, and so quarrel genteelly. (*SIR LUCIUS goes up to CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.*)—With regard to that matter, captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion with you.

Capt. Abs. Upon my word, then, you must be a very subtle disputant;—because, sir, I happened just then to be giving no opinion at all.

Sir L. That's no reason; for, give me leave to tell you, a man may think an untruth as well as speak one.

Capt. Abs. Very true, sir; but if a man never utters his thoughts, I should think they might stand a chance of escaping controversy.

Sir A. Then, sir, you differ in opinion with me? which amounts to the same thing.

Capt. Abs. Hark ye, Sir Lucius, if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my soul, I should not have discovered it at this interview;—for, what you can drive at, unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive!

Sir L. I humbly thank you, sir, for the quick-

ness of your apprehension; (*Bowing.*) you have named the very thing I would be at.

Capt. Abs. Very well, sir,—I shall certainly not baulk your inclinations—but I should be glad you would please to explain your motives.

Sir L. Pray, sir, be easy—the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel, as it stands—we should only spoil it by trying to explain it.—However, your memory is very short—or you could not have forgot an affront you passed on me within this week.—So, no more, but name your time and place.

Capt. Abs. Well, sir, since you are so bent on it, the sooner the better;—let it be this evening—here by the Spring Gardens.—We shall scarcely be interrupted.

Sir L. 'Faith! that same interruption, in affairs of this nature, shows very great ill-breeding.—I don't know what's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this kind gets wind, people make such a pother, that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness.—However, if it's the same to you, captain, I should take it as a particular kindness, if you'd let us meet in King's Mead-fields, as a little business will call me there about six o'clock, and I may dispatch both matters at once.

Capt. Abs. 'Tis the same to me exactly.—A little after six, then, we will discuss this matter more seriously.

Sir L. If you please, sir; there will be very pretty small-sword-light, though it won't do for a long shot.—So that matter's settled! and my mind's at ease.
[*Exit.*]

Enter FAULKLAND.

Capt. Abs. Well met.—I was going to look for you.—Oh, Faulkland! all the demons of spite and disappointment have conspired against me! I'm so vexed, that if I had not the prospect of a resource,

in being knocked o'the head by and by, I should scarce have spirits to tell you the cause.

Faulk. What can you mean?—Has Lydia changed her mind?—I should have thought her duty and inclination would now have pointed to the same object.

Capt. Abs. Ay, just as the eyes do of a person who squints:—when her love-eye was fixed on me—t'other, her eye of duty, was finely obliqued:—but when duty bid her point that the same way—off t'other turned on a swivel, and secured its retreat with a frown!

Faulk. But what's the resource you—

Capt. Abs. Oh, to wind up the whole, Sir Lucius O'Trigger—you know him by sight—for some affront, which I am sure I never intended, has obliged me to meet him this evening at six o'clock, —'tis on that account I wished to see you—you must go with me.

Faulk. Nay, there must be some mistake, sure—Sir Lucius shall explain himself—and I dare say matters may be accommodated:—but this evening, did you say?—I wish it had been any other time.

Capt. Abs. Why? there will be light enough:—there will (as Sir Lucius says) “be very pretty small-sword light, though it will not do for a long shot”—Confound his long shots!

Faulk. But I am myself a good deal ruffled, by a difference I have had with Julia—My vile, tormenting temper has made me treat her so cruelly, that I shall not be myself till we are reconciled.

Capt. Abs. By heavens, Faulkland, you don't deserve her!

Enter SERVANT; gives FAULKLAND a Letter.

Faulk. O, Jack! this is from Julia; I dread to open it.

Capt. Abs. Here—let me see—[*Takes the letter*

and opens it.] Ay, a final sentence, indeed ! 'tis all over with you, 'faith !

Faulk. Nay, Jack, don't keep me in suspense.

Capt. Abs. Hear, then.

[*Reads.*

As I am convinced that my dear Faulkland's own reflections have already upbraided him for his last unkindness to me, I will not add a word on the subject. I wish to speak with you as soon as possible.

Yours ever and truly,

JULIA.

There's stubbornness and resentment for you !
[*Gives him the letter.*] Why, man, you don't seem one whit the happier at this !

Faulk. Oh, yes, I am—but—but—

Capt. Abs. Confound your buts ! You never hear any thing that would make another man bless himself, but you immediately damn it with a but !

Faulk. Now, Jack, as you are my friend, own honestly—don't you think there is something forward, something indelicate, in this haste to forgive ? Women should never sue for reconciliation ; that should always come from us ; They should retain their coldness till wooed to kindness, and their pardon, like their love, should " Not unsought, be won."

Capt. Abs. I have not patience to listen to you—thou'rt incorrigible ! so say no more on the subject. I must go to settle a few matters—let me see you before six, remember, at my lodgings. A poor, industrious devil, like me, who have toiled, and drudged, and plotted, to gain my ends, and am, at last, disappointed by other people's folly, may, in pity, be allowed to swear and grumble a little ! but a captious sceptic in love ; a slave to fretfulness and whim, who has no difficulties but of his own creating, is a subject more fit for ridicule than compassion !

[*Exit.*

Faulk. I feel his reproaches ; yet I would not

change this too exquisite nicety for the gross content with which he tramples on the thorns of love. His engaging me in this duel has started an idea in my head, which I will instantly pursue: I'll use it as the touchstone of Julia's sincerity and disinterestedness; if her love prove pure, and sterling ore, my name will rest on it with honour! and, once I've stamped it there, I'll lay aside my doubts for ever! [Exit.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

JULIA'S Dressing Room.

Enter JULIA.

Julia. How this message has alarmed me! what dreadful accident can he mean? why such charge to be alone? O, Faulkland! how many unhappy moments, how many tears, have you cost me!

Enter FAULKLAND.

What means this? why this caution, Faulkland?

Faulk. Alas, Julia! I am come to take a long farewell!

Julia. Heav'ns! what do you mean?

Faulk. You see before you a wretch whose life is forfeited:—Nay, start not; the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me: I left you fretful and passionate,—an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel;—the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly!—Oh, Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have called you mine entirely, before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banishment!

Julia. My soul is oppressed with sorrow at the nature of your misfortune: had these adverse circumstances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong comfort in the thought, that I could now chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love. My heart has long known no other guardian: I now entrust my person to your honour—we will fly together: When safe from pursuit, my father's will may be fulfilled, and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comforter.

Faulk. O Julia! I am bankrupt in gratitude!—Would you not wish some hours to weigh the advantages you forego, and what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you, beside his solitary love?

Julia. I ask not a moment.—No, Faulkland, I have loved you for yourself: and if I now, more than ever, prize the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to an act of love.—But let us not linger—perhaps this delay—

Faulk. 'Twill be better I should not venture out again till dark: yet am I grieved to think what numberless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

Julia. Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act? I know not whether 'tis so, but sure that alone can never make us unhappy—The little I have will be sufficient to support us, and exile never should be splendid.

Faulk. Ay, but in such an abject state of life my wounded pride, perhaps, may increase the natural fretfulness of my temper, till I become a rude, morose companion, beyond your patience to endure.

Julia. If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent, you will the more want some mild

and affectionate spirit to watch over and console you;—one who, by bearing your infirmities with gentleness and resignation, may teach you so to bear the evils of your fortune.

Faulk. Julia, I have proved you to the quick! and with this useless device, I throw away all my doubts. How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition?

Julia. Has no such disaster happened as you related?

Faulk. I am ashamed to own that it was all pretended; let me to-morrow, in the face of Heaven, receive my future guide and monitress, and expiate my past folly, by years of tender adoration.

Julia. Hold, Faulkland!—that you are free from a crime, which I before feared to name, Heaven knows, how sincerely I rejoice! These are tears of thankfulness for that! But, that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang more keen than I can express!

Faulk. By Heav'n's! Julia—

Julia. Yet hear me—My father loved you, Faulkland! and you preserved the life that tender parent gave me! in his presence I pledged my hand—joyfully pledged it, where before I had given my heart. When soon after I lost that parent, it seemed to me, that Providence had, in Faulkland, shown me whither to transfer, without a pause, my grateful duty, as well as my affection: Hence I have been content to bear from you, what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another. I will not upbraid you, by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity.

Faulk. I confess it all! yet, hear—

Julia. After such a year of trial, I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel as

unnecessary! I now see that it is not in your nature to be content, or confident, in love. With this conviction I never will be yours.

Faulk. Nay, but Julia, by my soul and honour!—if, after this——

Julia. But one word more.—As my faith has once been given to you, I never will barter it with another. I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity; and the dearest blessing I can ask of Heaven to send you, will be, to charm you from that unhappy temper, which alone has prevented the performance of our solemn engagement. All I request of you is, that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity; and, when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of, let it not be your least regret, that it lost you the love of one who would have followed you in beggary through the world! *[Exit.]*

Faulk. She's gone!—for ever!—There was an awful resolution in her manner, that rivetted me to my place. O fool!—dolt!—barbarian! Cursed as I am, with more imperfections than my fellow wretches, kind fortune sent a heaven-gifted cherub to my aid, and, like a ruffian, I have driven her from my side!—I must now hasten to my appointment.—Well, my mind is turned for such a scene!—I shall wish only to become a principal in it, and reverse the tale my cursed folly put me upon forging here. O Love!—tormentor!—fiend!—whose influence, like the moon's, acting on men of dull souls, makes idiots of them, but meeting subtler spirits, betrays their course, and urges sensibility to madness! *[Exit.]*

Enter MAID and LYDIA.

Maid. My mistress, ma'am, I know, was here, just now—perhaps she is only in the next room. *[Exit.]*

Lydia. Heigho!—Though he has used me so, this fellow runs strangely in my head. I believe

one lecture from my grave cousin will make me recall him.

Enter JULIA.

Oh, Julia, I am come to you with such an appetite for consolation!—Lud, child! what's the matter with you? You have been crying!—I'll be hanged if that Faulkland has not been tormenting you!

Julia. You mistake the cause of my uneasiness:—Something has flurried me a little.—Nothing that you can guess at.

Lydia. Ah! whatever vexations you may have, I can assure you mine surpass them.—You know who Beverley proves to be?

Julia. I will now own to you, Lydia, that Mr. Faulkland had before informed me of the whole affair.

Lydia. So, then, I see I have been deceived by every one! but I don't care, I'll never have him.

Julia. Nay, Lydia—

Lydia. Why, is it not provoking, when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last?—There had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements!—so becoming a disguise!—so amiable a ladder of ropes!—Conscious moon—four horses—Scotch parson—with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop! and such paragraphs in the newspapers!—Oh, I shall die with disappointment!

Julia. I don't wonder at it.

Lydia. Now—sad reverse!—what have I to expect, but, after a deal of flimsy preparation, with a bishop's licence, and my aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the altar; or, perhaps, be cried three times in a country church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk ask the consent of every butcher in the parish, to join John Absolute, and Lydia Languish, spinster!—Oh, that I should live to hear myself called spinster!

Julia. Melancholy, indeed!

Lydia. How mortifying, to remember the dear delicious shifts I used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow!—How often have I stole forth, in the coldest night in January, and found him in the garden stuck like a dripping statue!—There would he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough, so pathetically! he shivering with cold, and I with apprehension! and, while the freezing blast numbed our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour! Ah, Julia, that was something like being in love!

Julia. If I were in spirits, Lydia, I should chide you only by laughing heartily at you; but it suits more the situation of my mind at present earnestly to entreat you, not to let a man, who loves you with sincerity, suffer that unhappiness from your caprice, which I know too well caprice can inflict.

Lydia. Oh, Lud! what has brought my aunt here?

Enter MRS. MALAPROP and DAVID.

Mrs. M. So! so! here's fine work! here's fine suicide, paracide, and simulation, going on in the fields! and Sir Anthony not to be found, to prevent the antistrophe!

Julia. For heaven's sake, madam, what's the

David. Looke, my lady—by the mass, there's mischief going on. Folks don't use to meet for amusement with fire-arms, fire-locks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the devil knows what matter?

Lydia. Oh, patience! Do ma'am, for heaven's sake! tell us what is the matter?

Mrs. M. Why, murder's the matter! slaughter's the matter! killing's the matter! But he can tell you the perpendiculars. [*Pointing to DAVID.*

Julia. Do speak, friend.

[*To DAVID.*

other crackers beside! This, my lady, I say, has an angry favour.

Julia. But who is engaged?

David. My poor master—under favour for mentioning him first.—You know me, my lady—I am David—and my master, of course is, or was, Squire Acres; and Captain Absolute.—Then comes Squire Faulkland.

Julia. Do, ma'am, let us instantly endeavour to prevent mischief.

Mrs. M. Oh, fie! it would be very inelegant in us:—we should only participate things.

Lydia. Do, my dear Aunt, let us hasten to prevent them.

David. Ah, do, Mrs. Aunt, save a few lives!—they are desperately given, believe me. Above all, there is that blood-thirsty Phillistine, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Mrs. M. Sir Lucius O'Trigger! O mercy! have they drawn poor little dear Sir Lucius into the scrape! (*Aside.*) Why, how you stand, girl! you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire putrefactions!

Lydia. What are we to do, madam?

Mrs. M. Why, fly with the utmost felicity, to be sure, to prevent mischief!—Come girls, this gentleman will exhort us.—Come, sir, you're our envoy, lead the way, and we'll precede.—You're sure you know the spot.

David. Oh, never fear; and one good thing is, we shall find it out by the report of the pistols.

The Ladies. The pistols!—Oh, let us fly! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

King's Mead-fields.

SIR LUCIUS and ACRES, with Pistols.

Acres. By my valour, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards a good distance—Odds levels and aims! I say, is a good distance.

Sir L. It is for muskets, or small field-pieces ;—upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave these things to me. Stay, now—I'll show you. [*Measures Paces along the Stage.*] There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Z—ds ! we might as well fight in a sentry box ! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. 'Faith, then, I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight !

Acres. No, Sir Lucius—but I should think forty, or eight and thirty yards——

Sir L. Pho ! pho ! nonsense ! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no !—by my valour, there is no merit in killing him so near ! Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot :—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me !

Sir L. Well—the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you ?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand——

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and, if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say, it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus !

Sir L. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you chuse to be pickled, and sent home ?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey ?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled !—Snug lying in the Abbey !—Odds tremors ! Sir Lucius, don't talk so !

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir L. Ah, that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odd's files! I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius, there—*[Puts himself into an Attitude.]*—a side-front, hey?—Odd, I'll make myself small enough—I'll stand edgeways.

Sir L. Now, you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim— *[Levelling at him.]*

Acres. Z—ds, Sir Lucius! are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir L. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir L. Pho! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses a vital part of your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres. A vital part!

Sir L. But, there—fix yourself so—*[Placing him.]* let him see the broadside of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

Sir L. Ay, may they—and it is much the genteelst attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Lookye! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. *[Looking at his Watch.]* Sure they don't mean to disappoint us—hah! no, 'faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey!—what!—coming!—

Sir L. Ay, who are those yonder, getting over stile?

Acres. There are two of them, indeed! well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—won't run.

Sir L. Run!

Acres. No, I say—we won't run, by my valour!

Sir L. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing, nothing, my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold somehow as I did.

Sir L. O fie! consider your honour.

Acres. Ay, true—my honour—do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then, about my honour.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming. [*Looking.*]

Acres. Sir Lucius, if I wasn't with you I should almost think I was afraid—if my valour should leave me! valour will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes, my valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were, at the palms of my hands!

Sir L. Your honour—your honour. Here they are.

Acres. Oh that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND and CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Sir L. Gentlemen, your most obedient—hah!—what, Captain Absolute!—So, I suppose, Sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account?

Acres. What, Jack!—my dear Jack!—my dear friend!

Capt. Abs. Harkye, Bob. Beverley's at hand.

Sir L. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. So Mr. Beverley, [*To FAULKLAND,*] if you chuse your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulk. My weapons, Sir.

Acres. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends!

Sir L. What, Sir, did not you come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulk. Not I, upon my word, Sir.

Sir L. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game—you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party, by sitting out.

Capt. Abs. Oh pray, Faulkland, fight, to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulk. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter.

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian—Lookye, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir L. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Why, no, Sir Lucius; I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face? If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

Capt. Abs. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir L. Well, this is lucky. Now you have an opportunity——

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend, Jack Absolute!—not if he were fifty Beverleys!—Z—ds!

Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural!

Sir L. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valour has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres. Not in the least! odds backs and abettors; I'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss-hall, or any thing of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir L. Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valour!

Sir L. Well, sir?

Acres. Lookye, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward—Coward may be said in a joke—But if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls——

Sir L. Well, sir?

Acres. —I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir L. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Capt. Abs. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres.—He is a most determined dog—called in the country, fighting Bob.—He generally kills a man a week;—don't you Bob?

Sir L. Well, then, captain, 'tis we must begin—so come out, my little counsellor, [*Draws his Sword.*]—and ask the gentleman, whether he will resign the lady without forcing you to proceed against him?

Capt. Abs. Come on then, sir, [*Draws.*] since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

Enter SIR ANTHONY, DAVID, and the LADIES.

David. Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony:

knock down my master in particular—and bind his hands over to their good behaviour!

Sir Anth. Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a phrenzy—how came you in a duel, sir?

Capt. Abs. 'Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I; 'twas he called on me, and you know, sir, I serve his Majesty.

Sir Anth. Here's a pretty fellow! I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me he serves his Majesty!—Z—ds! sirrah, then how durst you draw the King's sword against one of his subjects?

Capt. Abs. Sir, I tell you, that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

Sir Anth. Gad, sir! how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir L. Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honour could not brook.

Sir Anth. Z—ds, Jack! how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honour could not brook?

Mrs. M. Come, come, let's have no honour before ladies—Captain Absolute, come here—How could you intimidate us so?—Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

Capt. Abs. For fear I should be killed, or escape, ma'am?

Mrs. M. Nay, no delusions to the past—Lydia is convinced; speak, child.

Sir L. With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here—I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence—Now mark—

Lydia. What is it you mean, sir?

Sir L. Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now—this is no time for trifling.

Lydia. 'Tis true, sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Capt. Abs. Oh, my little angel, say you so?—Sir Lucius, I perceive there must be some mistake here—with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you, I can only say that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced, that I should not fear to support a real injury—you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency—I ask your pardon.—But for this lady, while honoured with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

Sir Anth. Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

Acres. Mind, I give up all my claim—I make no pretensions to any thing in the world—and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her, by my valour! I'll live a bachelor.

Sir L. Captain, give me your hand—an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation—and as for the lady—if she chuses to deny her own hand-writing, here— [Takes out Letters.

Mrs. M. Oh, he will dissolve my mystery!—Sir Lucius, perhaps, there is some mistake—perhaps I can illuminate——

Sir L. Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business—Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not?

Lydia. Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not.

[LYDIA and ABSOLUTE walk aside.

Mrs. M. Sir Lucius O'Trigger—ungrateful as you are—I own the soft impeachment—pardon my camelion blushes, I am Delia.

Sir L. You Delia—pho! pho! be easy.

Mrs. M. Why, thou barbarous Vandyke—those letters are mine—When you are more sensible of my benignity, perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

Sir L. Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension ; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick upon me, I am equally beholden to you—And to show you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute, since you have taken that lady from me, I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

Capt. Abs. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius ; but here's my friend, fighting Bob, unprovided for.

Sir L. Hah ! little valour—here, will you make your fortune ?

Acres. Odds wrinkles ! No.—But give me your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive ; but if ever I give you a chance of pickling me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all.

Sir Anth. Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down—you are in your bloom yet.

Mrs. M. O, Sir Anthony !—men are all barbarians— [All retire but JULIA and FAULKLAND.]

Julia. He seems dejected and unhappy—not sullen—there was some foundation, however, for the tale he told me—O, woman ! how true should be your judgment, when your resolution is so weak !

Faulk. Julia !—how can I sue for what I so little deserve ! I dare not presume—yet hope is the child of penitence.

Julia. Oh ! Faulkland, you have not been more faulty in your unkind treatment of me, than I am now in wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart honestly bids me place my weakness to the account of love, I should be ungenerous not to admit the same plea for yours.

Faulk. Now I shall be blest indeed !

[SIR ANTHONY comes forward.]

Sir Anth. What's going on here ?—So you have been quarrelling too, I warrant.—Come, Julia, I never interfered before ; but let me have a hand in the matter at last.—All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland, seemed to proceed from

what he calls the delicacy and warmth of his affection for you—There, marry him directly, Julia, you'll find he'll mend surprisingly! [*The rest come forward.*]

Sir L. Come now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person but what is content; for as I have been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better—

Acres. You are right, Sir Lucius.—So, Jack, I wish you joy—Mr. Faulkland, the same—Ladies,—come now, to show you I'm neither vexed nor angry, odds tabors and pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half-an-hour, to the New Rooms—and I insist on your all meeting me there.

Sir Anth. Gad! sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a good husband to Mrs. Malaprop.

Faulk. Our partners are stolen from us, Jack—I hope, to be congratulated by each other—yours for having checked in time the errors of an ill-directed imagination, which might have betrayed an innocent heart; and mine for having, by her gentleness and candour, reformed the unhappy temper of one, who by it made wretched whom he loved most, and tortured the heart he ought to have adored.

Capt. Abs. True, Faulkland, we have both tasted the bitters, as well as the sweets, of love—with this difference only, that you always prepared the bitter cup for yourself, while I—

Lydia. Was always obliged to me for it, hey! Mr. Modesty!—But come, no more of that—our happiness is now as unalloyed as general.

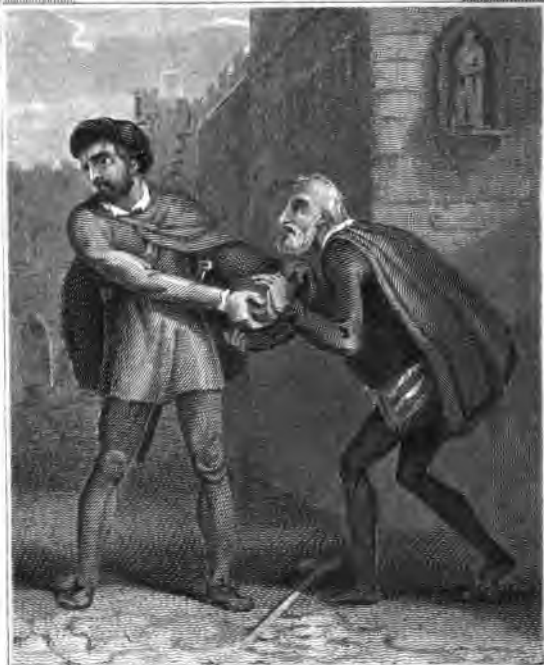
Julia. Then let us study to preserve it so; and while hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future bliss, let us deny its pencil those colours which are too bright to be lasting.—When hearts deserving

happiness would unite their fortunes, virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest, hurtless, flowers ; but ill-judging passion will force the gaudier rose into the wreath, whose thorn offends them when its leaves are dropt !

THE END.



SURRENDER OF CALAIS.



EUSTACHE — HERE TAKE THIS TREASON
ACT I. SCENE II.

Painted by Howard.

Published by Longman & Co. March 1816.

Engraved by C. Heath.

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THE

SURRENDER OF CALAIS;

A PLAY,

IN THREE ACTS;

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

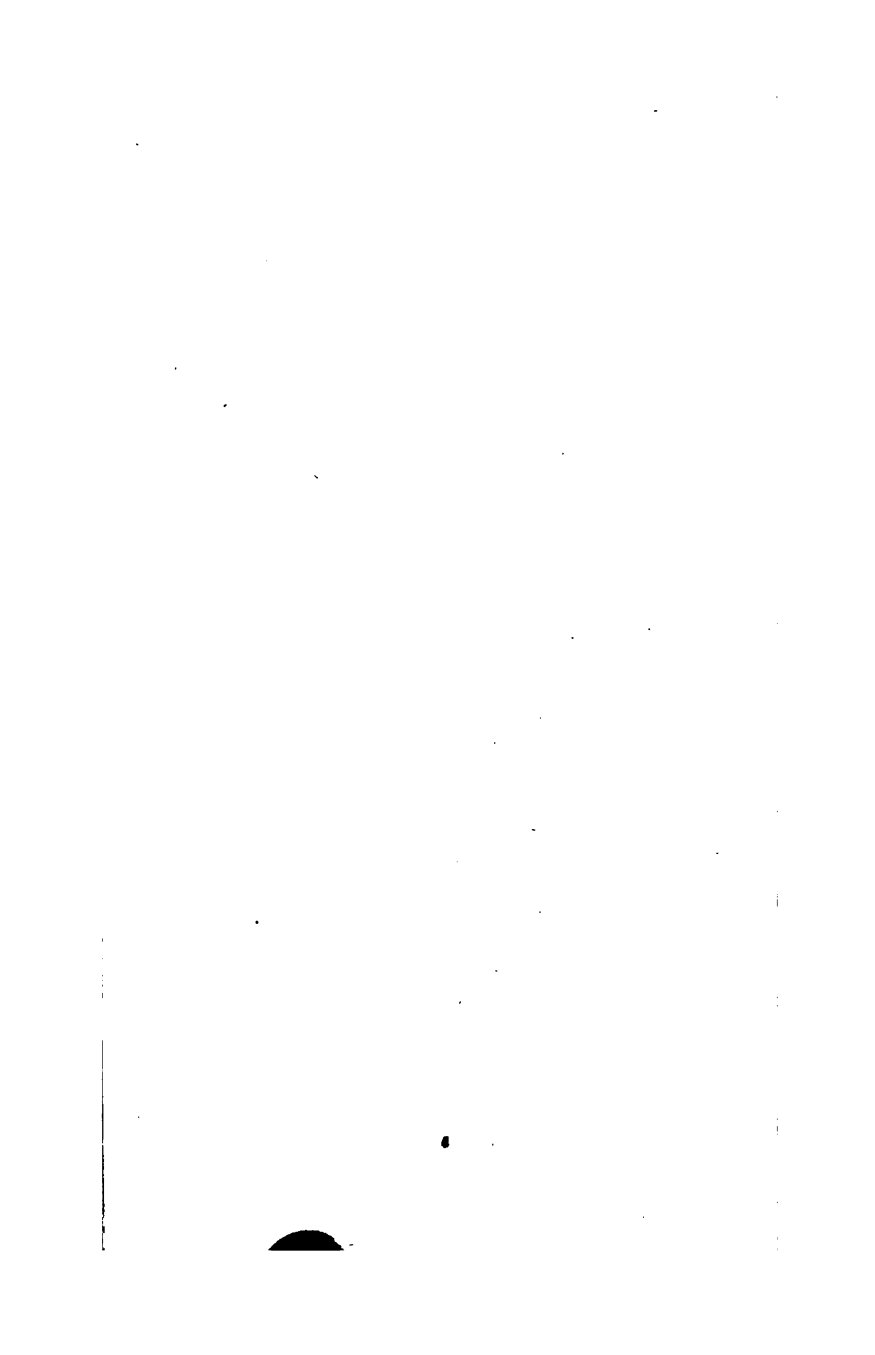
FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.**



REMARKS.

In this drama are comprised tragedy, comedy, opera, and some degree of farce—yet so happily is the variety blended, that one scene never diminishes the interest of another, but they all combine to produce a most valuable composition.

In the rank of excellence, the tragic parts are to be accounted foremost; and, among these, the original and admirable character of Eustache de St. Pierre stands first.

Other characters, of the author's invention, are likewise so prominent, that Edward, our renowned conqueror of Calais, is made, perhaps, the least interesting, as well as the least amiable, warrior in this whole dramatic field of glory; and yet, such is the equitable, the unbiassed judgment of the vanquished, they profess a just, a noble, an heroic reverence, for the bravery, and other qualities, of their triumphant enemies.

The exception to this general rule of patriotic courage in the French, is most skilfully displayed in one short speech by a feeble and fearful citizen of the besieged town; in whom extreme terror of the be-

siegers is so naturally converted into malignant abhorrence, that the man who, in all Calais, is most ready to die for his king and country, is, by the aid of certain political logic from this alarmist, openly accused of disloyalty, because he will not slander, as well as fight, his foe. This speech, with some others, no less founded on the true disposition of lordly man, subdued by the humiliation of fear, would falsely imply—that the play of “The Surrender of Calais” was of a later date than fifteen or sixteen years past, before which period the author must have had much less knowledge of the influence of apprehension in the time of war, than experience, or rather observation, has since had the means to bestow upon him.

It may be said, that Mr. Colman gave the virtues of justice and benignity to the valiant part of the French, merely as instruments to resound the praise of the English.—Whatever were the author's views, the virtues remain the same, and honour the possessors of them, even more than their eulogiums can do honour to the British.

In the first act, the weak, mournful huzza, wrung from the throats of the half-famished soldiers, and that military subordination exhibited between Ribaumont and La Gloire, upon the pronounciation of the word *march*, are happy stage occurrences, in which the reader's fancy will not perhaps delight, for want of the performer's tones and action.—But

there are other scenes so independant of the mimic art, that acting can rarely improve them—Such is the scene in the Hall, the delivery of the keys, the farewell between the father and the son, with others equally impressive. But the highest panegyric that can be pronounced on this play is—that “The Surrender of Calais” is considered, by every critic, as the very best of all the author's numerous and successful productions.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ENGLISH.

KING EDWARD THE THIRD	<i>Mr. Williamson.</i>
HARCOURT	<i>Mr. Bland.</i>
SIR WALTER MANNY	<i>Mr. Usher,</i>
ARUNDEL	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
WARWICK	<i>Mr. Nigh.</i>

HERALDS, TRAIN BEARERS, SOLDIERS, &c.

QUEEN	<i>Mrs. Goodall.</i>
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ATTENDANTS — *Mrs. Taylor, Miss Fontenelle, Miss
De Camp, Mrs. Powell, &c.*

FRENCH.

JOHN DE VIENNE	<i>Mr. Aickin.</i>
RIBAUMONT	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
OFFICER	<i>Mr. Palmer, jun.</i>
EUSTACHE DE ST. PIERRE	<i>Mr. Bensley.</i>
JOHN D'AIRES	<i>Mr. Evatt.</i>
J. WISSANT	<i>Mr. Knights.</i>
P. WISSANT	<i>Mr. Henderson.</i>
OLD MAN	<i>Mr. Johnson.</i>
O'CARROLL	<i>Mr. Johnstone.</i>
LA GLOIRE	<i>Mr. Bannister, jun</i>
WORKMEN	<i>{ Mr. Parsons. Mr. Burton.</i>

CITIZENS, SOLDIERS, FRIARS, &c.

JULIA	<i>Mrs. Kemble.</i>
MADELON	<i>Mrs. Bland.</i>

NUNS — *Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Powell, Miss De Camp,
Miss Fontenelle, &c.*

SCENE — *Calais and its Outskirts.*

THE

SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A View of Calais, the Sea, and the English Camp.

Enter RIBAUMONT and LA GLOIRE.

Rib. Thus far in safety. All is hush. Our subtle air of France quickens not the temperament of the enemy. These phlegmatic English snore out the night in as gross heaviness as when their senses stagnate in their own native fogs, where stupor lies like lead upon them,—which the muddy rogues call sleep. We have nearly pass'd the entrenchments;—the day breaks.—*La Gloire!*

La G. My commander!

Rib. Where did you direct our mariners to meet us with the boat?

La G. Marry, I told 'em to meet us with the boat at the sea-shore.

Rib. Vague booby! at what point?

La G. That's the point I was coming to, my

lord! and if a certain jutting out of land, in the shape of a white cliff, with brown furze on its top, like a bushy head of hair over a pale face, stand where it did——

Rib. East of the town:—I have mark'd it.

La G. Look you there now! what I have hunted after, a whole day to fix upon, hath he noted without labour. Oh! the capacious heads of your great officers!—No wonder they are so careful of 'em in battle; and thrust forward the pitiful pates of the privates, to be mow'd off like a parcel of daisies.—But there lies the spot—and there will the mariners come.—We are now within ear-shot; and when they are there they will whistle.

Rib. And, till they give the signal, here, if there be aught of safety to be pick'd from danger, is the least dangerous spot to tarry for them—We are here full early.

La G. I would we were not here at all. This same scheme of victualling a town blockaded by the enemy, is a service for which I have little appetite.

Rib. Think, *La Gloire*, on the distress of our countrymen—the inhabitants perishing with hunger.

La G. Truly, my lord! it doth move the bowels of my compassion. Yet, consider your risk—consider your rank! The gallant Count Ribaumont, flower of chivalry, cream of the French army, and commander of his regiment, turn'd cook to the corporation of Calais!—carving his way to glory through stubble-rump'd capons, unskinn'd mutton, raw veal, and vegetables!—and, perhaps, my lord! just before we are able to serve up the meat to the town, in comes a raw-boned Englishman, and runs his spit through your body.

Rib. Prithee, no more objections.

La G. Nay, I object not,—I;—but I have served your honour, in and out of the army, babe,

boy, and ~~man~~, these five and twenty years, come the next feast of the Virgin; and heaven forefend I should be out of service by being out of my master!

Rib. Well, well, I know thy zeal.

La G. And yet your English rapier is a marvellous sudden dissolver of attachments. 'Twill sever the closest connexions. 'Twill even whip you, for ever, friend head from his intimate acquaintance, neck and shoulders, before they have time to take leave:—Not that I object;—yet men do not always sleep. The fat centinel, as we pass'd the out-post, might have waked with his own snoring; and——

Rib. Peace! Remember your duty to me; to your country;

Yet out, alas! I mock myself to name it.
Did not these rugged battlements of Calais;
This tomb, yet safeguard of its citizens,
Which shuts the sword out, and locks hunger in:
(Where many a wretch, pale, gaunt, and famine-shrunk,
Smiles ghastly at the slaughterer's threat, and dies:)
Did not these walls—like Vulcan's swarthy arms,
Clasping sweet beauty's queen—encircle now,
Within their cold and ponderous embrace,
The fair, yet, ah! I fear, the fickle Julia,
My sluggish zeal would lack the spur to rouse it.

La G. And of all the spurs in the race of mortality, love is the only true tickler to quicken a man's motions. But to reconcile a mistress by victualling a town!—Well; dark and puzzling is the road to woman's affection; but this is the first time I ever heard of sliding into her heart through her palate; or choking her anger, by stopping her mouth with a meal. An this pantry fashion of wooing should last, woe to the ill-favour'd! Beauty will raise the price of provisions, and poor ugliness ~~soon be starved out of the country.~~

Rib. This enterprize may yet regain her.
Once she was kind; until her father's policy,
Nourish'd in courts, stepp'd in, and check'd her love.
Yet 'twas not love; for true love knows no check:
There is no skill in cupid's archery,
When duty heals a love-wound.

La G. But, dear my lord! think on the great danger, and little reputation——

Rib. No more! mark me, *La Gloire*! As your officer, I may command you onward: but in respect to your early attachment, your faithful service, ere you follow'd me to the army, if your mind misgives you in this undertaking, you have my leave to retreat.

La G. [*Amazed.*] My lord!

Rib. I say, you are free to return.

La G. Look'e, my lord! I am son to brave old *Eustache de St. Pierre*; as tough a citizen as any in all *Calais*: I was carried into your lordship's father's family (your lordship being then but just born) at six days old; a mere whelp, as a body may say. According to puppy-reckoning, my lord, I was with you three days before I could see! I have follow'd you through life, frisking and trotting after your lordship ever since: and if you think me now mongrel enough to turn tail, and leave my master in a scrape, why 'twere kinder e'en to hang me up at the next tree, than cut me through the heart with your suspicions.

Rib. No, *La Gloire*,—I—

La G. No, my lord! 'tis fear for you makes me bold to speak. To see you running your head through stone walls for a woman—and a woman who, though she be an angel, has (saving your presence) play'd you but a scurvy sort of a jade's trick; and——

Rib. 'Sdeath, villain! how dare your slanderous

tongue to—but 'tis plain—'tis for thy own wretched sake thou art thus anxious—drivelling coward!

La G. Coward!—Cow——*Diab!e!*—a French soldier, who has the honour to carry arms under his Christian Majesty, Philip the Sixth, King of France, called coward!—*Sacre bleu!* Have I already served in three campaigns, and been thump'd and bobb'd about by the English, to be called coward at last!—O that any but my commander had said it!

Rib. Well, well, *La Gloire*, I may have been hasty: I——

La G. Oh! my lord!—it—'tis no matter. But, haply, you'd like to be convinced of the courage of your company; and if such a thing as raising the enemy's camp can clear a man's character, I can do it as soon as—[*Raising his voice.*]

Rib. 'Sdeath! blockhead, we shall be discovered.

La G. Coward!—'Sblood!—I'll run into the English entrenchments!—I'll go back and tweak the fat centinel by the nose!—I'll—[*Still louder.*]

Rib. Peace! I command you, *La Gloire*! I command you as your officer.

La G. I know my duty to my officer, my lord!

[*Sulkily.*]

Rib. Then move not:—here, sir, on this spot.

[*Pointing forward.*]

La G. [*Going to the spot.*] Coward!

Rib. Speak not, for your life!

La G. Cow——Umph.

Rib. Obey!

[*LA GLOIRE stands motionless and silent.*—

A low whistle.

Ha! the signal! the morning breaks:—they arrive in the very nick. Now then, *La Gloire* for the enterprize.—Why, does not the blockhead stir?—Well, well, my good fellow! I have been harsh: but—not yet?—Pshaw! this military enforcement has acted like a spell upon him.—How to dissolve it?—[*A low*

whistle.]—Again! Come, come, La Gloire! I—dull
dolt!—I have it:—March!

[*LA GLOIRE faces to the left, and marches
out after RIBAUMONT.*]

SCENE II.

The PLACE, in the Town of Calais.

Enter an OFFICER, SERJEANT, and SOLDIERS.

[*CITIZENS enter severally during the Scene.*]

Off. Bravely, good fellows!—*Courage!*—Why,
still there's life in't. Serjeant!

Serj. Your honour!

Off. How do the men bear up? Have they stout
hearts still?

Serj. I know not, sir, for their hearts; but I'll
warrant 'em stout stomachs. Hunger is so powerful
in 'em, that I fear me they'll munch their way
through the stone walls of the city.

Off. This famine pinches. Poor rogues! Cheer
them with hopes, good serjeant.

Serj. Hope, your honour, is but a meagre mess
for a regiment. Hope has almost shrunk 'em out of
their doublets. Hope has made their legs so weary
of the lease they had taken of their hose, that all
their calves have slunk away from the premises.
There isn't a stocking in the whole company that
can boast of a tolerable tenant. The privates join

in the public complaining; the drummers grow noisy; our poor corporal has no body left; and the trumpeter is blown up with wind.

Offi. Do they grow mutinous? Look to them—check their ~~muttering~~.

Serj. Troth, sir, I do my best:—when they grumble for meat, I make them eat their own words; and give 'em some solid counsel well season'd with the pepper of correction.

Offi. Well, well! look to 'em; keep a strict watch; and march the guards to their several posts.

[*Exit. OFFICER.*]

Serj. Now ~~must~~ I administer consolation, and give the rogues their daily meal of encouragement.—Hem!—Countrymen, fellow-soldiers, and Frenchmen!—be of good cheer, for famine is come upon you, and you are all in danger of starving. Is there any thing dearer to a Frenchman than his honour? Isn't honour the greater, the greater the danger? and has any body ever had the honour of being in greater danger than you?—Rejoice, then, for your peril is extreme! Be merry, for you have a glorious dismal prospect before you; and as pleasing a state of desperation as the noble heart of a soldier could wish! Come! one cheer for the glory of France—St. Dennis, and our Grand Monarque, King Philip the Sixth!

[*SOLDIERS huzza very feebly.*]

Serj. Oons! it sounds as hollow as a churchyard. The voice comes through their wizen mouths like wind from the crack of an old wainscot. Away, rogues, to your posts! Bristle up your courage, and wait the event of time! Remember ye are Frenchmen, and bid defiance to famine! Our mistresses are lock'd up with us in the town; we have frogs in the wells, and snuff at the merchants. An Englishman, now, would hang himself upon this, which is enough to make a gay Frenchman happy. *Allons camarades!*

SONG.—SERJEANT.

*My comrades so famish'd and queer,
Hear the drums, how they jollily beat !
They fill our French hearts with good cheer,
Although we have nothing to eat.*

Rub a dub.

*All. Nothing to eat : rub a dub,
Rub a dub—we have nothing to eat*

*Then hark to the merry-toned fife '
To hear it 'twill make a man younger :
I tell you, my lads, this is life
For any one dying with hunger.*

Toot a too.

*All. Dying with hunger : toot a too,
Toot a too—we are dying with hunger.*

*The foe to inspire you to beat,
Only list to the trumpet so shrill !
Till the enemy's kill'd we can't eat :
Do the job—you may eat all you kill.*

Ran ta tan.

*All. We'll eat all we kill : ran ta tan,
Ran ta tan—we may eat all we kill.*

[*Exeunt SOLDIERS*]

CITIZENS come forward.

1st Cit. Bon jour, monsieur Grenouille !

2nd Cit. Aha ! mon voisin ! Here's a goodly morning. The sun shines till our blood dances to it like a frisky wench to a tabor.

1st Cit. Yes, truly ; but 'tis a dance without refreshments. We are in a miserable plight neighbour.

2nd Cit. Ma foi ! miserable indeed ! mais le solcil——

1st Cit. How fare your wife and family, neighbour Grenouille?

2nd Cit. Ah! my pauvre wife and famille; litel to eat now, mon voisin—nothing bye and bye: lucky for me 'tis fine weather. Great many mouths in my house; very litel to put into 'em. But I am French; the sun shines; I am gay.—There is myself, my poor dear wife, half a loaf, seven children, three sprats, a tom cat, and a pipkin of milk. I am hungry; mais il fait beau temps; I dance—my famille starves—I sing—toujours gai—the sun shines—tal lal la! tal lal la!

3d Cit. Tut, we wo'not bear it. 'Tis our Governor is in fault; this way we are certain to perish.

4th Cit. Peste! we'll not endure it. Shut up, near eleven months, within the walls.

2nd Cit. In fine weather—no promenade!

3d Cit. No provisions.—We'll to the Governor, force the keys, and surrender the town. Allons! come along, neighbours, to the Governor!

All. Aye, aye—to the Governor. Away!

[*Going in a posse.*]

Enter EUSTACHE DE ST. PIERRE, carrying a small wallet.

Eust. Why, how now, ho!—nothing but noise and babble!

Whither away so fast? Stand, rogues, and speak!

3d Cit. Whither away? Marry! we would away from famine: we are for the Governor's, to force the keys of the town.

Eust. There roar'd the wrathful mouse!

You squeaking braggart,
Whom hunger has made vent'rous, who would thrust
Your starveling nose out to the cat's fell gripe,
That watches round the cranny you lie snug in,

Nibble your scraps ; be thankful, and keep quiet.
Thou rail on hunger ! why 'twas hunger bore thee ;
'Twas hunger rear'd thee ; fixing, in thy cradle,
Her meagre stamp upon thy weazel visage ;
And, from a child, that half starved face of thine
Has given full meals the lie. When thou dost eat,
Thou dost digest consumption : thou'rt of those kine
Thou would'st e'en swallow up thy brethren, here,
And still look lean. What ! fellow citizens,
Trust you this *thing* ? Can skin and bones mislead
you ?

If we must suffer, suffer patiently.

Did I e'er grumble, mongrels ? What am I ?

3d Cit. You ! why, Eustache de St. Pierre you
are ; one of the sourest old crabs of all the citizens
of Calais ; and, if reviling your neighbours be a sign
of ill will to one's country, and ill will to one's
country a sign of good will to strangers, why a man
might go near to think you are friend to the
English.

Eust. I honour them.

They are our enemy—a gallant enemy ;
A biting, but a blunt, straight-forward foe :
Who, when we weave our subtle webs of state,
And spin fine stratagems to entangle them,
Come to our doors, and pull the work to pieces ;
Dispute it fist to fist, and score their arguments
Upon our politic pates. Remember Cresy !—
We've reason to remember it—they thump'd us,
And soundly, there :—'tis but some few months
back ;—

There, in the bowels of our land—at Cresy—
They so bechopp'd us with their English logic,
That our French heads ached sorely for it :—thence,
Marching through Picardy, to Calais here,
They have engirded us ; fix'd the dull tourniquet
Of war upon our town ; constraining, thus,
The life blood of our commerce, with fair France,

Of whom we are a limb ; and all this openly :—
 And, therefore, as an open foe, who think
 And strike in the same breath, I do esteem
 Their valour, and their plainness.

I view them with a most respectful hatred.
 Much may be learnt from these same Englishmen.

4th Cit. Aye, prithee, what? Hunger and hard
 blows seem all we are likely to get from them.

Eust. Courage ; which you may have—'twas
 never tried, tho' ;

Patience, to bear the buffets of the times.

Ye cannot wait till fortune turns her wheel :

You'll to the Governor's, and get the keys !

And what would your wise worships do with 'em ?

Eat them, mayhap, for ye have ostrich stomachs ;

Ye dare not use them otherwise.—Home ! home !

And pray for better luck.

*[The CITIZENS exeunt severally. An Old Man,
 alone, remains in the back of the scene.]*

Fie, I am faint

With railing on those cormorants. Three days,

And not break bread—'tis somewhat. There's not
 one

Among these trencher-scraping knaves, that yet

Has kept a twenty hour's lent ;—I know it :

Yet how they crave ! I've here, by strong entreaty,

And a round sum, (entreaty's weak without it,)

E'en just enough to make dame nature wrestle

Another round with famine. Out, provision !

[Takes off his wallet.]

Old Man. *[Coming forward.]* O heaven !

Eust. Who bid thee bless the meat ?—How now,
 old grey-beard !

What cause hast thou——

Old M. I have a daughter——

Eust. Hungry, I warrant.

Old M. Dying !

The blessing of my age :—I could bear all ;—

But for my child;—my dear, dear child!—to lose her!

To lose her thus!—to see disease so wear her!—
And when a little nourishment—She's starving!

Eust. Go on;—no tears;—I hate them.

Old M. She has had no nourishment these four days.

Eust. [*Affected.*] Death! and——well?

Old M. I care not for myself;—I should, soon, go,
In nature's course;—but my poor darling child!
Who fifteen years has been my prop—to see her
Thus wrested from me! then, to hear her bless me;
And see her wasting——

Eust. Peace! peace!

I have not ate, old man, since—Psha! the wind
Affects mine eyes—but yet I—'Sdeath! what ails
me?

I have no appetite.—Here, take this trash, and

[*The OLD MAN takes the wallet, falls upon his
knees, and attempts to speak.*

Prithce away, old soul;—nay, nay, no thanks;—

Get home, and do not talk—I cannot.—[*Exit OLD
MAN.*—Out on't!

I do belie my manhood; and if misery,

With gentle hand, touches my bosom's key,

I bellow straight, as if my tough old lungs

Were made of organ-pipes.

[*Huzza without.*

Hey! how sits the wind now?

Enter CITIZENS, crying “Huzza!” and “Succour!”

*LA GLOIRE in the midst of them, loaded with casks
of provision, &c.*

La G. Here, neighbours!—here, here I am! dropt
in among you like a lump of mamma. Here have I,
following my master, the noble Count Ribaumont,
brought wherewithal to check the grumbling in your
gizzards. Here's meat, neighbours, meat!—fine,

raw, and meat!—to turn the tide of tears from your eyes, and make your mouths water.

All. Huzza!

2nd Cit. Ah! mon Dieu! que je suis gai!—meat and sun too!—tal lal lall la!

La G. Silence! or I'll stop your windpipe with a mutton cutlet.

All. Huzza!

Eust. Peace, ho! I say; can ye be men, and roar thus?

Blush at this clamour! it proclaims you cowards,
And tells what your despair has been. Peace, hen hearts!

Slink home, and eat.

La G. Ods my life! cry you mercy, father; I saw you not;—my honest, hungry neighbours, here, so press'd about me. Marry, I think they are ready to eat me. Stand aside, friends, and patience, till my father has said grace over me. Father, your blessing. [*Kneels.*]

Eust. Boy, thou hast acted bravely, and thou follow'st

A noble gentleman. What succour brings he?

La G. A snack! a bare snack, father; no more. We scudded round the point of land, under the coast, unperceived by the enemy's fleet, and freighted with a good three days' provender; but the sea, that seems ruled by the English—marry, I think they'll always be masters of it, for my part—stuck the point of a rock through the bottom of our vessel, almost fill'd it with water, and, after tugging hard for our lives, we found the provision so spoil'd, and pickled, that our larder is reduced to a luncheon. Every man may have a meal, and there's an end;—to-morrow comes famine again.

2nd Cit. N'importe; we are happy to day; c'est assez pour un François.

La G. [*Aside, to Eustache.*] But, father, cheer up!

Mum! If, after the distribution, an odd sly barrel of mine—you take me—ramm'd down with good powder'd beef, that will stand the working of half a dozen pair of jaws for a month, should be found in an odd corner of my father's house, why—hum!

Eust. Base cur! insult me!—But I pardon thee; Thou dost mean kindly. Know thy father better. Tho' these be sorry knaves, I scorn to wrong them. I love my country, boy. Ungraced by fortune, I dare aspire to the proud name of patriot. If any bear that title to misuse it,— Decking their devilships in angel seeming, To glut their own particular appetites;— If any, 'midst a people's misery, Feed fat, by filching from the public good, Which they profess is nearest to their hearts; The curses of their country; or, what's sharper, The curse of guilty conscience follow them! The suffering's general; general be the benefit. We'll share alike. You'll find me, boy, at home.

[*Exit.*

La G. There he goes! full of sour goodness, like a fine lemon. He's as trusty a crusty citizen, and as good-natured an ill-temper'd old fellow, as any in France: and, though I say it, that shou'dn't say it—I am his son.—But, now, neighbours, for provision.

3d Cit. Aye, marry! we would fain fall to.

La. G. I doubt it not, good hungry neighbours: you'll all remember me for this succour, I warrant.

All. *Toujours*; always.

La. G. See now what it is to bind one's country to one, by doing it a service. Good souls, they are running over with gratitude—[*Walks about, the citizens following.*—]—I could cluck 'em all round the town after my tail, like an old hen with a brood of chickens. Now will I be carried in triumph to my fathers: and ye may e'en set about it now—[*Two*

stout Citizens take LE GLOIRE on their shoulders.]—
 now, while the provisions are sharing at the Governor's house. *[CITIZENS let him fall.*

All. Sharing provisions! Allons! vite!—away! away! *[Exeunt CITIZENS hastily.*

La. G. Oh diable! this is popularity. Adieu, my grateful neighbours! Thus does many a fool-hardy booby, like me, run his head into danger; and a few empty huzzas, which leave him, at the next turning of a corner, are all he gets for his pains. Now, while all the town is gone to dinner, will I go to woo. My poor Madelon must be woefully fallen away, since I quitted Calais. Heigho! I've lost, I warrant me, a good half of my mistress, since we parted. I have secured for her the daintiest bits of our whole cargo, as marks of my affection. A butcher cou'dn't shew her more tenderness than I shall. If love were now weigh'd out by the pound, bating my master, the Count Ribaumont, who is in love with Lady Julia, not all the men in the city could balance the scales with me. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in the House of JOHN DE VIENNE.

Enter JULIA, and O'CARROL.

Julia. Now, O'Carrol; what is the time of day?

O'Car. Fait, Lady Julia, we might have call'd it a little past breakfast time formerly; but since the fashion of eating has been worn out in Calais, a man may be content to say it bears hard upon ten. Och! if clocks were jacks now, time would stand still; and the year would go down for the want of winding up every now and then.

Julia. Saw you my father this morning?

O'Car. You may say that.

Julia. How look'd he, O'Carrol?

O'Car. By my soul! Lady Julia, that old father of yours, and master of mine, is a gallant gentleman. And gallantly he bears himself. For certain, and so he ought; being a Knight of Burgundy, and Governor of Calais: but if I was Governor just now, to be sure I should not like to take a small trip from Calais, one morning, just to see what sort of a Knight I was in Burgundy,

Julia. Who has he in his company?

O'Car. Why, madam, why—now dare not I tell who, for fear of offending her.—Company? Why, to be sure I have been in his company:—for want of finer acquaintance, madam, he was e'en forced to put up, half an hour, with an humble friend.

Julia. Poor fool! thy words are shrewder than thy meaning.

How many crowd the narrow space of life
With those gay, gaudy flowers of society,
Those annuals, call'd acquaintance; which do fade
And die away, ere we can say they blossom;
Mocking the idle cultivator's care,
From year to year; while one poor slip of friend-
ship,

Hardy, tho' modest, stands the winter's frost,
And cheers its owner's eye with evergreen!

O'Car. Troth, lady, one honest potatoe in a garden is worth an hundred beds of your good-for-nothing tulips. Oh! 'tis meat and drink to me to see a friend! and, truly 'tis lucky, in this time of famine, to have one in the house to look at, to keep me from starving. Little did I think, eight years ago, when I came over among fifty thousand brave boys—English, Irish, and else,—to fight under King Edward, who now lies before Calais here, that I should find such a warm soul towards me in a Frenchman's

body;—especially when the business that brought me, was to help to give his countrymen a beating.

Julia. Thy gratitude, O'Carrol, has well repaid the pains my father took in preserving thee.

O'Car. Gratitude! fait, madam, begging your pardon, 'tis no such thing; 'tis nothing but shewing the sense I have of my obligation. There was I, in the year 1339, in the English camp—on the fields of Vianfosse, near Capelle—which never came to an action; excepting a trifling bit of a skirmish, in which my good cruel friends left me for dead out of our lines; when a kind enemy—your father—(a blessing on his friendly heart for it!) pick'd me up, and set the breath agoing again, that was almost thump'd out of my body. He saved my life; it is but a poor commodity;—but, as long as it lasts, by my soul! he and his family shall have the wear and tear of it.

Julia. Thou hast been a trusty follower, O'Carrol; nay, more a friend than follower; thou art entwined in all the interests of our house, and art as attach'd to me as to my father.

O'Car. Aye, troth, Lady Julia, and a good deal more; more shame to me for it; because I am indebted for all to the Governor. I don't know how it may be with wiser nations, but if regard is to go to a whole family, there's something about the female part of it, that an Irishman can't help giving the preference to, for the soul of him.

Julia. But, tell me, who is with my father?

O'Car. Indeed that I will not—for a reason.

Julia. And what may the reason be?

O'Car. Because, long before he arrived, you bid me never mention his name. It may be, perhaps, the noble gentleman who has just succour'd the town.—Well, if I must not say who is with my master, I may say who my master is with.—It is the Count Ribamont.

Julia. Why should I tremble at that name? Why should my tongue be now constrained to speak the language of my heart? O father! father!

O'Car. Och—ho!

Julia. Why dost thou sigh, O'Carrol?

O'Car. Truly, madam, I was thinking of a piece of a rich old uncle I had in Ireland; who sent me to the French wars, to tear me away from a dear little creature I loved better than my eyes.

Julia. And wast thou ever in love, O'Carrol?

O'Car. That I was, faith, up to my chin. I never think upon it but it remembers me of the song that was wont to be play'd by honest Clamoran, poor fellow, our minstrel in the north.

Julia. I prithee sing it to me, good O'Carrol;
For there is something in these artless ditties,
Expressive of a simple soul in love,
That fills the mind with pleasing melancholy.

SONG.—O'CARROL.

Oh! the moment was sad when my love and I parted;

*Savourna deligh shighan ogh!**

As I kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh broken hearted;

Savourna deligh shighan ogh!

Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoulder;

Damp was her hand, no marble was colder;

I felt that I never again should behold her.

Savourna deligh shighan ogh!

*Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true
love;*

Savourna deligh shighan ogh!

All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love;

Savourna deligh shighan ogh!

* The Author had this burden from an Irish friend;—but he cannot vouch for its orthography.

*Peace was proclaim'd,—escaped from the slaughter,
Landed at home—my sweet girl I sought her ;
But sorrow, alas! to the cold grave had brought her.
Savourna deligh shighan ogh !*

Enter JOHN DE VIENNE, and RIBAUMONT.

De V. Nay, nay, my lord ! you're welcome,
Yet, were I private here, some prudent qualms,
Which you well wot, I trow, my noble lord !
Might cause me flatly sound that full toned welcome,
Which breathes the mellow note of hospitality.
Yet, being Governor of Calais here, — — —
But take me with you, Count,—I can discern
Your noble virtues; aye, and love them too ;
Did not a father's care—but let that pass.—
Julia, my girl—the Count of Ribaumont:—
Thank the brave champion of our city.

Julia. Sir !

Tho' one poor simple drop of gratitude,
Amid the boisterous tide of general thanks,
Can little swell the glory of your enterprise,
Accept it freely.—You are welcome, sir.

Ribau. Cold does it seem to me.—'Sdeath ! this
is ice !

Freezing indifference :—down, down, my heart !

[*Aside.*

I pray you, lady, do not strain your courtesy.
If I have reap'd a single grain of favour,
From your fair self, and noble father here,
I have obtain'd the harvest of my hope.

De V. Hey, dey ! here's bow, and jut, and cringe,
and scrape !—

Count ! I have served in battle ; witness for me
Some curious scars, the soldier's coxcombry,
In which he struts, fantastically carved
Upon the tough old doublet nature gave him.
Let us, then, speak like brothers of the field ;
Roundly and blunt. Have I your leave, my lord ?

Ribau. As freely, sir, as you have ask'd it.

De V. Thus, then :

I have a daughter, look you ; here she stands ;
Right fair and virtuous ;—[*Count attempts to speak ;*]
nay, Count, spare your speech ;

I know I've your assent to the position :

I have a king too ; and from whom 'tis signified

My daughter must be match'd with (speedily)

A certain lord about the royal person.—

Now, tho' there may be some, whose gallant bearing
(And glean from this, Count, what it is I aim at,)

I might be proud to be allied to ; yet

Being a veteran French soldier, stuff'd

With right enthusiastic loyalty,

My house, myself, my child—Heaven knows I love
her !

Should perish, piece-meal, ere I could infringe

The faintest line or trace of the proceeding,

The king, our master, honours me in marking.

Ribau. I do conceive you, sir.

De V. Why, then, conceiving,

Once more, right welcome, Count. I lodge you
here,

As my good friend—and Julia's friend—the friend

To all our city.—Tut, Count, love is boys' play ;

A soldier has not time for't.—

Come, Count.—Within there, ho ! we need re-
freshment,

Which you have furnish'd.—Love ! pish ! love's a
gew-gaw.

Nay, come, Count, come.

[*Exit.*]

Julia. Sir, will it please you follow ?

Ribau. I fain would speak one word, and—'sdeath !

I cannot.—

Pardon me, madam ; I attend.—Oh, Julia !

[*Exit, leading out JULIA.*]

O'Car. Och ho ! poor dear creatures, my heart
bleeds for 'em. To be sure the ould gentleman means

all for the best, and what he talks must be right :
but if love is a gew-gaw, as he says, by my soul !
'tis the prettiest play-thing for children, from sixteen
to five-and-twenty, that ever was invented. [Erit.

SCENE IV.

The English Camp.

*Enter KING, SIR WALTER MANNY, HARCOURT,
ARUNDEL, WARWICK, and ATTENDANTS.*

King. Fie, lords ! it slurs our name ;—the town is
succour'd.

'Twas dull neglect to let them pass : a blot
Upon our English camp ; where vigilance
Should be the watch-word. Which way got they in ?

Sir. W. M. By sea, as we do learn, my gracious
liege.

King. Where was our fleet then ? does it ride the
ocean

In idle mockery ? It should float to awe
These Frenchmen here. How are they stored, my
lord ?

Har. Barely, as it should seem. Their crazy
vessel,

Driven among the rocks, that skirt the shore,
Let in the waves so fast upon the cargo,
The better half is either sunk or spoilt.
They scarce can hold another day, my liege.

King. Thanks to the sea for't—not our Admiral.
They brave it, stubborn, to the very last :—
But they shall smart for't shortly ; smart severely.
Meantime, prepare we for our Queen ; who comes
From England, deck'd in conquest. Say, Lord
Harcourt,
Are all prepared to welcome her arrival ?

Har. All, my dread liege. The beach is thickly
lined

With English soldiery, in ardent watch,
Fixing their eyes upon the bark, which bears
Our royal mistress. It was hoped, ere this,
'T had reach'd the harbour.— [Grand flourish.
Hark! the queen has landed.

King. Do you then, good, my lord! escort her
hither. [Exit HARCOURT.

Sir Walter Manny!

Sir W. M. Aye, my gracious sovereign.

King. Guard well this packet. When the Go-
vernor

Of this same peevish town shall call a parley,
Break you it up, and from it speak our pleasure.
Here are the terms—the only terms—on which
We do allow him to capitulate.

Enter QUEEN PHILIPPA, attended.

King. Oh, welcome! welcome! We shall give
you here

Rude martial fare, and soldier's entertainment.

Queen. Royal Sir!

Well met, and happily. I learn your labours
Draw to a glorious end.—When you return,
Besides the loyal subjects who wou'd greet you,
The Scottish king, my lord, waits your arrival;
Who, somewhat partial to his neighbour's land,
Did come an uninvited guest among us.
I doubt he'll think us over-hospitable;
For, dreading his too quick departure from us,
I have made bold to guard him in the Tower:
And hither have I sail'd, my noble liege!
To glad you with the tidings.

King. My sweet warrior!

We will dispatch our work here, then for England.
Calais will soon be ours;—of that hereafter.

Think we, to-day, on nought but revelry.
You, madam, shall diffuse your influence
Throughout our camp!—Strike, there, our martial
music!

For want of better, good Philippa, take
A soldier's noisy concert. Strike! I say.

GRAND CHORUS.

*War has still its melody,——
When blows come thick, and arrows fly,
When the soldier marches o'er
The crimson field, knee-deep in gore,
By carnage, and grim death, surrounded,
And groans of dying men confounded;—
If the warlike drum he hear,
And the shrill trumpet strike his ear,
Roused by the spirit-stirring tones,
Music's influence he owns;
His lusty heart beats quick and high;
War has still its melody.*

*But, when the hard fought day is done,
And the battle's fairly won;
Oh! then he trolls the jolly note,
In triumph, thro' his rusty throat;
And all the story of the strife
He carrols to the merry fife.
His comrades join, their feats to tell;
The chorus then begins to swell;
Loud martial music rends the sky:—
This is the soldier's melody.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

MADELON'S Apartment.

LA GLOIRE and MADELON discovered. MADELON seated at a Table covered with Eatables, Wine, &c. LA GLOIRE standing near the Table.

La G. Blessings on her heart, how cleverly she feeds! the meat goes as naturally into her little mouth as if it had been used to the road all the time of the famine: though, heaven knows, 'tis a path that has lately been little frequented.

Mad. A votre santé, mon ami;—your health, La Gloire. [Drinks.]

La G. Nay, I'll answer thee in that, tho' bumpers were Englishmen, and went against my French stomach.—[Takes wine.]—Heaven bless thee, my poor Madelon! May a woman never tumble into the mire of distress; and if she is in, ill befall him that won't help her clean out again. [Drinks.]

Mad. There; enough. [Comes from the table.]

La G. So: one kiss for a bonne bouche.—[Kisses her.]—Dost love me the better for this feast, now, Madelon?

Mad. No, truly, not a jot. I love you e'en as well before dinner as after.

La G. What a jewel is regular affection!—to love equally through the week, maigre days and all! I cannot but own a full meal makes an improvement in the warmth of my feelings. I can eat and drink myself into a glow of tenderness that fasting can never come up to. And what hast thou done in my absence, Madelon?

Mad. Little, *La Gloire*, but grieve with the rest. I have thought on you; gone to confession in the morning; seem'd happy in the day to cheer my poor old father:—but my heart was bursting, *La Gloire*: and at night, by myself, I looked at this little cross you gave me, and cried.

La G. [*Smothering his tears.*] Madelon, I,—I—I want another draught of Burgundy. [*Drinks.*]

Mad. Once, indeed,—I thought it was hard,—Father Antony enjoin'd me penance for thinking so much about you.

La G. An old!—What, by putting peas in your shoes, as usual?

Mad. Yes; but, as it happened, I escap'd.

La G. Aye, marry! how?

Mad. Why, as the famine press'd, the holy fathers had boil'd all our punishments in puddings for the convent; and there wasn't a penitential pea left in the town.

La G. O gluttony! to deprive the innocent of their hard, dry penances, and apply 'em, soft, to their own offending stomachs! I never could abide these pamper'd friars. They are the pot-bellied children of the Pope, nursed at the bosom of old mother church; and plaguy chubby boys they are. One convent of them in a town breeds a famine sooner than an English blockade. But what says thy father within here, Madelon, to our marriage?

Mad. Truly he has no objection, but in respect to your being a soldier.

La G. Sacre bleu! object to my carrying arms! my glory! my pride!

Mad. Prithee, now, 'tis not for that.

La G. Degrade my profession!—my—look'e, Madelon; I love thee with all my heart—with an honest soldier's heart—else I could tell your father, that a citizen could never get on in the world without a soldier to do his journey-work:—and your soldier, look'e—'sblood! it makes me fret like a hot day's march!—your soldier, in all nations, when he is rusted down to your quiet citizen, and so sets up at home for himself, is in double respect, for having served such an honourable apprenticeship.

Mad. Nay, now, *La Gloire*, my father meant not——

La G. Marry, I would tell your father this to his teeth; which, were it not for my captain and me—two soldiers, mark you me—might not, haply, have been so soon set agoing.

Mad. Ungenerous! I could not have spoken such cutting words to you, *La Gloire*—My poor father only meant that the wars might separate us. But I had a remedy for that too, for all your unkindness.

La G. Pish!—remedy?—well—psha!—what *was* the remedy, Madelon?

Mad. Why, I could have follow'd you to the camp.

La G. And would'st thou follow me, then!

Mad. Aye, surely, *La Gloire*: I could follow him I love all over the world.

La G. And bear the fatigue of a campaign, Madelon?

Mad. Any thing with you, *La Gloire*. I warrant us we should be happy enough. Aye, and I could be useful too. I could pack your knapsack; sing canzonets with you, to make us merry on a day's march; mix in the soldier's dance, upon occasion;

and at sun-set I would dress up our little tent as neat as any captain's in the field:—then at supper, *La Gloire*, we should be as cheerful!—

La G. Now could I cut my tongue out for what I have said!—Cuff me; slap my face, *Madelon*; then kiss me, and forgive me; and if ever I bestride my great war-horse again, and let him run away with me, and trample over the heart of my best friends, I wish he may kick me off, and break my neck in a ditch for my pains.—But—what—ha! ha!—what should we do with our children, *Madelon*?

Mad. Ah! mon Dieu! I had forgot that:—but if our endeavours be honest, *La Gloire*; Providence will take care of them, I warrant you.

DUETT.—*LA GLOIRE and MADELON.*

Mad. *Could you to battle march away,
And leave me here complaining?
I'm sure 'twould break my heart to stay,
When you were gone campaigning.
Ah! non, non, non!
Pauvre Madelon
Could never quit her rover;
Ah! non, non, non!
Pauvre Madelon
Would go with you all the world over.*

La G. *No, no, my love! ah! do not grieve;
A soldier true you'll find me:
I could not have the heart to leave
My little girl behind me.
Ah! non, non, non!
Pauvre Madelon
Should never quit her rover:
Ah! non, non, non!
Pauvre Madelon
Should go with me all the world over.*

Both. *Then let the world jog as it will,
Let hollow friends forsake us,
We both shall be as happy still
As war and love can make us.*

Ah! non, non, non!

Pauvre Madelon

Shall never quit her rover;

Ah! non, non, non!

Pauvre Madelon

*Shall go with {you } all the world over.
 {me }*

La G. By the mass, Madelon, such a wife as thou wilt be, would make a man, after another campaign,—for another I must have, to satisfy the cravings of my appetite,—go nigh to forswear the wars.

Mad. Ah! La Gloire, would it were so! but the sound of a trumpet will ever lead thee after it.

La G. Tut—a trumpet!—thy voice, Madelon, will drown it.

Mad. Ah! La Gloire.

[Shaking her head.]

La G. Nay, then, I am the veriest poltroon, if I think the sound of a trumpet would move me any more than—*[A parley is sounded from the walls.]*—Eh!—gad—oh!—ecod there's a bustle! a parley from the walls; which may end in a skirmish, or a battle—or a—I'll be with you again in the chopping off of a head.

Mad. Nay now, La Gloire, I thought the sound of a trumpet—

La G. A trumpet—simpleton!—that was a—gad I—wasn't it a drum?—Adieu, Madelon!—I'll be back again ere—*[Parley.]*—March!—Charge!—Huzza!

[Draws his sword and exit.]

Mad. Well-a-day! a soldier's wife must have a fearful time on't. Yet do I love La Gloire; he is so kind, so tender!—and he has, simply, the best leg in the army. Heigho!—It must feel very odd to

sleep in a tent :—a camp must be ever in alarms, and soldiers always ready for surprise.—Dame Toinette, who married a corporal, ere I was born, told me that, for one whole campaign, her husband went to bed in his boots.

SONG.—MADELON.

*Little thinks the townsman's wife,
While at home she tarries,
What must be the lass's life,
Who a soldier marries.
Now with weary marching spent,
Dancing now before the tent,
Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
With her jolly soldier.*

*In the camp, at night, she lies,
Wind and weather scorning,
Only grieved her love must rise,
And quit her in the morning :—
But, the doubtful skirmish done,
Blithe she sings at set of sun ;
Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira la,
With her jolly soldier.*

*Should the captain of her dear
Use his vain endeavour,
Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear,
Two fond hearts to sever,
At his passion she will scoff ;
Laughing, thus, she'll put him off,—
Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira la,
For her jolly soldier.*

[Exit.

SCENE II.

The TOWN HALL of CALAIS.

CITIZENS, SOLDIERS, and CRIER, discovered.

Crier. Silence!—An ye all talk thus, there's an end to conversation. Your silence, my masters, will breed a disturbance. Mass, 'tis hard that I, who am Crier, should be laugh'd at, and held at nought among you.

All. Hear! hear?

Crier. Listen.—The good John de Vienne, our governor—a blessing on his old merry heart!—grieving for your distress, has, e'en now, call'd a parley on the walls with the English; and has chosen me, in his wisdom, to ring you all into the town-hall here; where, an you abide his coming, you will hear what he shall seem to signify unto you.—And, by our lady! here the governor comes.—*[Rings.]*—Silence!

All. Silence!

Crier. Nay, 'tis ever so. An I were to bid a dumb man hold his tongue, by my troth, I think a' would cry "silence" till the drum of my ear were bursten. Silence!

Enter JOHN DE Vienne; EUSTACHE DE ST. PIERRE following. JOHN DE Vienne seats himself at the head of the Council Table; EUSTACHE sits in the front, among the CITIZENS.

De V. You partly know why I have here convened you.

I prithee now,—I prithee, honest friends!
 Summon up all the fortitude within you,
 Which you are masters of. Now, heaven, forgive
 me!

I almost wish I had not been a soldier;—
 For I have here a matter to deliver
 Requires a schoolman's preface. 'Tis a task
 Which bears so heavy on my poor old heart,
 That 'twill go nigh to crack beneath the burden.
 You know I love you, fellow citizens:
 You know I love you well.

All. Aye, aye; we know it.

De V. I could be well content, in peace, or peril,
 To 'bide with you for ever.

Eust. No one doubts it.

I never yet did hear of governor,
 Spite of the rubs, and watchful toil of office,
 Would willingly forego his place.

De V. Why, how now!

Why, how now, friend! dost thou come o'er me
 thus?

But I shall find a time—it fits not now—

When I will teach thee——'Sdeath! old John de
 Vienne,

A veteran, bluff soldier, bearded thus!

And sneer'd at by a saucy—Mark you me!— [*Rises.*

Well, let it pass:—the general calamity

Will sour the best of us.—[*Sits.*]—My honest citi-
 zens,

I once more pray you think that ye are men:

I pray you too, my friends——

Eust. I pray you, sir,

Be somewhat brief; you'll tire else. These same
 citizens,

These honest citizens, would fain e'en know

The worst at once. When members are impatient

For a plain tale, the orator, (you'll pardon me,)

Should not be too long winded.

De V. Fellow, peace!

Ere now I've mark'd thee.—Thou art he, I take it,—
 'Tis Eustache de St. Pierre, I think they call thee—
 Whom all the town, our very children, point at,
 As the most growling knave in Christendom;—
 Yea, thou art he.

Eust. The same. The mongrels, here,
 Cannot abide rough honesty:—I'm hated.
 Smooth talking likes them better:—You, good sir,
 Are popular among them.

All. Silence!

Eust. Buz!

De V. Thus, then, in brief. Finding we are reduced,

By famine and fatigue, unto extremity,
 I sounded for a parley from the walls;—
 E'en now 't has ended:—Edward order'd forth
 Sir Walter Manny; and I needs must own,
 A courteous knight, altho' an enemy.—
 I told him our distress. Sir knight, said I—
 And here it almost makes me blush to think
 An Englishman should see me drop a tear;
 But, spite of me, it stole upon my cheek;—
 To speak the honest truth, sir knight, said I,
 My gallant men are perishing with hunger:—
 Therefore I will surrender.

Eust. Surrender!

{ *The rest look amazed.*

De V. But, conceive me,
 On this condition;—that I do secure
 The lives and liberties of those brave fellows
 Who, in this galling and disastrous siege,
 Have shared with me in each fatigue and peril.

All. Huzza! Long live our governor! Huzza!

De V. I thank you, friends.—It grieves me to
 repay

Your honest love with tidings, sure, as heavy
 As ever messenger was charged withal.
 The King of England steels his heart against us.

He does let loose his vengeance ; and he wills,—
 If we would save our city from the sword,
 From wild destruction,—that I straight do send him
 Six of my first and best reputed citizens,
 Bare-headed, tendering the city keys ;
 And,—'sdeath, I choak !—with vile and loathsome
 ropes,
 Circling their necks, in guise of malefactors,
 To suffer instant execution.

[*The CITIZENS appear confounded.—A pause.*

Friends,

I do perceive you're troubled ;—'tis enough
 To pose the stoutest of you. Who among you
 Can smother nature's workings, which do prompt
 Each, to the last, to struggle for himself ?
 Yet, were I not objected to, as governor,
 There might be found—no matter.—Who so bold,
 That, for the welfare of a wretched multitude,
 Involved with him, in one great common cause,
 Would volunteer it on the scaffold ?

Eust. [Rises.] I :—

E'en I ;—the growling knave, whom children point
 at.

To save those children, and their hapless mothers,
 To snatch the virgin from the ravisher,
 To shield the bent and hoary citizen,
 To push the sword back from his aged throat,
 (Fresh reeking, haply, in his house's blood,)
 I render up myself for sacrifice.—
 Will no one budge ? Then let the English in ;
 Let in the enemy, to find us wasted,
 And winking in the socket. Rouse, for shame !
 Rouse, citizens ! Think on your wives, your infants !
 And let us not be so far shamed in story,
 That we should lack six men within our walls,
 To save them, thus, from slaughter.

De V. Noble soul !

I could, for this, fall down and worship thee.

Thou warm'st my heart. Does no one else appear,
To back this gallant veteran ?

John d'A. Eustache,—

Myself, and these two brothers, my companions,
All of your house, and near of kin to you,
Have ponder'd on your words :—we sure must die,
If we or go, or stay :—but, what weighs most—
We would not see our helpless little ones
Butcher'd before our eyes. We'll go with thee.

Eust. Now, by our good St. Dennis,
I do feel proud ! My lowly house's glory
Shall live on record. What are birth and titles ?
Feathers for children. The plain honest mind,
That branches forth in charity and virtue,
Shrinks lordly pomp to nought ; and makes vain
pedigree

Blush at his frothy boasting.—We are four ;—
Fellows in death and honour.—Two remain
To fill our number.

De V. Pause a while, my friends ;
We yet have breathing time :—tho' troth but little.—
I must go forth, a hostage to the English,
Till you appear. Break up our sad assembly :—
And, for the rest, agree among yourselves.
Were the time apt, I could well waste a year
In praising this your valour. [To EUSTACHE.

Eust. Break we up. If any
Can wind his sluggish courage to the pitch,
Meet me, anon, i'th' market-place : and thence
Will we march forth. Ye have but this, remember ;
Either plunge bravely into death, or wait
Till the full tide of blood flows in upon you,
And shame and slaughter overwhelm us. Come ;
My noble partners, come !

[*Exeunt.*

. SCENE III.

An Apartment in the GOVERNOR'S House.

Enter JULIA and RIBAUMONT.

Rib. Yet hear me, Julia.—

Julia. Prithee, good, my lord,
Press me not thus : my father's strict command—
I must not say 'tis harsh—forbids me listen.

Rib. Is then the path of duty so precise,
That 'twill not for a little deviate ?
Sweet, let it wind, and bend to recollection.
Think on our oaths ;—yes, lady, they are mutual ;—
You said you loved ;—I treasured the confession,
As misers hoard their gold : nay, 'twas my all.—
Think not I chatter, in the idle school
Of whining coxcombs, where despair and death
Are words of course : I swell not fancied ills
With windy eloquence : no, trust me, Julia,
I speak in honest, simple suffering :—
And disappointment, in my life's best hope,
So feeds upon my life, and wears me inward,
That I am nearly spirit-broken.

Julia. Why, why this, my lord ?
You urge me past a maiden's modesty.—
What should I say ?—In nature's course, my lord,
The parent sits at helm, in grey authority,
And pilots the child's action :—for my father,
You know what humour sways him.

Rib. Yes, court policy :

Time-serving zeal : tame, passive, blind obedience,
 To the stern will of power ; which doth differ
 As wide from true, impulsive loyalty,
 As puppet-work from nature. O ! I would
 The time were come—our enemy, the English,
 Bid fairest first to shew a bright example—
 When, 'twixt the ruler and the ruled, affection
 Shall be reciprocal : when Majesty
 Shall gather strength from mildness ; and the sub-
 ject

Shall look with duteous love upon his Sovereign,
 As the child eyes its father. Now, by Heaven !
 Old John de Vienne is turn'd a temporizer ;
 Making his daughter the poor topmost round
 Of his vile ladder to preferment. 'Sdeath !
 And you to suffer this ! O, fie, fie ! Julia.
 'Twould shew more noble in you to lay bare
 Your mind's inconstancy, than thus to keep
 The semblance of a passion ; meanly veiling
 Your broken faith with the excuse of duty.
 Out on't ! 'tis shallow : you ne'er loved.

Julia. My lord, my cup of sorrow was brimfull ;
 and you,—

I look'd not for it—have thrown in a drop,
 Which makes it overflow. No more of that.—
 You have reviled my father ; me, too, Ribaumont ;
 Heaven knows I little merit it !—My lord,
 Upon this theme we must not meet again.
 Farewell : and do not, do not think unkindly
 On her you, once, did call your Julia.
 If it will sooth your anguish, Ribaumont,
 To find a fellowship in grief, why think
 That there is one, while struggling for her duty,
 Sheds many a tear in private.—Heav'n be with you !

[*Exit.*

Ribau. Stay, stay, and listen to me. Gone ! and
 thus, too !

And have I lost thee ; and for ever, Julia ?

Now do I look on life as the worn mariner,
Stretching his eyes o'er seas immeasurable,
And all is drear and comfortless. Henceforward,
My years will be one void ; day roll on day,
In sameness infinite, without a hope
To chequer the sad prospect. O ! if death
Came yoked with honour to me, I could, now,
Embrace it with as warm and willing rapture.
As mothers clasp their infants.

Enter LA GLOIRE.

Now, La Gloire ! what is the news ?

La G. Good faith, my lord, the saddest that ever
tongue told !

Ribau. What is't ?

La G. The town has surrender'd.

Ribau. I guess'd as much.

La G. Upon conditions.

Ribau. What are they ?

La G. Very scurvy ones, my lord.—To save the
city from sacking, six citizens must swing for it, in
Edward's camp. But four have yet been found ;
and they are——

Ribau. Who ?

La G. Oh, lord !—all of my own family. There's
John d'Aire, Jaeque and Pierre Wissant ; my three
good cousins german, my lord : and the fourth, who
was the first that offer'd, is—is——

Ribau. Who, La Gloire ?

La G. [*Wiping his eyes.*] I crave your pardon, my
lord, for being thus unsoldier-like ! but 'tis—'tis my
own father.

Ribau. Eustache !

La G. He, my lord ! He ! old Eustache de St.
Pierre :—the honestest, kindest soul !—I cannot
talk upon't.—Grief plays the hangman with me ;
and has almost choak'd me already.

Ribau. Why, I am courted to't.—The time, example

Do woo me to my very wish.—Come hither.
Two, it should seem, are wanting, to complete
The little band of those brave men, who die
To save their fellows.

La G. Aye, my lord. There is a meeting upon't,
half an hour hence, in the market-place.

Ribau. Mark me, *La Gloire*; and see that you
obey me,

E'en to the very letter of my orders.

They are the last, perhaps, my honest fellow,
I e'er shall give thee. Seek thy father out;
And tell him this from me: his gallant bearing
Doth school his betters; I have studied o'er
His noble lesson, and have learnt my duty.
Say, he will find me in the market-place,
Disguised in humble seeming; and I fain
Would pass for one allied to him; and thence—
Dost mark me well?—I will along with him,
E'en, hand in hand, to death.

La G. My lord,—I—I—[*bursts into tears, falls on his knees, takes hold of RIBAUMONT's hand, and kisses it.*]—I shall lose my father; when he was gone, I look'd you would have been my father.—The thought of still serving you was a comfort to me. You are my commander; and I hope I have, hitherto, never disobey'd orders; but, if I now deliver your message, drum me out for ingratitude, as the greatest rascal that ever came into a regiment.

Ribau. Prithee no more, *La Gloire*. I am resolved;—

My purpose fix'd. It would be bitter to thee
To see me die in anger with thee: therefore,
Do thou my bidding; close thy service up,
In duty to my will. Go, find thy father;
I will prepare within the while.—Obey me,—

Or the last look from thy expiring master,
Darting reproach, shall burst thy heart in twain.
Mark, and be punctual !

[*Exit.*

La G. O ! the Virgin ! why was I ever attach'd
to man, woman, or child ?

Enter EUSTACHE.

Eust. Where's thy commander, boy ? Count
Ribaumont ?

La G. O father !——

Eust. Peace !—I must a word with him.
I have a few short thanks I would deliver,
Touching his care of thee : it is the last
Of all my worldly packages ; that done,
I may set forward on my journey.

La G. Oh. father ! I shall never go to bed again
in peace as long as I live. Sorrow will keep my
eyes open half the night ; and when I drop into a
doze at day-break, I shall be hang'd with you,
father, a score of times every morning.

Eut. I could have spared this meeting.—Boy, I
will not—

Nor would I, had I time for't—ring a chime
Of drowsy document, at this our parting.
Nor will I stuff the simple plan of life
That I would have thee follow, with trim angles,
And petty intersections of nice conduct ;
Which dotards, rotten in their wisdom, oft
Will mark, in mathematical precision,
Upon a stripling's mind, until they blur
The modest hand of nature. Thou'rt a soldier ;
'Tis said a good one ;—and I ne'er yet knew
A rough, true soldier, lack humanity :—
If then, thou can'st, with one hand, push aside
The buffets of the world, and, with the other,
Stretch'd forth, in warm and manly charity,
Assist the weak,—be thankful for the ground-work,

And e'en let impulse build upon't ;—thou need'st
 No line, nor level, formal age can give thee,
 To raise a noble superstructure. Come;
 Embrace me ;—when thy father sleeps in honour
 Think that—*[Embracing him, he bursts into tears.]*—
 my son, my boy!—Psha! pish! this nature—
 Conduct me to—

La G. *[Catching hold of him.]* Hold! hold!—
 We shall leap here from bad to worse. I—I am
 bidden, father, to deliver a message to you.

Eust. Be quick, then; the time wears.

La G. No, truly, 'twill not come quick. I must
 force it out in dribblets. My Captain bids me say,
 that—that brave men are scarce. Find six in the
 town, and you find all ;—so he will join you at the
 market-cross, and—go with you—to—

Eust. The scaffold!

La G. Yes, the sca—— that word sticks so in
 my throat, I can't squeeze it up for the life of me.

Eust. Why this shews nobly now! our honest
 cause

Is graced in the addition. Lead me—*[Observing
 La Gloire weeping.]*—how now?

Out on thee, knave! thou'lt bring disgrace upon me.
 By heaven! I feel as proud in this my death ;—
 And thou, the nearest to my blood, to sully
 My house's name with womanhood—Shame!
 shame!

Where is the noble Ribaumont? *[Going.]*

La G. Stay, father, stay! I can hold it no
 longer. I love Madelon too well to keep her wa-
 king o' nights, with blubbering over her for the loss
 of my father, and my Captain :—another neck is
 wanting to make up the half dozen ; so I'll e'en
 along, father, as the sixth.

Eust. *[After a pause.]* I know not what to an-
 swer.—Thou hast shaken

My manhood to the centre.—Follow, boy!

Thy aim is honour; but the dreary road to't,
Which thou must tread, does stir the father in me.
'Tis such a nice and tickle point between
The patriot and the parent, that Heaven knows,
I need a counsellor.—I'll to thy Captain.
With him, anon, you'll find me. [Exit

La G. So! how many a lad, with a fair beginning of life, comes to an untimely conclusion!—
My poor Madelon, too; she little thinks that——

Madelon, peeping in.

Made. Hist! hist! *La Gloire!*

La G. Eh!

Made. Why, where hast thou been, *La Gloire?*
I have been seeking you all over the town. I fear'd
you would get into danger. Finding the Governor's
gate thrown open, and all the city in confusion, I
e'en ventured in to look for you. Where hast thou
been, *La Gloire?*

La G. Been?—no where—but I am going—

Made. Where, *La Gloire?*

La G. A——a little way with my father. Hast
heard the news, *Madelon?*

Made. Only in part. I hear the town has sur-
render'd; and that six poor men are to be executed;
and march from the town gates. But we shall then
be in safety, *La Gloire.* Poor fellows! I would not
see them go forth for the world.

La G. Poor fellows!—a hem!—Aye, poor fel-
lows! True, *Madelon;* I would not have thee
shock'd with the sight, I confess.

Made. But, prithee, *La Gloire,* keep at home
now with me. You are ever gadding. You sol-
diers are so wild and turbulent.—How can you, *La*
Gloire?—You must be present, now, at this horrid
ceremony?

La G. Why, truly, I,—I *must* be present;—but

it will be for the last time, Madelon. I take little pleasure in it, believe me.

Made. I would thou wouldest home with me. I have provided, out of thy bounty, a repast for us this evening. My father who has ne'er stirr'd out these three weeks, is fill'd with joy for thy return;—he will sit at our table, La Gloire; he will give us his blessing, and wish us happy in marriage. Come, you shall not away this evening, in sooth, now.

La G. I must, Madelon; I must. The throng will press, and—and I may lose somewhat of value. 'Tis seldom a soldier's pocket is heavy; but I carry all my worldly goods about me. I would fain not lose it; so e'en be mistress on't till my return. Here is a casket;—with five years' wages from my Captain; three quarters' pay from my regiment; and eleven marks, pluck'd from the boot of a dead English corporal! 'tis my whole fortune; keep it, Madelon, for fear of accidents: and if any cross accident ever should befall me, remember, you are heir apparent to the bulk of my property.

Made. But why thus particular? I would you would stay quiet with me.

La G. But for this once, Madelon; and I shall be quiet ever after.—Kiss me. So;—Adieu!

Made. Adieu, La Gloire! Remember, now, at night—

La G. Adieu!—at night!—Mercy on me!—should I stay three minutes longer, my heart would rescue my neck; for the breaking of one, would save the stretching of the other—[*Aside.*] [*Exit*

Made. How rich my La Gloire has got in the wars! My father, too, has something to throw in at our wedding; and, when we meet, we shall be the happiest couple in Piccardy.

SONG.—MADELON.

*I tremble to think, that my Soldier's so bold ;
To see with what danger he gets all his gold :—
Yet danger all over 'twill keep out the cold,
And we shall be warm when we're married.*

*For riches, 'tis true that I covet them not,
Unless 'tis to better my dear Soldier's lot ;
And he shall be master of all I have got,
The very first moment we're married.*

*My heart, how it beats, but to look to the day,
In church when my father will give me away !
But that I shall laugh at, I've heard many say,
A day or two after we're married.*

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Calais. A Gate, leading out of the Town.

Enter CITIZENS.

1st. Cit. Stand back ; they are coming.

3d. Cit. Nay, my masters, they will not forth this quarter of an hour. Men seldom move lightly on such a heavy occasion.

4th Cit. Who are the two others that have fill'd up the number :

3d Cit. Marry, two more of old Eustache's family. His own son ; and the other, as 'tis rumour'd, a

relation, in the town, that few of us are acquainted withal.

4th Cit. That's strange.

3d Cit. Why, aye; but when a man chooses a rope for his preferment, few are found envious enough to dispute the title with him.—By the rood! here they come!

Enter EUSTACHE, RIBAUMONT, LA GLOIRE, JOHN D'AIRE, J. WISSANT, P. WISSANT, going to execution: a procession of Soldiers, Friars, Nuns, &c. accompanying them. A solemn march; then a halt.

Ribau. I prithee, peace, Eustache. I fain wou'd 'scape

Observance from the rabble. Hurry o'er This irksome march; and straightway to the camp.

Eust. Enough. Set forth! We are engaged, my friends,

Upon a business here, which most, I wot, Do think of moment; and we would not waste The time in idle ceremony. On!—

Ere we are usher'd to the English camp, —And most of you, I trust, will follow thither,— We will bestow the little time allow'd us In manly leave-taking. Strike! and set onward.

Citizens. Bless our countrymen! Bless our deliverers!

GLEE—*By the Persons of the Procession.*

*Peace to the heroes! peace! who yield their blood,
And perish, nobly, for their country's good:
Peace to their noble souls! their bodies die;
Their fame shall flourish long in memory;
Recorded still, in future years,
Green in a nation's gratitude, and tears.*

CHORUS.

*Sound ! sound in solemn strains, and slow !
Dully beat the muffled drum !
Bid the hollow trumpet blow,
In deaden'd tones, clear, firm, and low ;—
For, see ! the patriot heroes come !*

[Towards the end of the Chorus, the Characters proceed on their march out of the town ; and when the last persons of the procession are going through the gates, the curtain drops.]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the House of JOHN DE VIENNE.

Enter JULIA, in Man's apparel ; and O'CARROL.

Julia. Come on ; bestir thee, good fellow ;—Thou must be my guide, and conduct me.

O'Car. Faith, and I'll conduct you with all my heart and soul ; and some good creature, I warrant, will be kind enough to shew me the way.

Julia. But art thou well assured, O'Carrol, of what thou hast inform'd me ?

O'Car. To be sure, I am well assured ; for I inform'd myself, and I never yet catch'd myself out in telling a lie. There were six of 'em, as tall fellows as any in France, with ugly ropes about their good-looking necks, going to the town-gates ; and Count Ribaumont march'd second in the handsome half dozen. The whole town follow'd them with their eyes, till they were as full of water as if they had been peeping into so many mustard pots. And so, madam, knowing he loves you better than dear life, (which, to be sure, he seems to hold cheap enough at present,) and thinking you would be glad to hear the terrible news, why I made all the haste I could to come and tell it to you.

Julia. And thus, in haste, have I equipp'd myself. Come, good O'Carrol ; dost think I shall 'scape discovery in these accoutrements ?

O'Car. Escape !—By my soul, lady, one would think you had been a young man from the very first day you were born. Och ! what a piece of work a little trimming and drapery makes in a good fellow's fancy ! A foot is a foot, all the world over ;—but take the foot of the sweetest little creature that ever tript over green sward, and if it doesn't play at bo-peep under a petticoat,—faith, I don't know the reason of it, but it gives a clean contrary turn to a man's imagination. But what is it you would be after now, Lady Julia ?

Julia. Something I will do ; and it must be speedy : at all hazards, we will to the English camp, O'Carrol :—opportunity must shape the rest.

O'Car. The camp ?—O ! faith that's my element ; and Heaven send us success in it ! If an Irishman's prayers, lady, cou'd make you happy, your little heart should soon be as light as a feather bed.

Julia. I thank thee, my honest fellow : thy care for me shall not long go unrewarded.

O'Car. Now the devil fetch rewarding, say I ! If

a man does his best friends a piece of service, he must be an unconscionable sort of an honest fellow to look for more reward than the pleasure he gets in assisting them.

Julia. Well, well! each moment now is precious! Haste thee, O'Carrol; Time has wings.

O'Car. Och! be asey, madam! we'll take the ould fellow by the forelock, I warrant him. When honest gentlemen's business calls them on a small walk to the gallows, a man may set out a quarter of an hour behind them, and be certain of meeting them upon the road:—and, now I bethink me, madam, if we go out at the draw-bridge, from the citadel, hard by the house, here, we may be at the camp ere the poor souls have march'd their body round the battlements.

Julia. Thou say'st well;—and we will forth that way:
"Twill be most private, too. Thou'lt follow me, O'Carrol?

O'Car. Aye, that I would to the end of the wide world, and a thousand miles beyond it.

Julia. Yet, tarry here awhile, till I prepare the means of our going forth. Join me a few minutes hence in the hall, O'Carrol.

And Fortune frown not on a poor weak woman!
Who, if she fail in this her last, sad struggle,
Is so surrounded by a sea of grief,
That she must sink for ever!

[Exit.

O'Car. And, sink or swim, I'll to the bottom along with you.—Och! what a sad thing it is to see sorrow wet the sweet cheeks of a woman! Faith, now, I can't make out that same crying, for the life of me. My sorrow is always of a dry sort; that gives me a sore throat, without ever troubling my eyes about the business. The camp! Well, with all my heart! It won't be the first time I have been present at a bit of a bustle.

SONG.—O'CARROL.

*When I was at home, I was merry and frisky ;
 My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold whisky :
 My uncle was rich, but would never be asey
 Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey.
 Oh ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey !
 My dear little Sheelah I thought wou'd run crazy,
 When I trudged away with tough Corporal Casey.*

*I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
 On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking ;
 But soon I was forced to look fresh as a daisy.
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.
 Och ; rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey !
 The devil go with him, I ne'er could be lazy,
 He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.*

*We went into battle ; I took the blows fairly,
 That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely :
 And who should the first be that dropt ? why, an't
 plase ye,
 It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey.
 Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey !
 Thinks I, you are quiet, and I shall be asey ;
 So eight years I fought, without Corporal Casey.*

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The English Camp.

*A Scaffold in the back of the Scene : Two WORKMEN
 descend from it.*

1st Work. There 'tis ;—and finish'd : as pleasing
 a piece of work as man could wish to turn out of

hand. If King Edward, Heaven bless him! give me not a pension for this, let 'n make the next scaffold himself! Mass! I would—with reverence be it spoken—build a scaffold, and fix a gallows, with any King in Christendom.

2nd Work. Yea, marry, if he had not served his time to the trade.

1st Work. Yea, or if he had.—I have been prime gallows-maker, and principal hangman, now, nine and twenty years.—Thank Heaven! neighbour, I have long been notorious.

2nd Work. Thou say'st true, indeed! Thy enemies cannot deny thee that.

1st Work. And why, I pray you?—why have I been so?

2nd Work. Mass! I know not. I think 'tis thy good luck.

1st Work. Tut, I will tell thee. My parents, I thank them, bred me to the gallows; marry, then, how was it?—why, look you, I *took delight* in my business. An you would be a good workman, ever, while you live, take a delight in your business. I have been an honest, pains-taking man, neighbour. No one is notorious without taking pains for it.

2nd Work. Truly, then, I fear my character is naught. I never can bring myself to take pains for it.

1st Work. Thou art the more to be pitied. I never made but one small mistake, since I enter'd on business.

2nd Work. I prithee, now, tell me that.

1st Work. 'Twas on execution day; we were much throng'd, and the signal was given full soon; when, a pize on it! I whips me, in haste, the halter over the neck of an honest stander-by;—and I jerks me him up to the top of a twenty foot gibbet. Marry, the true rogues escaped by't; for 'twas a

full hour ere the error was noted. But hast heard who the six be, that will be here anon?

2nd Work. Only that they be citizens. They are e'en now coming hitherward. Some of our men have seen them; they march, as 'tis reported, wond'rous doleful.

1st Work. No matter; tarry till they see my work;—that's all. An that do not content them, mark them for sour knaves. An a man be not satisfied when a sets foot on my scaffold, say he is hard to please. Rot 'em! your condemn'd men, now-a-days, have no discernment. I would I had the hanging of all my fellow craft; I should then, have some judges of my skill; and merit would not go praiseless.—[*A flourish.*—So!—the King is coming—stand clear, now, neighbour:—an the King like not my scaffold, I am no true man.

[*They go on the scaffold.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, HARCOURT, SIR WALTER MANNY, ARUNDEL, WARWICK, Train-bearers, Standards, &c.

King. Yes, good Philippa, 'tis our firm decree. And a full wise one, too;—'tis but just recompense, For near twelve weary months their stubbornness Has caused us linger out before their city. Should we not now resent, in future story Our English would be chronicled as dullards;— These French would mock us for the snails of war, Who bring our houses on our sluggish backs, To winter it before their mould'ring walls; Nay, every village, circled by a ditch, Would think itself a town impregnable; Check the full vigour of our march, and worry Our armies with resistance.

Queen. And yet, my liege, I cannot choose but pity The wretched men, who now must suffer for it.

King. Justice, madam,
Minute in her stern exercise of office,
Is comprehensive in effect ; and when
She points her sword to the particular,
She aims at general good.——

[Solemn music at a distance.

——But, hark ! they come.

Are they within our lines ?

Sir W. M. They are, my liege.

King. Deliver up Sir John de Vienne.

[KING and QUEEN seat themselves on a throne
erected in the camp on the occasion of the
execution.

Enter EUSTACHE with the Keys ; RIBAUMONT, LA
GLOIRE, JOHN D'AIRE, J. WISSANT, P. WISSANT,
with Halters round their Necks ; a Multitude of
French following.

King. Are these the six must suffer ?

Eust. Suffer !—no ;——

We do embrace our fate : we glory in't.——
They who stand forward, sir, to yield their lives,
A willing forfeit, for their country's safety,
When they meet death, meet honour,—and rejoice
In the encounter. Suffer, is a term
The upright, and undaunted spirit, blots
From Death's vocabulary.

King. Now beshrew thee, knave !
Thou dost speak bluntly.

Eust. Aye, and cheerily.

But to our purpose.—I am bidden, sir,
I and my noble comrades here, of Calais,
Thus lowly, at your feet, to tender to you
Our city's keys ;—[Kneels and lays the keys at the
foot of the throne ;]—and they do guard a
treasure

Well worth a king's acceptance ; for they yield.

A golden opportunity to mightiness
Of comforting the wretched. Take but these,
And turn our ponderous portals on the hinge,
And you will find, in every street, a document,
A lesson, at each step, for iron power
To feel for fellow-men :—Our wasted soldiers
Dropping upon their watch ; the dying mother
Wailing her famish'd child ; the meagre son ;
Grasping his father's hand in agony,—
Till their sunk eyes exchange a feeble gleam
Of love and blessing, and they both expire.

King. Your citizens may thank themselves for't ;
 wilfulness
Does ever thus recoil upon itself.

Eust. Sworn liegemen to their master, and their
 monarch,
They have perform'd their duty, sir. I trust
You, who yourself are king, can scarcely blame
Poor fellows for their loyalty. 'Tis plain
You do not, sir ; for now your royal nature
O'erflows in clemency ; and setting by
All thought of crushing those beneath your feet,
—Which, in the heat and giddiness of conquest,
The victor sometimes is seen guilty of,—
Our town finds grace and pity at your hands.
Your noble bounty, sir, is pleased to consider
Some certain *trifles* we have suffer'd ; such
As a bare twelvemonths' siege—a lack of food ;—
Some foolish grey-beards dead by't ;—some few *heaps*
Of perish'd soldiers ; and, *humanely* weighing
These *nothings* as fortunes, spare our people ;—
Simply exacting, that six useless citizens,
Mere logs in the community, and prized
For nothing but their honesty,—come forth,
Like malefactors, and be gibbeted !

King. Villain and slave ! for this thy daring taunt,
(Howe'er before we might incline to listen,)
We henceforth shut the ear to supplication.

Eust. Mighty sir!

We march'd not forth to supplicate, but die.

Trust me, king,

We could not covet aught, in your disposal,

Would swell our future name with half the glory

As this same sentence, which—we thank you for't—

You have bestow'd unask'd.

King. Conduct them straight to execution!

La G. [*Advancing to the left of EUSTACHE.*] Father!

Eust. How now?—Thou shakest!

La G. 'Tisn't for myself, then.—For my own part, I am a man: but I cannot look on our relations—and my captain—and on you, father—without feeling a something that makes a woman of me.—But I——

Eust. Briefly, boy; what is't?

La G. Give me thy hand, father! So—[*Kisses it.*]—And now, if I part with it, while a puff of breath remains in my body, I shall lose one of the most sorrowful comforts that ever poor fellow in jeopardy fix'd his heart upon. Were I but well assured poor Madelon would recover the news, I could go off as tough as the stoutest.

Rib. [*Advances to the right of EUSTACHE.*]

Farewell, old heart! thy body doth incase

The noblest spirit soldier e'er could boast,

To face grim death withal. Inform our fellows,

At the last moment given, on the scaffold,

We will embrace, and—— [*A muffled drum beats.*]

——Hark! the signal beats.

Eust. Lead on. [*They march up to the scaffold.*]

Sold. [*Without.*] You cannot pass.

Julia. [*Without.*] Nay, give me way!

Enter JULIA and O'CARROL.

Julia. Stay, stay your hands! desist, or——

King. How now!

Wherefore this boldness?

Julia. Great and mighty king!
Behold a youth much wrong'd. Men do esteem—
The monarch's throne as the pure fount and spring
Whence justice flows: and here I cry for it.

King. What is the suit thus urges?

Julia. Please you, sir,
Suspend a while this fatal ceremony,—
For therein lies my grief,—and I will on.

King. Pause ye awhile.—Young man, proceed.

Julia. Now, Heaven!
Make firm my woman's heart! [*Aside.*]—Most royal
sir!

Although the cause of this my suit doth wound
My private bosom, yet it doth involve,
And couple with me, a right noble sharer.—
'Tis you, great sir, you are yourself abused;
My countrymen do palter with thee, king:—
You did require

Six of our citizens, first in repute,
And best consider'd of our town, as victims
Of your high throned anger. Here is one

[*Pointing to RIBAUMONT.*

I single out, and challenge to the proof;—
Let him stand forth;—and here I do avouch
He is no member of our city:
He does usurp another's right; defeats
Your mighty purpose: and your rage, which thirsted
For a rich draught of vengeance, must be served
With the mere dregs of our community.

Rib. [*Advances*] Shame! I shall burst!—the
dregs!—

King. Thou self-will'd fool,
Who would run headlong into death, what art thou?

Rib. A man:—let that content you, sir!—'Tis
blood

You crave,—and, with an appetite so keen,
'Tis strange to find you nice about its quality.
But for this siave,

Who thus has dared belie me, did not circumstance
Rein in my wish—(O grant me patience, heaven!
The dregs)—now, by my soul! I'd crush the reptile
Beneath my feet; now, while his poisonous tongue
Is darting forth it's venom'd slander on me.

King. I will be satisfied in this. Speak, fellow!
Say, what is thy condition?

Rib. Truly, sir,
'Tis waste of royal breath to make this stir
For one whom, some few minutes hence, your sentence
Must sink to nothing. Henceforth I am dumb
To all interrogation.

King. Now, by our diadem!—but answer *you*.
What is his state!—Say, of whose wretched place
Is he the bold usurper?

Julia. Sir, of mine.
He does despoil *me* of my title; comes
Bedeck'd in my just dues; which as a citizen,
(A young one though I be,) I here lay claim to.
I am your victim, sir; dismiss this man,
Who, haply, comes in pity to my youth,
And plucks the glory from me, which this ceremony
Would grace my name withal—and let *me* die.

O'Car. Die!—Och, the devil! did I come to the
camp for this?—Madam! dear, dear madam!—

[*Aside.*

King. The glory!—Why, by heaven! these head-
strong French
Toy with our punishments!
For thee, rash stripling! who dost brave our ven-
geance,

Prepare to meet it. Yoke thee with this knave,
Whose insolence hath roused our spleen, and straight
You both shall suffer for't together.

Julia. [*Kneeling.*] Sir!
Ere I do meet my fate, upon my knees
I make one poor request. This man, great sir!

(Tho', now, there's reason why he knows me not,)
 I own doth touch me nearly.—I do owe him
 A debt of gratitude :—'twould shock me sore
 To see him in his agony ;—so, please you,
 Command that, in the order of our deaths,
 I may precede him.

King. Well!—so be it, then.—

Guards! lead them forth.

Julia. And might he—oh, dread sir!
 Might he but live, I then should be at peace.

King. Conduct them to their fate.

Julia. [*Rises.*] Then, ere we go, a word at part-
 ing;—

For here your spleen o'erleaps the bound of pru-
 dence.

The blood you now would spill is pure and noble ;
 Nor will the shedding of it lack avengers.

Shame on disguise! off with't, my lord! [*To RIB-*
BAUMONT.]—Behold

Our France's foremost champion; and remember,
 In many a hardy fight, the gallant deeds
 (For fame has blown them loudly, king!) of Ribau-
 mont.

Oft has he put you to't :—nay, late at Cresy
 Ask of your Black Prince Edward, there, how long
 Count Ribault and he were point to point.
 He has attack'd our foe; relieved our people;
 Succour'd our town: till cruel disappointment,
 Where he had fix'd his gallant heart, did turn him
 Wild with despairing love. Old John de Vienne
 Denied his daughter to him; drove him hither,
 To meet your cruelty; and now that daughter,
 Grown desperate as he, doth brave it, king!
 And we will die together.

[*Runs and embraces RIBBAUMONT.*

Rib. Heaven!—my Julia!

Art thou then true!—O give me utterance!

Now, Fortune, do thy worst!—

[*Throws off his disguise.*

You cannot, king !

You dare not, for your life, lay savage hands
On female innocence !—and, for myself,
E'en use your will.

[*The KING descends from the throne ; HAR-
COURT kneels, offers his arm, and the QUEEN
descends, and goes opposite to the KING.*

King. Lady, you are free :—

Our British knights are famed for courtesy ;
And it will ne'er, I trust, be said an Englishman
Denied protection to a woman. You
Must, under guard, my lord ! abide our pleasure :—
For the remainder, they have heard our will,
And they must suffer : 'tis but fit we prove,
Spite of their obstinate and close defence,
Our English excellence.

Queen. [*Kneels.*] Oh ! then, my liege,
Prove it in mercy.

War, noble sir ! when too far push'd, is butchery :
When manly victory o'erleaps its limits,
The tyrant blasts the laurels of the conqueror.
Let it not dwell within your thoughts, my liege,
Thus to oppress these men. And, royal sir !
Since you were free to promise
Whatever boon I begg'd,—now, on my knee,
I beg it, sir. Release these wretched men :
Make me the means of cheering the unhappy ;
And, though my claim were tenfold what it is
Upon your bounty, 'twould reward me nobly.

King. Rise, madam. Tho' it was our fix'd intent
To awe these French, by terrible example,
Our promise still is sacred, good Philippa.
Your suit is won ; and we relax our rigour.—
Let them pass free ; while we do here pronounce
A general pardon.

La G. A pardon ! no !—Oh diable :—My father !
and my commander too ;—Huzza !—[*Takes the rope
from his father's neck, then from his own, and runs*

down with the three kinsmen.]—Oh! that I should live to unrope my poor old father and master!

[Runs to RIBAUMONT, and takes the rope off his neck: here MADELON enters; she and LA GLOIRE rush into each other's arms.

Mad. Oh! my poor La Gloire!—my tears—

La G. That's right! Cry, Madelon!—cry for joy, wench!—Old Eustache is safe!—my captain and relations free!—Here's a whole bundle of honest necks recover'd; mine's toss'd in, in the lump; and we'll be married, Madelon, to-morrow.

King. Now, my lord! for you:—

We have, I trust, some influence here;
Nor will we quit your town until we see

Your marriage solemnized— [To RIBAUMONT.

O'Car. Well, if I didn't know what crying was before, I have found it out at last.—Faith, it has a mighty pleasant relieving sort of a feel with it.

King. Prepare we, then, to enter Calais; straight
Give order for our march—

Breathe forth our instruments of war; and, as
We do approach the rugged walls, sound high
The strains of victory.

GRAND CHORUS.

Rear, rear our English banner high,
In token proud of victory!
Where'er our god of battle strides,
Loud sound the trump of fame!
Where'er the English warrior rides,
May laurel'd conquest grace his name.

THE END.



STEED THE FLOUNDER



AMERICA'S...
 THE...
 ACT 1.
 SCENE II.

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 1816.

Engraved by Heath

10

(4)

SPEED THE PLOUGH;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY THOMAS MORTON, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON;

**PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-BOW.**

REMARKS.

THIS comedy excites that sensation, which is the best security for the success of a drama—curiosity. After the two first acts are over, and pleasantly over, with the excellently drawn characters of Ashfield and his wife, and the very just satire which arises from Sir Abel's propensity to modern improvements—the acts that follow excite deep interest and ardent expectation; both of which are so highly gratified at the conclusion of the play, that, from the first night of its performance, it has ranked among the best of the author's productions, and in the first class of modern comedies.

The various characters of this play are admirably designed, but not so happily finished as the author meant them to be—witness Bob Handy, who begins a self-conceited coxcomb, and ends a tragedy confidant.

But the good intentions of an author are acceptable: execution will not always follow conception; and the last may often give as much instruction, though not equal delight with the former: as an instance, who does not see the folly of attempting to

do every thing in Handy, though he is more the shadow, than the substance of a character.

Notwithstanding there are some parts not so good as others, in this comedy, there is no one character superior to the rest, nor any one in particular which makes a forcible impression on the memory :—this proves (in consequence of the acknowledged merit of the play) the fable to be a good one, and that a pleasing combination has been studied and effected by the author, with infinite skill, however incompetent to his own brilliant imagination.

The plot, and serious characters of this comedy, are said to be taken from a play of Kotzebue's, called "The Duke of Burgundy :"—if they are, Mr. Morton's ingenuity of adapting them to our stage has been equal to the merit he would have had in conceiving them ; for that very play called "The Duke of Burgundy," by some verbal translator,—was condemned or withdrawn at Covent Garden Theatre, not very long before "Speed the Plough" was received with the highest marks of admiration.

The characters of Sir Philip Blandford, his brother, and his nephew, may have been imported from Germany ; but, surely, all the other personages of the drama are of pure English growth.

The reception of this play, when first performed, and the high station it still holds in the public opinion, should make criticism cautious of attack ; but, as works of genuine art alone are held worthy

of investigation, and as all examinations tend to produce a degree of censure, as well as of praise, "Speed the Plough" is not exempt from the general lot of every favourite production.

An auditor will be much better pleased with this play than a reader ; for, though it is well written, and interspersed with many poetical passages, an attentive peruser will find inconsistencies in the arrangement of the plot and incidents, which an audience absorbed in expectation of final events, and hurried away by the charm of scenic interest, cannot easily detect.

The most prominent of these blemishes are:—Miss Blandford falls in love with a plough-boy at first sight, which she certainly would not have done, but that some preternatural agent whispered to her he was a young man of birth. But whether this magical information came from the palpitation of her heart, or the quickness of her eye, she has not said.—A reader will, however, gladly impute the cause of her sudden passion to magic, rather than to the want of female refinement.

The daughter has not less decorum in love, than the father in murder.—That a character, grave and stern as Sir Philip Blandford is described, should entrust any man, especially such a man as Bob Handy, with a secret, on which, not only his reputation, but his life depended, can upon no principle of reason be accounted for ; unless the author took

into consideration, what has sometimes been observed,—that a murderer, in contrivance to conceal his guilt, foolishly fixes on the very means which bring him to conviction.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD	<i>Mr. Pope.</i>
MORRINGTON	<i>Mr. Murray.</i>
SIR ABEL HANDY	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
BOB HANDY	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
HENRY	<i>Mr. H. Johnston.</i>
FARMER ASHFIELD	<i>Mr. Knight.</i>
EVERGREEN	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>
GERALD	<i>Mr. Waddy.</i>
POSTILLION	<i>Mr. Abbot.</i>
YOUNG HANDY'S SERVANT	<i>Mr. Klanert.</i>
PETER	<i>Mr. Atkins.</i>
MISS BLANDFORD	<i>Mrs. H. Johnston.</i>
LADY HANDY	<i>Mrs. Dibdin.</i>
SUSAN ASHFIELD	<i>Miss Murray.</i>
DAME ASHFIELD	<i>Mrs. Davenport.</i>

SPEED THE PLOUGH

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

In the Fore-ground a Farm House.—A View of a Castle at a Distance

FARMER ASHFIELD discovered with his Jug and Pipe

Enter DAME ASHFIELD, in a Riding Dress, and a Basket under her Arm.

Ash. Well, Dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring vrom market ?

Dame. What news, husband ? What I always told you ; that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did.

Ash. All the better vor he.

Dame. Ah ! the sun seems to shine on purpose for him.

Ash. Come, come, missus, as thee has not the grace to thank God for prosperous times, dan't thee grumble when they be unkindly a bit.

Dame. And I assure you, Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market.

Ash. Be quiet, woolye ? allways ding, dinging

Dame Grundy into my ears—what will Mrs. Grundy say? What will Mrs. Grundy think?—Canst thee be quiet, let ur alone, and behave thyzelf pratty?

Dame. Certainly I can—I'll tell thee. Tummas, what she said at church last Sunday.

Ash. Canst thee tell what parson zaid? Noa—Then I'll tell thee—A' zaid that envy were as foul a weed as grows, and cankers all wholesome plants that be near it—that's what a' zaid.

Dame. And do you think I envy Mrs. Grundy indeed?

Ash. Why dant thee letten her aloane then—I do verily think when thee goest to t'other world, the vurst question thee ax 'il be, if Mrs. Grundy's there—Zoa be quiet, and behave pratty, do'ye—Has thee brought whoam the Salisbury news?

Dame. No, Tummas: but I have brought a rare wadget of news with me. First and foremost I saw such a mort of coaches, servants, and waggons, all belonging to Sir Abel Handy, and all coming to the castle—and a handsome young man, dressed all in lace, pulled off his hat to me, and said—"Mrs. Ashfield, do me the honour of presenting that letter to your husband."—So there he stood without his hat—Oh, Tummas, had you seen how Mrs. Grundy looked!

Ash. Dom Mrs. Grundy—be quiet, and let I read, woolye? [*Reads.*] "My dear farmer" [*Taking off his hat.*] Thankye, zur—zame to you, wi' all my heart and soul—"My dear farmer"—

Dame. Farmer—why, you are blind, Tummas, it is,— "My dear father"—'Tis from our own dear Susan!

Ash. Odds dickens and daizeys! zoo it be, zure enow!—"My dear feyther, you will be surprized"—Zoo I be, he, he! What pretty writing, bean't it? all as straight as thof it were ploughed—"Surprized to hear, that in a few hours I shall embrace

you—Nelly, who was formerly our servant, has fortunately married Sir Abel Handy Bart.”—

Dame. Handy Bart,—Pugh ! Bart. stands for Baronight, mun.

Ash. Likely, likely,—Drabbit it, only to think of the zwaps and changes of this world !

Dame. Our Nelly married to a great Baronet ! I wonder, Tummas, what Mrs. Grundy will say ?

Ash. Now, woolye be quiet, and let I read—“ And she has proposed bringing me to see you ; an offer, I hope, as acceptable to my dear feyther”——

Dame. “ And mother”——

Ash. Bless her, how prettily she do write feyther, dan’t she ?

Dame. And mother.

Ash. Ees, but feyther first, though.—“ As acceptable to my dear feyther and mother, as to their affectionate daughter—Susan Ashfield.”—Now bean’t that a pratty letter ?

Dame. And, Tummas, is not she a pretty girl ?

Ash. Ees ; and as good as she be pratty—Drabbit it, I do feel zoo happy, and zoo warm,—for all the world like the zun in harvest.

Dame. Oh, Tummas, I shall be so pleased to see her, I shan’t know whether I stand on my head or my heels.

Ash. Stand on thy head ! vor shame o’ thysel—behave pratty, do.

Dame. Nay, I meant no harm—Eh, here comes friend Evergreen, the gardener, from the castle. Bless me, what a hurry the old man is in !

Enter EVERGREEN.

Everg. Good day, honest Thomas.

Ash. Zame to you, measter Evergreen.

Everg. Have you heard the news

Dame. Any thing about Mrs. Grundy ?

Ash. Dame, be quiet, woolye now ?

Everg. No, no.—The news is, that my master, Sir Philip Blandford, after having been abroad for twenty years, returns this day to the castle; and that the reason of his coming is, to marry his only daughter to the son of Sir Abel Handy, I think they call him.

Dame. As sure as two-pence, that is Nelly's husband.

Everg. Indeed!—Well, Sir Abel and his son will be here immediately; and, farmer, you must attend them.

Ash. Likely, likely.

Everg. And, mistress, come and lend us a hand at the castle, will you?—Ah, twenty long years since I have seen Sir Philip—Poor gentleman! bad, bad health—worn almost to the grave, I am told.—What a lad do I remember him—till that dreadful—*[Checking himself.]* But where is Henry? I must see him—must caution him—*[A gun is discharged at a distance.]* That's his gun, I suppose—he is not far then—Poor Henry!

Dame. Poor Henry! I like that indeed! What though he be nobody knows who, there is not a girl in the parish that is not ready to pull caps for him—The Miss Grundys, genteel as they think themselves, would be glad to snap at him—If he were our own we could not love him better.

Everg. And he deserves to be loved—Why, he's as handsome as a peach tree in blossom; and his mind is as free from weeds as my favourite carnation bed. But, Thomas, run to the castle, and receive Sir Abel and his son.

Ash. I wool, I wool—Zo, good day. *[Bowing.]* Let every man make his bow, and behave pratty—that's what I say.—Missus, do ye show un Sue's letter, woolye? Do ye letten see how pratty she do write feyther. *[Exit.]*

Dame. Now Tummus is gone, I'll tell you such a

story about Mrs. Grundy—But come, step in, you must needs be weary; and I am sure a mug of harvest beer, sweetened with a hearty welcome, will refresh you.
[*Ereunt into the house.*]

SCENE II.

Outside and Gate of the Castle—Servants cross the Stage, laden with different packages.

Enter ASHFIELD.

Ash. Drabbit it, the wold castle 'ul be hardly big enow to hold all thic lumber.—Who do come here? A do zeem a comical zoart ov a man—Oh, Abel Handy, I suppoze.

Sir Abel Handy. [*Without.*] Gently there! mind how you go, Robin.
[*A crash.*]

He enters—SERVANT following.

'Zounds and fury! you have killed the whole county, you dog! for you have broke the patent medicine chest, that was to keep them all alive!—Richard, gently!—take care of the grand Archimedian cork-screws!—Bless my soul! so much to think of! Such wonderful inventions in conception, in concoction, and in completion!

Enter PETER.

Well, Peter, is the carriage much broke?

Peter. Smashed all to pieces. I thought as how, sir, that your infallible axle-tree would give way.

Sir Abel. Confound it, it has compelled me to walk so far in the wet, that I declare my water-proof shoes are completely soaked through. [*Erit PETER.*] Now to take a view with my new-invented glass!

[*Pulls out his glass.*]

Ash. [*Loud and bluntly.*] Zarvent, zur! Zarvent!

Sir Abel. [*Starting.*] What's that? Oh, good day.
—Devil take the fellow! [*Aside*

Ash. Thank ye zur; zame to you wi' all my heart
and zoul.

Sir Abel. Pray, friend, could you contrive *gently*
to inform me, where I can find one Farmer Ash-
field?

Ash. Ha, ha, ha! [*Laughing loudly.*] Excuse my
tittering a bit—but your axing myzel vor I be so
domm'd zilly [*Bowing and laughing.*]—Ah! you
stare at I, becaes I be bashful and daunted.

Sir Abel. You are very bashful, to be sure! I de-
clare I'm quite weary.

Ash. If you'll walk into the castle, you may sit
down, I dare zay.

Sir Abel. May I indeed? you are a fellow of ex-
traordinary civility.

Ash. There's no denying it, zur.

Sir Abel. No, I'll sit here.

Ash. What! on the ground! why you'll wring
your ould withers—

Sir Abel. On the ground—no, I always carry my
seat with me [*Spreads a small camp chair.*]—Here
I'll sit and examine the surveyor's account of the
castle.

Ash. Dickens and daizeys! what a gentleman you
would be to show at a vair!

Sir Abel. Silence, fellow, and attend,—“An ac-
count of the castle and domain of Sir Philip Bland-
ford, intended to be settled as a marriage portion
on his daughter, and the son of Sir Abel Handy,
—by Frank Flourish, surveyor.—Imprimis—the
premises command an exquisite view of the Isle
“of Wight.”—Charming! delightful! I don't see
it though [*Rising.*] I'll try with my new glass—my
own invention—[*He looks through the glass.*] Yes,
there I caught it—Ah! now I see it plainly—Eh!
no—I don't see it, do you?

Ash. Noa, zur, I doant—but little zweepy do tell I he can zee a bit out from the top of the chimbley—zoa, an you've a mind to crawl up, you may zee un too, he, he!

Sir Abel. Thank you—but damn your titter. [*Reads.*—“Fish-ponds well stocked”—That's a good thing, farmer.

Ash. Likely, likely—but I doant think the vishes do thrive much in theas ponds.

Sir Abel. No! why?

Ash. Why, the ponds be always dry i' the zummer; and I be tuold that bean't wholesome vor the little vishes.

Sir Abel. Not very, I believe—Well said, surveyor! “A cool summer house.”

Ash. Ees, zur, quite cool—by reason the roof be tumbled in.

Sir Abel. Better and better—“the whole capable of the greatest improvement.”—Come, that seems true however—I shall have plenty to do, that's one comfort—I'll have such contrivances! I'll have a canal run through my kitchen.—I must give this rustic some idea of my consequence. [*Aside.*] You must know, farmer, you have the honour of conversing with a man who has obtained patents for tweezers, tooth-picks, and tinder-boxes—to a philosopher who has been consulted on the Wapping docks and the Gravesend tunnel, and who has now in hand two inventions which will render him immortal—the one is, converting saw-dust into deal boards, and the other is, a plan of cleaning rooms by a steam-engine—and, farmer, I mean to give prizes for industry—I'll have a ploughing-match.

Ash. Will you, zur?

Sir Abel. Yes; for I consider a healthy young man, between the handles of a plough, as one of the noblest illustrations of the prosperity of Britain.

Ash. Faith and troth ! there be some tightish hands in theas parts, I promise ye.

Sir Abel. And, farmer, it shall precede the hymeneal festivities——

Ash. Nan !

Sir Abel. Blockhead ! the ploughing-match shall take place as soon as Sir Philip Blandford and his daughter arrive.

Ash. Oh, likely, likely.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Abel, I beg to say my master will be here immediately.

Sir Abel. And, sir, I beg to ask, who possesses the happiness of being your master ?

Serv. Your son, sir, Mr. Robert Handy.

Sir Abel. Indeed ! and where is Bob ?

Serv. I left him, sir, in the belfrey of the church.

Sir Abel. Where ?

Serv. In the belfrey of the church.

Sir Abel. In the belfrey of the church ! What was he doing there ?

Serv. Why, sir, the *natives* were ringing a peal in honour of our arrival—when my master, finding they knew nothing of the matter, went up to the steeple to instruct them, and ordered me to proceed to the castle—I have the honour— [Bows and exit.]

Sir Abel. Wonderful ! My Bob, you must know, is an astonishing fellow !—you have heard of the admirable Crichton, may be ? Bob's of the same kidney ! I contrive, he executes—Sir Abel *invenit*, Bob *fecit*. He can do every thing—every thing !

Ash. All the better vor he. I zay, zur, as he can turn his hand to every thing, pray, in what way med he earn his livelihood ?

Sir Abel. Earn his livelihood !

Ash. Ees, zur ;—how do he gain his bread ?

Sir Abel. Bread ! oh, he can't earn his bread, bless you ! he's a genius.

Ash. Genius ! Drabbit it, I have got a horze o' thic name, but dom' un, he'll never work—never.

Sir Abel. Egad, here comes my boy Bob !—Eh ! no—it is not ! no.

Enter POSTBOY with a round hat and cane.

Why, who the devil are you ?

Postb. I am the postboy, your honour ; but the gem'man said I did not know how to drive, so he mounted my horse, and made me get inside—here he is.

Enter HANDY, jun. with a postboy's cap and whip.

Handy, jun. Ah, my old dad, is that you ?

Sir Abel. Certainly ! the only doubt is if that be you ?

Handy, jun. Oh, I was teaching this fellow to drive—nothing is so horrible as people pretending to do what they are unequal to—Give me my hat—that's the way to use a whip.

Postb. Sir, you know you have broke the horses' knees all to pieces.

Handy, jun. Hush, there's a guinea. [*Apart.*

Sir Abel. [*To ASHFIELD.*] You see, Bob can do every thing. But, sir, when you knew I had arrived from Germany, why did you not pay your duty to me in London ?

Handy, jun. Sir, I heard you were but four days married, and I would not interrupt your honeymoon.

Sir Abel. Four days ! oh, you might have come.

[*Sighing.*

Handy, jun. I hear you have taken to your arms a simple rustic, unsophisticated by fashionable follies—a full-blown blossom of nature.

Sir Abel. Yes !

Handy, jun. How does it answer?

Sir Abel. So, so.

Handy, jun. Any thorns?

Sir Abel. A few.

Handy, jun. I must be introduced—Where is she?

Sir Abel. Not within thirty miles; for I don't hear her.

Ash. Ha, ha, ha!

Handy, jun. Who is that?

Sir Abel. Oh, a pretty behaved tittering friend of mine.

Ash. Zarvent, zur—no offence, I do hope—could not help tittering a bit at Nelly—when she were zarvant maid wi' I, she had a tightish prattle wi' her, that's vor zartain.

Handy, jun. Oh! So then my honoured mamma was the servant of this tittering gentleman—I say, father, perhaps she has not lost the tightish prattle he speaks of.

Sir Abel. My dear boy, come here—Prattle! I say, did you ever live next door to a pewterer's?—that's all—you understand me—did you ever hear a dozen fire-engines full gallop?—were you ever at Billingsgate in the sprat season?—or——

Handy, jun. Ha, ha!

Sir Abel. Nay, don't laugh, Bob.

Handy, jun. Indeed, sir, you think of it too seriously. The storm, I dare say, soon blows over.

Sir Abel. Soon! you know what a trade-wind is, don't you, Bob? why, she thinks no more of the latter end of her speech than she does of the latter end of her life——

Handy, jun. Ha, ha!

Sir Abel. But I won't be laugh'd at—I'll knock any man down that laughs.

Handy, jun. I beg your pardon—but how in the name of Babel did she wheedle you into matrimony.

Sir Abel. Why, she dealt with me as the devil deals with a witch—humoured me for a time, that I might be her slave for ever! I thought I was marrying a notable woman, who would have eased my head of part of its burthen :—instead of which—

Handy, jun. She has added to its burthen.

Sir Abel. You know, my dear boy, my aim is to make my head useful—

Handy, jun. And her aim, I suppose, is to make 't ornamental.

Sir Abel. Bob, if you can say any thing pleasant, I'll trouble you; if not, do what my wife can't—hold your tongue.

Handy, jun. I'll show you what I can do—I'll amuse you with this native. [*Apart.*]

Sir Abel. Do—do—quiz him—at him, Bob.

Handy, jun. I say, farmer, you are a set of jolly fellows here, an't you?

Ash. Ees, zur, deadly jolly—excepting when we be otherwise, and then we beant.

Handy, jun. Play at cricket, don't you?

Ash. Ees, zur; we Hampshire lads conceat we can bowl a bit or thereabouts.

Handy, jun. And cudgel too, I suppose?

Sir Abel. At him, Bob.

Ash. Ees, zur, we sometimes break oon another's heads, by way of being agreeable, and the like o'that.

Handy, jun. Understand all the guards? [*Putting himself in an attitude of cudgelling.*]

Ash. Can't zay I do, zur.

Handy, jun. What! hit in this way, eh? [*Makes a hit at ASHFIELD, which he parries and hits young HANDY violently.*]

Ash. Noa, zur, we do hit thic way.

Handy, jun. Zounds and fury.

Sir Abel. Why, Bob, he has broke your head.

Handy, jun. Yes; he rather hit me—he somehow—

Sir Abel. He did indeed, Bob.

Handy, jun. Damn him—the fact is, I am out of practice.

Ash. You need not be, zur; I'll gi' ye a belly-full any day, wi' all my heart and soul.

Handy, jun. No, no, thank you—farmer, what's your name?

Ash. My name be Tummas Ashfield—any thing to say against my name? [Threatening.]

Handy, jun. No, no—Ashfield! should he be the father of my pretty Susan—Pray have you a daughter?

Ash. Ees, I have—any thing to zay against she?

Handy, jun. No, no; I think her a charming creature.

Ash. Do ye, faith and troth?—Come, that be deadly kind o' ye however—Do you zee, I were frightful she were not agreeable.

Handy, jun. Oh, she's extremely agreeable to me, I assure you.

Ash. I vow, it be quite pratty in you to take notice of Sue. I do hope, zur, breaking your head will break noa squares—She be a coming down to theas parts wi' lady our maid Nelly, as wur—your spouse, zur.

Handy, jun. The devil she is! that's awkward!

Ash. I do hope you'll be kind to Sue when she do come, woolye, zur?

Handy, jun. You may depend on it.

Sir Abel. I dare say you may. Come, farmer, attend us.

Ash. Ees, zur; wi' all respect—Gentlemen, pray walk thic way, and I'll walk before you. [Exit.]

Sir Abel. Now, that's what he calls behaving, pretty.

Handy, jun. Susan Ashfield coming here!

Sir Abel. What, Bob, some intrigue, eh?

Handy, jun. Oh, fie!

Sir Abel. Consider, sir, you come here to marry the beautiful and accomplished Miss Blandford—and consider, on the other hand, you have already got a slight memorandum of the farmer's agreeable way.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Grove.

MORRINGTON comes down the stage, wrapped in a great coat.—He looks about—then at his watch and whistles—which is answered.]

Enter GERALD.

Mor. Here, Gerald! Well, my trusty fellow, is Sir Philip arrived?

Ger. No, sir; but hourly expected.

Mor. Tell me, how does the castle look?

Ger. Sadly decayed, sir.

Mor. I hope, Gerald, you were not observed.

Ger. I fear otherwise, sir; on the skirts of the domain I encountered a stripling with his gun; but I darted into that thicket, and so avoided him.

[*HENRY appears in the back ground in a shooting dress, attentively observing them.*]

Mor. Have you gained any intelligence?

Ger. None: the report that reached us was false—The infant certainly died with its mother—Hush! conceal yourself—we are observed—this way.

[*They retreat—HENRY advances.*]

Henry. Hold! as a friend, one word!

[*They exeunt, he follows them and returns.*]
Again they have escaped me—"The infant died "with its mother"—This agony of doubt is insupportable.

Enter EVERGREEN.

Everg. Henry, well met.

Henry. Have you seen strangers?

Everg. No.

Henry. Two but now have left this place—They spoke of a lost child—My busy fancy led me to think I was the object of their search—I pressed forward, but they avoided me.

Everg. No, no: it could not be you; for no one on earth knows but myself, and——

Henry. Who? Sir Philip Blandford?

Everg. I am sworn, you know, my dear boy; I am solemnly sworn to silence.

Henry. True, my good old friend; and if the knowledge of who I am can only be obtained at the price of thy perjury, let me for ever remain ignorant—let the corroding thought still haunt my pillow, cross me at every turn, and render me insensible to the blessings of health and liberty—yet, in vain do I suppress the thought—who am I? why thus abandoned? perhaps the despised offspring of guilt—Ah! is it so? [Seizing him violently.]

Everg. Henry, do I deserve this?

Henry. Pardon me, good old man! I'll act more reasonably—I'll deem thy silence mercy.

Everg. That's wisely said.

Henry. Yet it is hard to think, that the most detested reptile that nature forms, or man pursues, has, when he gains his den, a parent's pitying breast to shelter him; but I——

Everg. Come, come, no more of this.

Henry. Well!——I visited to-day that young man who was so grievously bruised by the breaking of his team.

Everg. That was kindly done, Henry.

Henry. I found him suffering under extreme torture, yet a ray of joy shot from his languid eye—for

his medicine was administered by a father's hand—it was a mother's precious tear that dropped upon his wound—Oh, how I envied him !

Everg. Still on the same subject—I tell thee, if thou art not acknowledged by thy race, why, then become the noble founder of a new one.—The most valuable carnations were once seedlings—and the pride of my flower-bed is now a Henry, which, when known, will be envied by every florist in Britain.—Come with me to the castle, for the last time.

Henry. The last time !

Everg. Ay, boy ; for when Sir Philip arrives, you must avoid him.

Henry. Not see him ! where exists the power that shall prevent me ?

Everg. Henry, if you value your own peace of mind—if you value an old man's comfort, avoid the castle.

Henry. [*Aside.*] I must dissemble with this honest creature—Well, I am content.

Everg. That's right—that's right—Henry—Be but thou resigned and virtuous, and he, who clothes the lily of the field will be a parent to thee. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Lodge belonging to the Castle.

Dame Ashfield discovered making Lace.

Enter HANDY, jun.

Handy, jun. A singular situation this my old dad has placed me in; brought me here to marry a woman of fashion and beauty, while I have been professing and, I've a notion, feeling the most ardent love for the pretty Susan Ashfield—Propriety says, take Miss Blandford—Love says, take Susan—Fashion says, take both—but would Susan consent to such an arrangement!—and if she refused, would I consent to part with her!—Oh, time enough to put that question when the previous one is disposed of—[*Seeing DAME.*] How do you do? How do you do?—Making lace, I perceive—Is it a common employment here?

Dame. Oh, no, sir! nobody can make it in these parts but myself.—Mrs. Grundy, indeed, pretends—but, poor woman! she knows no more of it than you do.

Handy, jun. Than I do! that's vastly well!—My dear madam, I passed two months at Mechlin for the express purpose.

Dame. Indeed!

Handy, jun. You don't do it right—now I can do it much better than that. Give me leave, and I'll

show you the true Mechlin method [*Turns the cushion round, kneels down, and begins working.*] First you see, so—then, so—

Enter SIR ABEL and MISS BLANDFORD.

Sir Abel. I vow, Miss Blandford, fair as I ever thought you, the air of your native land has given additional lustre to your charms.—[*Aside.*] If my wife looked so—Ah! but where can Bob be?—You must know, miss, my son is a very clever fellow! you won't find him wasting his time in boyish frivolity!—no; you will find him— [*Sees him.*

Miss B. Is that your son, sir?

Sir Abel. [*Abashed.*] Yes, that's Bob.

Miss B. Pray, sir, is he making lace, or is he making love?

Sir Abel. Curse me if I can tell. [*Hits him with his stick.*] Get up, you dog! don't you see Miss Blandford?

Handy, jun. [*Starting up.*] Zounds! how unlucky! Ma'am, your most obedient servant. [*Endeavours to hide the work.*] Curse the cushion! [*Throws it off.*

Dame. Oh! he has spoiled my lace!

Handy, jun. Hush! I'll make you a thousand yards another time—You see, ma'am, I was explaining to this good woman—what—what need not be explained again—Admirably handsome by heaven!

[*Aside.*

Sir Abel. Is not she, Bob?

Handy, jun. [*To Miss B.*] In your journey from the coast, I conclude you took London in your way?—Hush!

[*To DAME.*

Miss B. Oh no, sir, I could not so soon venture into the *beau monde*; a stranger just arrived from Germany—

Handy, jun. The very reason—the most fashionable introduction possible; but I perceive, sir, you

have here imitated other German importations, and only restored to us our native excellence.

Miss B. I assure you, sir, I am eager to seize my birthright, the pure and envied immunities of an English woman.

Handy, jun. Then, I trust, madam, you will be patriot enough to agree with me, that as a nation is poor, whose only wealth is importation—that therefore the humble native artist may ever hope to obtain from his countrymen those fostering smiles, without which genius must sicken and industry decay. But it requires no *valet de place* to conduct you through the purlieus of fashion, for now the way of the world is for every one to pursue their own way; and following the fashion is differing as much as possible from the rest of your acquaintance.

Miss B. But, surely, sir, there is some distinguishing feature by which the votaries of fashion are known?

Handy, jun. Yes; but that varies extremely—sometimes fashionable celebrity depends on a high waist—sometimes on a low carriage—sometimes on high play, and sometimes on low breeding—last winter it rested solely on green peas!

Miss B. Green peas!

Handy, jun. Green peas—That lady was the most enchanting, who could bring the greatest quantity of green peas to her table at Christmas: the struggle was tremendous. Mrs. Rowley Powley had the best of it by five pecks and a half; but it having been unfortunately proved, that at her ball there was room to dance and eat conveniently, that no lady received a black eye, and no coachman was killed, the thing was voted decent and comfortable, and scouted accordingly.

Miss B. Is comfort then incompatible with fashion?

Handy, jun. Certainly.—Comfort in high life

would 'be as preposterous as a lawyer's bag crammed with truth, or his wig decorated with coque-licot ribands! No—it is not comfort and selection that is sought, but numbers and confusion! So that a fashionable party resembles Smithfield market,—only a good one when plentifully stocked—and ladies are reckoned by the score like sheep, and their husbands by droves like horned cattle!

Miss B. Ha, ha! and the conversation—

Handy, jun. Oh! like the assembly—confused, rapid, and abundant: as “How do ma'am!—no accident at the door?—he, he!”—“Only my carriage broke to pieces!”—“I hope you had not your pocket picked!”—“Won't you sit down to faro?”—“Have you many to-night?” “A few, about six hundred!”—“Were you at Lady Overall's?”—“Oh yes; a delicious crowd, and plenty of peas, he, he!”—and thus runs the fashionable race.

Sir Abel. Yes; and a precious run it is—full gallop all the way: first they run on—then their fortune is run through—then bills are run up—then they are run hard—then they've a run of luck—then they run out, and then they run away!—But I'll forgive fashion all its follies in consideration of one of its blessed laws.

Handy, jun. What may that be?

Sir Abel. That husband and wife must never be seen together.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Miss Blandford, your father expects you.

Miss B. I hope I shall find him more composed.

Handy, jun. Is sir Philip ill?

Miss B. His spirits are extremely depressed, and since we arrived here this morning his dejection has dreadfully increased.

Handy, jun. But I hope we shall be able to laugh away dependency.

Miss B. Sir, if you are pleased to consider my esteem as an object worth your possession, I know no way of obtaining it so certain as by your showing every attention to my dear father.

[*As they are going.*]

Enter ASHFIELD.

Ash. Dame! Dame! she be come!

Dame. Who? Susan? our dear Susan?

Ash. Ees—zo—come along—Oh, Sir Abel! Lady Nelly, your spouse, do order you to go to her directly

Handy, jun. Order! you mistake—

Sir Abel. No, he don't—she generally prefers that word.

Miss B. Adieu! Sir Abel.

[*Exeunt MISS BLANDFORD and HANDY, jun.*]

Sir Abel. Oh! if my wife had such a pretty way with her mouth.

Dame. And how does Susan look?

Ash. That's what I do want to know, zoa come along—Woolye though—Missus, let's behave pratty—Zur, if you please, dame and I will let you walk along wi' us.

Sir Abel. How condescending! Oh, you are a pretty-behaved fellow!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

Farmer ASHFIELD's Kitchen.

Enter LADY HANDY and SUSAN.

Susan. My dear home, thrice welcome!—What gratitude I feel to your ladyship for this indulgence!

Lady H. That's right, child !

Susan. And I am sure you partake my pleasure in again visiting a place, where you received every protection and kindness my parents could show you, for, I remember, while you lived with my father—

Lady H. Child ! don't put your memory to any fatigue on my account—you may transfer the remembrance of who I was, to aid your more perfect recollection of who I am.

Susan. Lady Handy !

Lady H. That's right, child !—I am not angry.

Susan. [*Looking out.*] How luxuriantly the honey-suckle has grown that I planted !—Ah ! I see my dear father and mother coming through the garden.

Lady H. Oh ! now I shall be caressed to death ! but I must endure the shock of their attentions.

Enter FARMER and DAME, with SIR ABEL.

Ash. My dear Susan ! [*They run to SUSAN.*]

Dame. My sweet child ! give me a kiss.

Ash. Hald thee ! Feyther first though—Well, I be as mortal glad to zee thee as never war—and how be'st thee ? and how do thee like Lunnun town ? it be a deadly lively place, I be tuold.

Dame. Is not she a sweet girl ?

Sir Abel. That she is.

Lady H. [*With affected dignity.*] Does it occur to any one present that Lady Handy is in the room ?

Sir Abel. Oh, Lud ! I'm sure, my dear wife, I never forget that you are in the room.

Ash. Drabbit it ! I overlooked Lady Nelly, sure enow ; but consider, there be zome difference between thee and our own Susan ! I be deadly glad to zee thee, however.

Dame. So am I, Lady Handy.

Ash. Don't ye take it unkind I ha'n't a buss'd thee yet—meant no slight indeed. [*Kisses her.*]

Lady H. Oh! shocking!

[*Aside.*

Ash. No harm I do hope, zur?

Sir Abel. None at all.

Ash. But dash it, Lady Nelly, what do make thee paint thy vace all over wi' rud ochre zoo? Be it vor thy spouse to know thee?—that be the way I do know my sheep.

Sir Abel. The flocks of fashion are all marked so, Farmer.

Ash. Likely! Drabbit it! thee do make a tightish kind of a ladyship zure enow.

Dame. That you do, my lady! you remember the old house?

Ash. Ay; and all about it, doan't ye? Nelly, my lady!

Lady H. Oh! I'm quite shock'd—Susan, child? prepare a room where I may dress before I proceed to the castle.

[*Exit SUSAN.*

Enter HANDY, jun.

Handy, jun. I don't see Susan—I say, dad, is that my mamma?

Sir Abel. Yes—speak to her.

Handy, jun. [*Chucking her under the chin.*] A fine girl, upon my soul!

Lady H. Fine girl, indeed!—Is this behaviour!

Handy, jun. Oh! beg pardon, most honoured parent. [*She courtesys.*]—That's a damned bad courtesy, I can teach you to make a much better courtesy than that.

Lady H. You teach me, that am old enough to—hem!

Handy, jun. Oh! that toss of the head was very bad indeed—Look at me!—That's the thing!

Lady H. Am I to be insulted? Sir Abel, you know I seldom condescend to talk.

Sir Abel. Don't say so, my lady, you wrong your self.

Lady H. But, when I do begin, you know not where it will end.

Sir Abel. Indeed I do not. [*Aside.*

Lady H. I insist on receiving all possible respect from your son.

Handy, jun. And you shall have it, my dear girl!—Madam, I mean.

Lady H. I vow, I am agitated to that degree—Sir Abel! my fan.

Sir Abel. Yes, my dear—Bob, look here, a little contrivance of my own. While others carry swords, and such like dreadful weapons, in their canes, I more gallantly carry a fan. [*Removes the head of his cane, and draws out a fan.*] A pretty thought, isn't it? [*Presents it to his lady.*

Ash. Some difference between thic stick and mine, bean't there, zur? [*To HANDY, jun.*

Handy, jun. [*Moving away.*] Yes, there is.—[*To LADY H.*] Do you call that fanning yourself? [*Taking the fan.*] My dear ma'am, this is the way to manœuvre a fan.

Lady H. Sir, you shall find [*To HANDY, jun.*] I have power enough to make you repent this behaviour, severely repent it—Susan!

[*Exit followed by DAME.*

Handy, jun. Bravo! passion becomes her; she does that vastly well.

Sir Abel. Yes, practice makes perfect

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Did your ladyship call?—Heavens! Mr. Handy!

Handy, jun. Hush! my angel! be composed! that letter will explain. [*Giving a letter, noticed by ASHFIELD.*] Lady Handy wishes to see you.

Susan. Oh, Robert;

Handy, jun. At present, my love, no more.

[*Exit SUSAN, followed by ASHFIELD.*

Sir Abel. What were you saying, sir, to that young woman?

Handy, jun. Nothing particular, sir. Where is Lady Handy going?

Sir Abel. To dress.

Handy, jun. I suppose she has found out the use of money?

Sir Abel. Yes; I'll do her the justice to say she encourages trade.—Why, do you know, Bob, my best coal-pit won't find her in white muslins—round her neck hangs an hundred acres at least; my noblest oaks have made wigs for her; my fat oxen have dwindled into Dutch pugs, and white mice; my India bonds are transmuted into shawls and otto of roses; and a magnificent mansion has shrunk into a diamond snuff-box.

Enter COUNTRYMAN.

Countr. Gentlemen, the folks be all got together, and the ploughs be ready—and——

Sir Abel. We are coming. [*Exit COUNTRYMAN.*]

Handy, jun. Ploughs?

Sir Abel. Yes, Bob, we are going to have a grand agricultural meeting.

Handy, jun. Indeed!

Sir Abel. If I could but find a man able to manage my new invented *curricie* plough, none of them would have a chance.

Handy, jun. My dear sir, if there be any thing on earth I can do, it is that.

Sir Abel. What?

Handy, jun. I rather fancy I can plough better than any man in England.

Sir Abel. You don't say so! What a clever fellow he is! I say, Bob, if you would——

Handy, jun. No! I can't condescend.

Sir Abel. Condescend! why not?—much more creditable, let me tell you, than galloping a maggot

for a thousand, or eating a live cat, or any other fashionable achievement.

Handy, un. So it is—Egad! I will—I'll carry off the prize of industry.

Sir Abel. But should you lose Bob?

Handy, jun. I lose! that's vastly well!

Sir Abel. True, with my curricule plough you could hardly fail.

Handy, jun. With my superior skill dad—Then I say, how the newspapers will teem with the account!

Sir Abel. Yes.

Handy, jun. That universal genius Handy, junior, with a plough——

Sir Abel. Stop—invented by that ingenious machinist Handy, senior.

Handy, jun. Gained the prize against the first husbandmen in Hampshire—Let our Bond-street butterflies emulate the example of Handy, junior.—

Sir Abel. And let old city grubs cultivate the field of science like Handy, senior—Ecod! I am so happy!

Lady H. [Without.] Sir Abel!

Sir Abel. Ah! there comes a damper!

Handy, jun. Courage! you have many resources of happiness.

Sir Abel. Have I! I should be very glad to know them.

Handy, jun. In the first place, you possess an excellent temper.

Sir Abel. So much the worse; for if I had a bad one, I should be the better able to conquer hers.

Handy, jun. You enjoy good health—

Sir Abel. So much the worse; for if I were ill, she wouldn't come near me.

Handy, jun. Then you are rich—

Sir Abel. So much the worse; for had I been poor she would not have married me. But I say Bob,

if you gain the prize, I'll have a patent for my plough.

Lady H. [Without.] Sir Abel! I say—

Handy, jun. Father, could not you get a patent for stopping that sort of noise?

Sir Abel. If I could, what a sale it would have!—No Bob, a patent has been obtained for the only thing that will silence her—

Handy, jun. Ay—What's that?

Sir Abel. [In a whisper.] A coffin! hush!—I'm coming my dear.

Handy, jun. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Parlour in ASHFIELD'S House.

Enter ASHFIELD and WIFE.

Ash. I tell ye, I zee'd un gi' Susan a letter, an' I dan't like it a bit.

Dame. Nor I: if shame should come to the poor child—I say Tummas, what would Mrs. Grundy say then?

Ash. Dom Mrs. Grundy; what would my poor wold heart zay? but I be bound it be all innocence.

Enter HENRY.

Dame. Ah, Henry! we have not seen thee at home all day.

Ash. And I do zomehow fanzie things dan't go zo clever when thee'rt away from farm.

Henry. My mind has been greatly agitated.

Ash. Well, won't thee go and zee the ploughing match?

Henry. Tell me, will not those who obtain prizes be introduced to the castle?

Ash. Ees, and feasted in the great hall.

Henry. My good friend, I wish to become a candidate.

Dame. You, Henry!

Henry. It is time I exerted the faculties Heaven has bestowed on me; and though my heavy fate crushes the proud hopes this heart conceives, still let me prove myself worthy of the place Providence has assigned me.—[*Aside.*] Should I succeed, it will bring me to the presence of that man, who (I know not why) seems the dictator of my fate.—[*To them.*] Will you furnish me with the means?

Ash. Will I!—Thou shalt ha' the best plough in the parish—I wish it were all gould for thy zake—and better cattle there can't be noowhere.

Henry. Thanks, my good friend—my benefactor—I have little time for preparation—So receive my gratitude and farewell. [Exit.

Dame. A blessing go with thee!

Ash. I zay Henry, take Jolly, and Smiler, and Captain, but dan't ye take thic lazy beast Genius—I'll be shot if having yive load an acre on my wheat land could please me more!

Dame. Tummas, here comes Susan, reading the letter.

Ash. How pale she do look! dan't she?

Dame. Ah! poor thing!—if——

Ash. Hauld thy tongue, woolye? [They retire.

Enter SUSAN, reading the Letter.

Susan. Is it possible! Can the man to whom I've given my heart write thus!—"I am compelled to marry Miss Blandford; but my love for my Susan is unalterable—I hope she will not, for an act of necessity, cease to think with tenderness on her faithful Robert."—Oh, man! ungrateful man! it is from

our bosoms alone you derive your power; how cruel then to use it in fixing in those bosoms endless sorrow and despair!—"Still think with tenderness"—Base, dishonourable insinuation—He might have allowed me to esteem him. [*Locks up the letter in a box on the table, and exit weeping.*]

[*ASHFIELD and DAME come forward.*]

Ash. Poor thing!—What can be the matter?—She locked up the letter in thic box, and then burst into tears. [*Looks at the box.*]

Dame. Yes, Tummas; she locked it in that box sure enough.

[*Shakes a bunch of keys that hangs at her side.*]

Ash. What be doing Dame? what be doing?

Dame. [*With affected indifference.*] Nothing; I was only touching these keys.

[*They look at the box and keys significantly.*]

Ash. A good tightish bunch!

Dame. Yes; they are of all sizes.

[*They look as before.*]

Ash. Indeed!—Well—Eh!—*Dame,* why dan't ye speak! thou canst chatter fast enow zometimes.

Dame. Nay, Tummas—I dare say—if—you know best—but I think I could find——

Ash. Well, Eh!—you can just try you knaw. [*Greatly agitated.*] You can try just vor the vun on't; but mind, dan't ye make a noise. [*She opens it.*] Why thee hasn't opened it?

Dame. Nay, Tummas! you told me.

Ash. Did I?

Dame. There's the letter!

Ash. Well, why do ye gi't to I?—I dan't want it I'm zure. [*Taking it—he turns it over—she eyes it eagerly—he is about to open it.*]—She's coming! she's coming! [*He conceals the letter, they tremble violently.*] No, she's gone into t'other room. [*They hang their heads dejectedly, then look at each other.*]

What mun that feyther and möther be doing, that do blush and tremble at their own dater's coming. [*Weeps.*] Dang it, has she deserved it of us?—Did she ever deceive us?—Were she not always the most open-hearted, dutifullest, kindest—and thee to goa like a dom'd spy, and open her box, poor thing!

Dame. Nay, Tummas—

Ash. You did—I zaw you do it myzel!—you look like a thief now—you doe—Hush!—no—*Dame*—here be the letter—I won't reead a word on't; put it where thee vound it, and as thee vound it.

Dame. With all my heart.

[*She returns the letter to the box.*]

Ash. [*Embraces her.*] Nöw I can wi' pleasure hug my wold wife, and look my child in the vace again—I'll call her, and ax her about it; and if she dan't speak without disguisement, I'll be bound to be shot—*Dame*, be the colour of sheame off my face yet?—I never zeed thee look ugly before—*Susan*, my dear Sue, come here a bit, woolye?

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Yes, my dear father.

Ash. Sue, we do wish to give thee a bit of admonishing and parent-like konzultation.

Susan. I hope I have ever attended to your admonitions.

Ash. Ees, bless thee, I do believe thee hast, lamb; but we all want our memories jogg'd a bit, or why else do parson preach us all to sleep every Zunday—Zo thic be the topic—*Dame* and I Sue, did zee a letter gi'd to thee, and thee—bursted into tears, and lock'd un up in thic box—and then *Dame* and I—we—that's all.

Susan. My dear father, if I concealed the contents of that letter from your knowledge, it was becausc I

did not wish your heart to share in the pain mine feels.

Ash. Dang it, didn't I tell thee zoo? [*To his wife.*]

Dame. Nay, Tummas, did I say otherwise?

Susan. Believe me, my dear parents, my heart never gave birth to a thought my tongue feared to utter.

Ash. There, the very words I zaid!

Susan. If you wish to see the letter, I will show it to you. [*She searches for the key.*]

Dame. Here's a key will open it.

Ash. Drabbit it, hold thy tongue thou wold fool!

[*Aside.*] No Susan. I'll not zee it—I'll believe my child.

Susan. You shall not find your confidence ill-placed—it is true the gentleman has declared he loved me; it is equally true that declaration was not unpleasing to me—Alas! it is also true, that his letter contains sentiments disgraceful to himself, and insulting to me.

Ash. Drabbit it, if I'd knaw'd that when we were cudgelling a bit, I would ha' lapt my stick about his ribs pratty tightish, I would.

Susan. Pray, father, don't you resent his conduct to me.

Ash. What! mayn't I lather un a bit?

Susan. Oh, no! I've the strongest reasons to the contrary;

Ash. Well, Sue, I won't—I'll behave as pratty as I always do—but it be time to go to the green, and zee the fine zights—How I do hate the noise of thic dom'd bunch of keys—But bless thee my child—dan't forget that vartue to a young woman be vor all the world like—like—Dang it, I ha' gotten it all in my head; but zomehow—I can't talk it—but vartue be to a young woman what corn be to a blade o'wheat, do you zee; for while the corn be there it be glorious to the eye, and it be called the staff of

life ; but take that treasure away, and what do remain ? why naught but thic worthless straw that man and beast do tread upon. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

An extensive view of a cultivated country—A ploughed field in the centre, in which are seen six different ploughs and horses—At one side a handsome tent—A number of country people assembled.

Enter ASHFIELD and DAME.

Ash. Make way, make way for the gentry ! and, do ye hear, behave pratty, as I do—Dang thee, stond back, or I'll knock thee down, I wool.

Enter SIR ABEL and MISS BLANDFORD, with SERVANTS.

Sir Abel. It is very kind of you to honour our rustic festivities with your presence.

Miss B. Pray, Sir Abel, where is your son ?

Sir Abel. What ! Bob ? Oh, you'll see him presently—[Nodding significantly.]—Here are the prize medals ; and if you will condescend to present them, I'm sure they'll be worn with additional pleasure.—I say, you'll see Bob presently.—Well Farmer, is it all over ?

Ash. Ees, zur ; the acres be plough'd, and the ground judged ; and the young lads be coming down to receive their reward—Heartily welcome, miss, to your native land ; hope you be as pleased to zee we as we be to zee you, and the like o' that.—Mortal beantizome to be zure—I declare miss, it do make I quite warm zomehow to look at ye. [A shout without.] They be coming—Now, Henry !

Sir Abel. Now you'll see Bob!—now, my dear boy, Bob!—here he comes. [Huzza.]

Enter HENRY and two young Husbandmen.

Ash. 'Tis he, he has don't—Dang you all, why dan't ye shout? Huzza!

Sir Abel. Why, zounds, where's Bob?—I don't see Bob—Bless me, what has become of Bob and my plough? [Retires and takes out his glass.]

Ash. Well, Henry, there be the prize, and there be the fine lady that will gi' it thee.

Henry. Tell me who is that lovely creature?

Ash. The dater of Sir Philip Blandford.

Henry. What exquisite sweetness! Ah! should the father but resemble her, I shall have but little to fear from his severity.

Ash. Miss, thic be the young man that ha' gott'n the goulden prize.

Miss B. This? I always thought ploughmen were coarse, vulgar creatures, but he seems handsome and diffident.

Ash. Ees, quite pratty behaved—it were I that teach'd un.

Miss B. What's your name?

Henry. Henry.

Miss B. And your family?

[HENRY, in agony of grief, turns away, strikes his forehead, and leans on the shoulder of ASHFIELD.]

Dame. [Apart to Miss B.] Madam, I beg pardon, but nobody knows about his parentage; and when it is mentioned, poor boy! he takes on sadly—He has lived at our house ever since we had the farm, and we have had an allowance for him—small enough to be sure—but, good lad! he was always welcome to share what we had.

Miss B. I am shocked at my imprudence—[To HENRY,] Pray pardon me; I would not insult an enemy, much less one I am inclined to admire—

[*Giving her hand, then withdraws it.*—to esteem—you shall go to the castle—my father shall protect you.

Henry. Generous creature! to merit his esteem is the fondest wish of my heart—to be your slave, the proudest aim of my ambition.

Miss B. Receive your merited reward. [*He kneels—she places the medal round his neck—the same to the others.*]

Sir Abel. [*Advances.*] I can't see Bob; pray, sir, do you happen to know what is become of my Bob?

Henry. Sir?

Sir Abel. Did not you see a remarkable clever plough, and a young man—

Henry. At the beginning of the contest I observed a gentleman; his horses, I believe, were unruly; but my attention was too much occupied to allow me to notice more. [*Laughing without.*]

Handy, jun. [*Without.*] How dare you laugh.

Sir Abel. That's Bob's voice! [*Laughing again.*]

Enter HANDY, jun. in a smock frock, cocked hat, and a piece of a plough in his hand.

Handy, jun. Dare to laugh again, and I'll knock you down with this!—Ugh! how infernally hot!

[*Walks about.*]

Sir Abel. Why, Bob, where have you been?

Handy, jun. I don't know where I've been.

Sir Abel. And what have you got in your hand?

Handy, jun. What! All I could keep of your nonsensical ricketty plough.

[*Walks about, SIR ABEL following.*]

Sir Abel. Come, none of that, sir.—Don't abuse my plough, to cover your ignorance, sir; where is it, sir; and where are my famous Leicestershire horses, sir?

Handy, jun. Where? ha, ha, ha! I'll tell you as

nearly as I can, ha, ha! What's the name of the next county?

Ash. It be called Witshire, zur.

Handy, jun. Then, dad, upon the nicest calculation I am able to make, they are at this moment engaged in the very patriotic act of ploughing Salisbury plain, ha, ha! I saw them fairly over that hill, full gallop, with the curricie plough at their heels.

Ash. Ha, ha! a good one, ha, ha!

Handy, jun. But never mind, father, you must again set your invention to work, and I my toilet:—rather a deranged figure to appear before a lady in. [*Fiddles.*] Hey-day! What! are you going to dance?

Ash. Ees, zur; I suppose you can sheake a leg a bit?

Handy, jun. I fancy I can dance every possible step, from the *pas ruse* to the war-dance of the Catwaws.

Ash. Likely.—I do hope, miss, you'll join your honest neighbours; they'll be deadly hurt an' you won't gig it a bit wi' un.

Miss B. With all my heart.

Sir Abel. Bob's an excellent dancer.

Miss B. I dare say he is, sir; but, on this occasion, I think I ought to dance with the young man who gained the prize—I think it would be most pleasant—most proper, I mean; and I am glad you agree with me.—So, sir, if you'll accept my hand—

[*HENRY takes it.*]

Sir Abel. Very pleasantly settled, upon my soul! —Bob, won't you dance?

Handy, jun. I dance!—no, I'll look at them—I'll quietly look on.

Sir Abel. Egad, now, as my wife's away, I'll try to find a pretty girl and make one among them.

Ash. That's hearty!—Come, Dame, hang the

rheumatics!—Now, lads and lasses, behave pratty, and strike up. *[A dance.]*

[HANDY, JUN. looks on a little, and then begins to move his legs—then dashes into the midst of the dance, and endeavours to imitate every one opposite to him; then, being exhausted, he leaves the dance, seizes the fiddle, and plays till the curtain drops.]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An apartment in the Castle.

SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD discovered on a couch reading, SERVANTS attending.

Sir Philip. Is not my daughter yet returned?

Serv. No, Sir Philip.

Sir Philip. Dispatch a servant to her.

[Exit SERVANT.]

Re-enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, the old gardener is below, and asks to see you.

Sir Philip. *[Rises and throws away the book.]* Admit him instantly, and leave me.—*[Exit SERVANTS.]*

Enter EVERGREEN, who bows; then, looking at SIR PHILIP, clasps his hands together, and weeps.

Does this desolation affect the old man?—Come near me—Time has laid a lenient hand on thee.

Everg. Oh, my dear master! can twenty years have wrought the change I see?

Sir Philip. No: [*Striking his breast.*] 'tis the canker here that hath withered up my trunk—but are we secure from observation?

Everg. Yes.

Sir Philip. Then tell me, does the boy live?

Everg. He does, and is as fine a youth—

Sir Philip. No comments.

Everg. We named him—

Sir Philip. Be dumb! let me not hear his name. Has care been taken he may not blast me with his presence?

Everg. It has, and he cheerfully complied.

Sir Philip. Enough! never speak of him more. Have you removed every dreadful vestige from the fatal chamber? [*EVERGREEN hesitates.*]—O speak!

Everg. My dear master, I confess my want of duty. Alas! I had not courage to go there.

Sir Philip. Ah!

Everg. Nay, forgive me! wiser than I have felt such terrors.—The apartments have been carefully locked up; the keys not a moment from my possession:—here they are.

Sir Philip. Then the task remains with me. Dreadful thought! I can well pardon thy fears, old man,—O! could I wipe from my memory that hour, when—

Everg. Hush! your daughter.

Sir Philip. Leave me—we'll speak anon.

[*Exit EVERGREEN.*]

Enter MISS BLANDFORD.

Miss B. Dear father, I came the moment I heard you wished to see me.

Sir Philip. My good child, thou art the sole support that props my feeble life. I fear my wish for thy company deprives thee of much pleasure.

Miss B. Oh, no ! what pleasure can be equal to that of giving you happiness ? Am I not rewarded in seeing your eyes beam with pleasure on me ?

Sir Philip. 'Tis the pale reflection of the lustre I see sparkling there.—My love, did you enjoy the scenes you beheld ?

Miss B. Greatly.—How strongly they contrast with those we witnessed abroad.

Sir Philip. True.—Happy country ! which, in the midst of direful war, can draw out its rustic train to join the festive dance as securely as if peace again had blessed the world !—But, tell me, did your lover gain the prize ?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir Philip. Few men of his rank—

Miss B. Oh ! you mean Mr. Handy !

Sir Philip. Yes.

Miss B. No ; he did not.

Sir Philip. Then whom did you mean ?

Miss B. Did you say lover ? I—I mistook.—No—a young man called Henry obtained the prize.

Sir Philip. And how did Mr. Handy succeed ?

Miss B. Oh ! It was so ridiculous !—I will tell you, papa, what happened to him.

Sir Philip. To Mr. Handy ?

Miss B. Yes ; as soon as the contest was over, Henry presented himself. I was surprised at seeing a young man so handsome and elegant as Henry is.—Then I placed the medal round Henry's neck, and was told, that poor Henry—

Sir Philip. Henry !—So, my love, this is your account of Mr. Robert Handy ?

Miss B. Yes, papa—no, papa—he came afterwards, dressed so ridiculously, that even Henry could not help smiling.

Sir Philip. Henry again !

Miss B. Then we had a dance.

Sir Philip. Of course you danced with your lover ?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir Philip. How does Mr. Handy dance?

Miss B. Oh! he did not dance till—

Sir Philip. You danced with your lover?

Miss B. Yes—no papa.—Somebody said (I don't know who) that I ought to dance with Henry, because—

Sir Philip. Still Henry! Oh! some rustic boy. My dear child, you talk as if you loved this Henry.

Miss B. Oh! no, papa—and I am certain he don't love me.

Sir Philip. Indeed!

Miss B. Yes, papa; for, when he touched my hand, he trembled as if I terrified him; and, instead of looking at me as you do, who I am sure love me, when our eyes met, he withdrew his and cast them on the ground.

Sir Philip. And these are the reasons which make you conclude he does not love you?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir Philip. And probably you could adduce proof equally convincing that you don't love him?

Miss B. Oh, yes—quite; for in the dance he sometimes paid attention to other young women, and I was so angry with him! Now, you know, papa, I love you—and I am sure I should not have been angry with you had you done so.

Sir Philip. But one question more—do you think Mr. Handy loves you?

Miss B. I have never thought about it, papa.

Sir Philip. I am satisfied.

Miss B. Yes, I knew I should convince you.

Sir Philip. Oh, Love! malign and subtle tyrant, how falsely art thou painted blind! 'tis thy votaries are so; for what but blindness can prevent their seeing thy poisoned shaft, which is for ever doomed to rankle in the victim's ear.

Miss B. Oh! now I am certain I am not in love;

for I feel no rankling at my heart. I feel the softest, sweetest sensation I ever experienced. But, papa, you must come to the lawn. I don't know why, but to-day nature seems enchanting, the birds sing more sweetly, and the flowers give more perfume.

Sir Philip. [*Aside.*] Such was the day my youthful fancy pictured!—How did it close!

Miss B. I promised Henry your protection.

Sir Philip. Indeed! that was much. Well, I will see your rustic here. This infant passion must be crushed. Poor wench! some artless boy has caught thy youthful fancy.—Thy arm, my child. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Lawn before the Castle.

Enter HENRY and ASHFIELD.

Ash. Well! here theer't going to make thy bow to Sir Philip. I zay, if he should take a fancy to thee, thou'lt come to farm, and zee us zometimes, wo'tn't, Henry?

Henry [*Shaking his hand.*] Tell me, is that Sir Philip Blandford, who leans on that lady's arm?

Ash. I don't know, by reason, d'ye zee, I never zeed 'un. Well, good bye! I declare thee doz look quite grand with thic golden prize about thy neck, vor all the world like the lords in their stars, that do come to theas pearts to pickle their skins in the zalt zea ocean! Good b'ye, Henry? [*Exit.*

Henry. He approaches! why this agitation? I wish, yet dread, to meet him.

Enter SIR PHILIP and MISS BLANDFORD, attended.

Miss B. The joy your tenantry display at seeing you again must be truly grateful to you.

Sir Philip. No, my child; for I feel I do not merit it. Alas! I can see no orphans clothed with my beneficence, no anguish assuaged by my care.

Miss B. Then I am sure my dear father wishes to show his kind intentions. So I will begin by placing one under his protection. [*Goes up the stage, and leads down HENRY.* *Sir PHILIP, on seeing him, starts, then becomes greatly agitated.*]

Sir Philip. Ah! do my eyes deceive me! No, it must be him! such was the face his father wore.

Henry. Spake you of my father?

Sir Philip. His presence brings back recollections, which drive me to madness!—How came he here?—Who have I to curse for this?

Miss B. [*Falling on his neck.*] Your daughter.

Henry. Oh, sir! tell me—on my knees I ask it! do my parents live? Bless me with my father's name, and my days shall pass in active gratitude—my nights in prayers for you. [*Sir PHILIP views him with severe contempt.*] Do not mock my misery! Have you a heart?

Sir Philip. Yes; of marble. Cold and obdurate to the world—ponderous and painful to myself—Quit my sight for ever!

Miss B. Go, Henry, and save me from my father's curse.

Henry. I obey: cruel as the command is, I obey it—I shall often look at this, [*Touching the medal.*] and think on the blissful moment, when your hand placed it there.

Sir Philip. Ah! tear it from his breast.

[*Servants advance.*]

Henry. Sooner take my life! It is the first honour I have earned, and it is no mean one; for it assigns me the first rank among the sons of industry! This is my claim to the sweet rewards of honest labour! This will give me competence, nay more, enable me to despise your tyranny!

Sir Philip. Rash boy, mark! Avoid me, and be secure.—Repeat this intrusion, and my vengeance shall pursue thee.

Henry. I defy its power!—You are in England, sir, where the man, who bears about him an upright heart, bears a charm too potent for tyranny to humble. Can your frown wither up my youthful vigour? No!—Can your malediction disturb the slumbers of a quiet conscience? No! Can your breath stifle in my heart the adoration it feels for that pitying angel? Oh, no!

Sir Philip. Wretch! you shall be taught the difference between us!

Henry. I feel it now! proudly feel it!—You hate the man that never wronged you—I could love the man that injures me—You meanly triumph o'er a worm—I make a giant tremble.

Sir Philip. Take him from my sight! Why am I not obeyed?

Miss B. Henry, if you wish my hate should not accompany my father's, instantly begone.

Henry. Oh! pity me!

[*Exit.*

[*MISS BLANDFORD looks after him—SIR PHILIP, exhausted, leans on his SERVANTS.*

Sir Philip. Supported by my servants! I thought I had a daughter!

Miss B. [*Running to him.*] O you have, my father! one that loves you better than her life!

Sir Philip. [*To SERVANTS.*] Leave us.

[*Exeunt SERVANTS.*

Emma, if you feel, as I fear you do, love for that youth—mark my words! When the dove woos for its mate the ravenous kite, when nature's fixed antipathies mingle in sweet concord, then, and not till then, hope to be united.

Miss B. O Heaven!

Sir Philip. Have you not promised me the disposal of your hand?

Miss B. Alas ! my father ! I didn't then know the difficulty of obedience !

Sir Philip. Hear then the reasons why I demand compliance. You think I hold these rich estates—Alas, the shadow only, not the substance.

Miss B. Explain, my father !

Sir Philip. When I left my native country, I left it with a heart lacerated by every wound that the falsehood of others, or my own conscience, could inflict. Hateful to myself I became the victim of dissipation—I rushed to the gaming table, and soon became the dupe of villains.—My ample fortune was lost ; I detected one in the act of fraud, and having brought him to my feet, he confessed a plan had been laid for my ruin ; that he was but an humble instrument ; for that the man, who, by his superior genius, stood possessed of all the mortgages and securities I had given, was one Morrington.

Miss B. I have heard you name him before. Did you not know this Morrington ?

Sir Philip. No ; he, like his deeds, avoided the light—Ever dark, subtle, and mysterious. Collecting the scattered remnant of my fortune, I wandered, wretched and desolate, till, in a peaceful village, I first beheld thy mother, humble in birth, but exalted in virtue. The morning after our marriage she received a packet, containing these words : “ The reward of virtuous love, presented by a repentant villain ; ” and which also contained bills and notes to the high amount of ten thousand pounds.

Miss B. And no name ?

Sir Philip. None ; nor could I ever guess at the generous donor. I need not tell thee what my heart suffered, when death deprived me of her. Thus circumstanced, this good man, Sir Abel Handy, proposed to unite our families by marriage ; and in consideration of what he termed the honour of our alliance, agreed to pay off every incumbrance on my

estates, and settle them as a portion on you and his son. Yet still another wonder remains.—When I arrive, I find no claim whatever has been made, either by Morrington or his agents. What am I to think? Can Morrington have perished, and with him his large claims to my property? Or does he withhold the blow to make it fall more heavily?

Miss B. 'Tis very strange! very mysterious! But my father has not told me what misfortune led him to leave his native country.

Sir Philip. [*Greatly agitated.*] Ha!

Miss B. May I not know it?

Sir Philip. Oh, never, never, never!

Miss B. I will not ask it—Be composed—Let me wipe away those drops of anguish from your brow.—How cold your cheek is! My father, the evening damps will harm you—Come in—I will be all you wish—indeed I will. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter EVERGREEN.

Everg. Was ever any thing so unlucky! Henry to come to the castle and meet Sir Philip! He should have consulted me; I shall be blamed—but, thank Heaven, I am innocent.

[*SIR ABEL and LADY HANDY without.*]

Lady H. I will be treated with respect.

Sir Abel. You shall, my dear, [*They enter.*]

Lady H. But how? but how, Sir Abel? I repeat it—

Sir Abel. [*Aside.*] For the fiftieth time.

Lady H. Your son conducts himself with an inso-

lence I won't endure; but you are ruled by him, you have no will of your own.

Sir Abel. I have not indeed

Lady H. How contemptible!

Sir Abel. Why, my dear, this is the case—I am like the ass in the fable; and if I am doomed to carry a pack-saddle, it is not much matter who drives me.

Lady H. To yield your power to those the law allows you to govern!—

Sir Abel. Is very weak, indeed.

Everg. Lady Handy, your very humble servant; I heartily congratulate you, madam, on your marriage with this worthy gentleman—Sir, I give you joy.

Sir Abel. [*Aside.*] Not before 'tis wanted.

Everg. Ay, my lady, this match makes up for the imprudence of your first.

Lady H. Hem!

Sir Abel. Eh! What!—what's that—Eh! what do you mean?

Everg. I mean, sir—that Lady Handy's former husband—

Sir Abel. Former husband!—Why, my dear, I never knew—Eh!

Lady H. A mumbling old blockhead!—Didn't you, Sir Abel? Yes; I was rather married many years ago; but my husband went abroad and died.

Sir Abel. Died, did he?

Everg. Yes, sir, he was a servant in the Castle.

Sir Abel. Indeed? So he died—poor fellow!

Lady H. Yes.

Sir Abel. What, you are sure he died, are you?

Lady H. Don't you hear?

Sir Abel. Poor fellow! neglected perhaps—had I known it, he should have had the best advice money could have got.

Lady H. You seem sorry.

Sir Abel. Why, you would not have me pleased

at the death of your husband, would you?—a good kind of man?

Everg. Yes; a faithful fellow—rather ruled his wife too severely.

Sir Abel. Did he? [*Apart to EVERGREEN.*] Pray do you happen to recollect his manner?—Could you just give a hint of the way he had?

Lady H. Do you want to tyrannize over my poor tender heart?—"Tis too much!

Everg. Bless me! Lady Handy is ill—Salts! salts!

Sir Abel. [*Producing an essence-box.*] Here are salts, or aromatic vinegar, or essence of—

Everg. Any—any.

Sir Abel. Bless me, I can't find the key!

Everg. Pick the lock.

Sir Abel. It can't be pick'd, it is a patent lock.

Everg. Then break it open, sir.

Sir Abel. It can't be broke open—it is a contrivance of my own—you see, here comes a horizontal bolt, which acts upon a spring, therefore—

Lady H. I may die while you are describing a horizontal bolt. Do you think you shall close your eyes for a week for this?

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD;

Sir Philip. What has occasioned this disturbance?

Lady H. Ask that gentleman.

Sir Abel. Sir, I am accused—

Lady H. Convicted! convicted!

Sir Abel. Well, I will not argue with you about words—because I must bow to your superior practice—But, Sir—

Sir Philip. Pshaw! [*Apart.*] Lady Handy, some of your people were inquiring for you.

Lady H. Thank you, sir. Come, Sir Abel. [*Exit.*

Sir Abel. Yes, my lady—I say [*To EVERGREEN.*] couldn't you give me a hint of the way he had—

Lady H. [*Without.*] Sir Abel!

Sir Abel. Coming, my soul! [Exit.]

Sir Philip. So! you have well obeyed my orders in keeping this Henry from my presence.

Everg. I was not to blame, master.

Sir Philip. Has farmer Ashfield left the castle?

Everg. No, sir.

Sir Philip. Send him hither [Exit EVERGREEN.]
That boy must be driven far, far from my sight—
but where?—no matter! the world is large enough.

Enter ASHFIELD.

—Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine.

Ash. Ees, zur, I do—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. I hope a profitable one?

Ash. Zometimes it be, zur. But thic year it be all t'other way as 'twur—but I do hope as our landlords have a tightish big lump of the good, they'll be zo kind hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

Sir Philip. It is but reasonable—I conclude then you are in my debt?

Ash. Ees, zur, I be—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. How much?

Ash. Sir, I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. Which you can't pay?

Ash. Not a varthing, zur—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. Well, I am willing to give you every indulgence. . . .

Ash. Be you, zur? that be deadly kind. Dear heart! it will make my auld dame quite young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your honour's health any harm—I don't indeed, zur—I had a thought of speaking to your worship about it—but then, thinks I, the gentleman, mayhap, be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not shave a word zaid about it—zo, zur, if you had not

mentioned what I owed you, I am zure I never should—should not, indeed, zur.

Sir Philip. Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition—

Ash. Ees, zur.

Sir Philip. On condition, I say, you instantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

Ash. Turn out Henry!—Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering, zur; but you bees making your vun of I, zure.

Sir Philip. I am not apt to trifle—send him instantly from you, or take the consequences.

Ash. Turn out Henry! I do vow I shouldn't know how to zet about—I should not, indeed, zur.

Sir Philip. You hear my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow—I'll leave you to reflect on it. *[Exit.*

Ash. Well, zur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. *[Makes the motion of turning out.]*—I should be deadly awkward at it, vor zartain—however, I'll put the case—Well! I goes whiztling whoam—noa, drabbit it! I shouldn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well! I goas whoam, and I zeas Henry zitting by my wife, mixing-up someit to comfort the wold zoul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics—Very well! Then Henry places a chair vor I by the vire zide, and zays—“Varmer, the horses be fed, the sheep be folded, and you have nothing to do but to zit down, smoke your pipe, and be happy!” Very well! *[Becomes affected.]* Then I zays—“Henry, you be poor and friendless, zo you must turn out of my house directly.” Very well! then my wife stares at I—reaches her hand towards the vire place, and throws the poker at my head. Very well! then Henry gives a kind of aguish shake, and getting up, sighs from the bottom of his heart—then holding up his head like a king, zays—“Varmer, I have too

"long been a burden to you—Heaven protect you, as you have me—Farewell! I go." Then I says, "If thee doez I'll be dom'd." [*With great energy.*] Hollo! you Mister Sir Philip! you may come in.—

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Zur, I have argufied the topic, and it wouldn't be pratty—zo I can't.

Sir Philip. Can't! absurd!

Ash. Well, zur, there is but another word—I won't.

Sir Philip. Indeed!

Ash. No, zur, I won't—I'd zee myzelf hang'd first, and you too, zur, I would indeed! [*Bowing.*]

Sir Philip. You refuse then to obey?

Ash. I do, zur—at your zarvice. [*Bowing.*]

Sir Philip. Then the law must take its course.

Ash. I be zorry for that too—I be, indeed, zur, but if corn wouldn't grow I couldn't help it; it wer'n't poison'd by the hand that zow'd it. Thic hand, zur, be as free from guilt as your own.

Sir Philip. Oh! [*Sighing deeply.*]

Ash. It were never held out to clinch a hard bargain, nor will it turn a good lad out into the wide wicked world, because he be poorish a bit. I be zorry you be offended, zur, quite—but come what wool, I'll never hit thic hand against here, but when I be zure that zumeit at inside will jump against it with pleasure. [*Bowing.*] I do hope you'll repent of all your zins—I do, indeed, zur; and if you should, I'll come and zee you again as friendly as ever—I wool, indeed, zur.

Sir Philip. Your repentance will come too late.

[*Exit.*]

Ash. Thank ye, zur—Good morning to you—I do hope I have made myzel agreeable—and so I'll go whoam. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Room in ASHFIELD'S House.

DAME ASHFIELD discovered at work with her needle,
HENRY sitting by her.

Dame. Come, come, Henry, you'll fret yourself
ill child. If Sir Philip will not be kind to you, you
are but where you were.

Henry. [*Rising.*] My peace of mind is gone for
ever. Sir Philip may have cause for hate,—spite
of his unkindness to me, my heart seeks to find ex-
cuses for him—for, oh! that heart dotes on his
lovely daughter.

Dame. [*Looking out.*] Here comes Tummas home
at last. Hey-day! what's the matter with the man?
He doesn't seem to know the way into his own
house.

Enter ASHFIELD, musing; he stumbles against a chair.
Tummas, my dear Tummas, what's the matter?

Ash. [*Not attending.*] It be lucky for he I be's
zoo pratty behaved, or dom if I— [*Doubling his fist.*

Dame. Who—what?

Ash. Nothing at all; where's Henry?

Henry. Here, farmer.

Ash. Thee wouldn't leave us, Henry, wou't?

Henry. Leave you! What, leave you now, when
by my exertion I can pay off part of the debt of
gratitude I owe you? oh, no!

Ash. Nay, it were not vor that I axed, I promise
thee; come, gi' us thy hand on't then. [*Shaking*

hands.] Now, I'll tell ye. Zur Philip did zend vor I about the money I do owe 'un; and said as how he'd make all straight between us——

Dame. That was kind.

Ash. Ees, deadly kind. Make all straight, on condition I did turn Henry out o' my doors.

Dame. What!

Henry. Where will his hatred cease?

Dame. And what did you say Tummas?

Ash. Why, I zivelly tould 'un, if it were agreeable to he to behave like a brute, it were agreeable to I to behave like a man

Dame. That was right. I would have told him a great deal more.

Ash. Ah! likely. Then a zaid I should ha' a bit a laa vor my pains.

Henry. And do you imagine I will see you suffer on my account? No—I will remove this hated form—

[*Going.*

Ash. No, but thee shat'un—thee shat'un—I tell thee. Thee have givun me thy hand on't, and dom'me if thee sha't budge one step out of this house. Drabbit it! what can he do? he can't send us to jail. Why, I have corn will zell for half the money I do owe un—and ha'n't I cattle and sheep? deadly lean to be zure—and ha'n't I a thumping zilver watch, almost as big as thy head? and Dame here a got——How many silk gowns have thee got Dame?

Dame. Three, Tummas—and sell them all—and I'll go to church in a stuff one—and let Mrs. Grundy turn up her nose as much as she pleases.

Henry. Oh, my friends, my heart is full. Yet a day will come, when this heart will prove its gratitude.

Dame. That day, Henry, is every day.

Ash. Dang it! never be down hearted. I do know as well as can be zome good luck will turn up. All

the way I comed whoam I looked to vind a purse in the path. But I didn't though.

[*A knocking at the door.*]

Dame. Ah! here they are, coming to sell, I suppose—

Ash. Lettun—lettun zeize and zell; we ha' gotten here [*Striking his breast.*] what we won't zell, and they can't zell. [*Knocking again.*] Come in—dang it, don't ye be shy.

Enter MORRINGTON and GERALD.

Henry. Ah! the strangers I saw this morning. These are not officers of law.

Ash. Noa!—Walk in, gemmen. Glad to zee ye wi' all my heart and zoul. Come, dame, spread a cloth, bring out cold meat, and a mug of beer.

Gerald. [*To MORRINGTON.*] That is the boy.

[*MORRINGTON nods.*]

Ash. Take a chair, zur.

Mor. I thank and admire your hospitality. Don't trouble yourself good woman.—I am not inclined to eat.

Ash. That be the case here. To-day none o' we be auver hungry; misfortin be apt to stay the stomach confoundedly—

Mor. Has misfortune reached this humble dwelling?

Ash. Ees, zur. I do think vor my part it do work its way in every where.

Mor. Well, never despair.

Ash. I never do, zur. It is not my way. When the sun do shine I never think of voul weather, not I; and when it do begin to rain, I always think that's a zure zine it will give auver.

Mor. Is that young man your son?

Ash. No, zur—I do wish he were, wi' all my heart and zoul.

Gerald. [*To MORRINGTON.*] Sir, remember.

Mor. Doubt not my prudence. Young man, your appearance interests me ;—how can I serve you ?

Henry. By informing me who are my parents.

Mor. That I cannot do.

Henry. Then, by removing from me the hatred of Sir Philip Blandford.

Mor. Does Sir Philip hate you ?

Henry. With such severity, that even now he is about to ruin these worthy creatures, because they have protected me.

Mor. Indeed ! misfortune has made him cruel. That should not be.

Ash. Noa, it should not, indeed, zur.

Mor. It shall not be.

Ash. Sha'n't it, zur ? But how sha'n't it ?

Mor. I will prevent it.

Ash. Wool ye 'faith and troth ? Now, dame, did not I zay zome good luck would turn up ?

Henry. Oh, sir, did I hear you rightly ? Will you preserve my friends ?—will you avert the cruel arm of power, and make the virtuous happy ? my tears must thank you. *[Taking his hand.]*

Mor. *[Disengaging his hand.]* Young man, you oppress me—forebear ! I do not merit thanks—pay your gratitude where you are sure 'tis due—to Heaven. Observe me—here is a bond of Sir Philip Blandford's for 1000*l.*—do you present it to him, and obtain a discharge for the debt of this worthy man. The rest is at your own disposal—no thanks.

Henry. But, sir, to whom am I thus highly indebted ?

Mor. My name is Morrington. At present that information must suffice.

Henry. Morrington.

Ash. *[Bowing.]* Zur, if I may be so bold—

Mor. Nay, friend—

Ash. Don't be angry, I hadn't thanked you, zur, nor I won't.—Only, zur, I were going to ax when

you would call again. You shall have my stamp-note vor the money, you shall, indeed, zur. And in the mean time, I do hope you'll take zomeit in way of remembrance as 'twere.

Dame. Will your honour put a couple of turkies in your pocket?

Ash. Or pop a ham under your arm? don't ye zay no, if it's agreeable.

Mor. Farewell, good friends, I shall repeat my visit soon.

Dame. The sooner the better.

Ash. Good bye to ye, zur,—*Dame* and I wool go to work as merry as crickets. Good bye, Henry.

Dame. Heaven bless your honour—and I hope you will carry as much joy away with you, as you leave behind you—I do indeed.

[*Exeunt ASHFIELD and DAME.*]

Mor. Young man, proceed to the castle, and demand an audience of Sir Philip Blandford. In your way thither, I'll instruct you further.—Give me your hand.

[*Exeunt MORRINGTON, looking steadfastly on HENRY, GERALD following.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Castle.

SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD discovered—MISS BLANDFORD reading.

Miss B. Shall I proceed to the next essay?

Sir Philip. What does it treat of?

Miss B. Love and friendship.

Sir Philip. A satire?

Miss B. No father;—an eulogy.

Sir Philip. Thus do we find in the imaginations

of men, what we in vain look for in their hearts.—
Lay it by. [*A knocking at the door.*] Come in—

Enter EVERGREEN.

Everg. My dear master, I am a petitioner to you.
Sir Philip. [*Rises.*] None possesses a better claim
to my favour—ask, and receive.

Everg. I thank you, sir. The unhappy Henry—

Miss B. What of him?

Sir Philip. Emma, go to your apartment

Miss B. Poor Henry!

[*Exit.*

Sir Philip. Imprudent man!

Everg. [*SIR PHILIP turns from him with resentment.*] Nay, be not angry; he is without, and entreats to be admitted.

Sir Philip. I cannot, will not, again behold him.

Everg. I am sorry you refuse me, as it compels me to repeat his words: "If," said he, "Sir Philip denies my humble request, tell him, I demand to see him."

Sir Philip. Demand to see me! well, his high command shall be obeyed then. [*Sarcastically.*] Bid him approach.
[*Exit EVERGREEN.*

Enter HENRY.

Sir Philip. By what title, sir, do you thus intrude on me?

Henry. By one of an imperious nature, the title of a creditor.

Sir Philip. I your debtor!

Henry. Yes; for you owe me justice. You, perhaps, withhold from me the inestimable treasure of a parent's blessing.

Sir Philip. [*Impatiently.*] To the business that brought you hither.

Henry. Thus then—I believe this is your signature.
[*Producing a bond.*

Sir Philip. Ah ! [*Recovering himself.*] It is—

Henry. Affixed to a bond of 1000*l.* which, by assignment, is mine. By virtue of this I discharge the debt of your worthy tenant, Ashfield; who, it seems, was guilty of the crime of vindicating the injured and protecting the unfortunate. Now, *Sir Philip*, the retribution my hate demands is, that what remains of this obligation may not be now paid to me, but wait your entire convenience and leisure.

Sir Philip. No ! that must not be.

Henry. Oh, sir ! why thus oppress an innocent man ?—Why spurn from you a heart, that pants to serve you ? No answer, farewell. [*Going.*]

Sir Philip. Hold—one word before we part—tell me—I dread to ask it [*Aside.*].—How came you possessed of this bond ?

Henry. A stranger, whose kind benevolence stepped in and saved—

Sir Philip. His name ?

Henry. Morrington.

Sir Philip. Fiend ! tormentor ! has he caught me !
—You have seen this Morrington ?

Henry. Yes.

Sir Philip. Did he speak of me ?

Henry. He did—and of your daughter. “ Conjure him,” said he, “ not to sacrifice the lovely Emma, by a marriage her heart revolts at. Tell him, the life and fortune of a parent are not his own ; he holds them but in trust for his offspring. Bid him reflect, that, while his daughter merits the brightest rewards a father can bestow, she is by that father doomed to the harshest fate tyranny can inflict.”

Sir Philip. Torture ! [*With vehemence.*] Did he say who caused this sacrifice ?

Henry. He told me you had been duped of your fortune by sharpers.

Sir Philip. Ay, he knows that well. Young man, mark me :—This Morrington, whose precepts wear

the face of virtue, and whose practice seems benevolence, was the chief of the hellish banditti that ruined me.

Henry. Is it possible ?

Sir Philip. That bond you hold in your hand was obtained by robbery.

Henry. Confusion !

Sir Philip. Not by the thief, who, encountering you as a man, stakes life against life, but by that most cowardly villain, who, in the moment when reason sleeps, and passion is roused, draws his snares around you, and hugs you to your ruin ; then, fattening on the spoil, insults the victim he has made.

Henry. On your soul, is Morington that man ?

Sir Philip. On my soul he is.

Henry. Thus, then, I annihilate the detested act—and thus I tread upon a villain's friendship.

[*Tearing the bond.*]

Sir Philip. Rash boy ! what have you done ?

Henry. An act of justice to Sir Philip Blandford.

Sir Philip. For which you claim my thanks ?

Henry. Sir, I am thanked already—here. [*Pointing to his heart.*] Curse on such wealth ! compared with its possession, poverty is splendour. Fear not for me—I shall not feel the piercing cold ; for in that man, whose heart beats warmly for his fellow creatures, the blood circulates with freedom—My food shall be what few of the pampered sons of greatness can boast of, the luscious bread of independence ; and the opiate that brings me sleep, will be the recollection of the day passed in innocence.

Sir Philip. Noble boy ! Oh, Blandford !

Henry. Ah !

Sir Philip. What have I said ?

Henry. You called me Blandford.

Sir Philip. 'Twas error—'twas madness.

Henry. Blandford ! a thousand hopes and fears rush on my heart. Disclose to me my birth—be it

what it may, I am your slave for ever. Refuse me, you create a foe, firm and implacable as——

Sir Philip. Ah! am I threatened? Do not extinguish the spark of pity my breast is warmed with.

Henry. I will not. Oh! forgive me.

Sir Philip. Yes, on one condition—leave me—Ah! some one approaches. Begone, I insist—I entreat.

Henry. That word has charmed me. I obey. *Sir Philip,* you may hate, but you shall respect me. [*Erit.*

Enter HANDY, jun.

Handy, jun. At last, thank heaven, I have found somebody. But, *Sir Philip,* were you indulging in soliloquy?—You seem agitated.

Sir Philip. No, sir; rather indisposed.

Handy, jun. Upon my soul, I am devilish glad to find you. Compared with this castle, the Cretan labyrinth was intelligible; and unless some kind *Ariadne* gives me a clue, I sha'n't have the pleasure of seeing you above once a week.

Sir Philip. I beg your pardon. I have been an inattentive host.

Hundy, jun. Oh, no; but when a house is so devilish large, and the party so very small, they ought to keep together; for, to say the truth, though no one on earth feels a warmer regard for *Robert Handy* than I do—I soon get heartily sick of his company—whatever he may be to others, he's a cursed bore to me.

Sir Philip. Where's your worthy father?

Handy, jun. As usual, full of contrivances that are impracticable, and improvements that are retrograde; forming, altogether, a whimsical instance of the confusion of arrangement, the delay of expedition, the incommodiousness of accommodation, and the infernal trouble of endeavouring to save it—he

has now a score or two of workmen about him, and intends pulling down some apartments in the east wing of the castle.

Sir Philip. Ah! ruin!—Within there!—[*Enter a SERVANT.*] Fly to Sir Abel Handy—Tell him to desist! order his people, on the peril of their lives, to leave the castle instantly! Away! [*Exit SERVANT.*]

Handy, jun. Sir Philip Blandford, your conduct compels me to be serious.

Sir Philip. Oh, forbear! forbear!

Handy, jun. Excuse me, sir,—an alliance, it seems, is intended between our families, founded on ambition and interest. I wish it, sir, to be formed on a nobler basis, ingenuous friendship and mutual confidence. That confidence being withheld, I must here pause; for I should hesitate in calling that man father, who refuses me the name of friend.

Sir Philip. [*Aside.*] Ah! how shall I act

Handy, jun. Is my demand unreasonable?

Sir Philip. Strictly just—But oh!—you know not what you ask—Do you not pity me?

Handy, jun. I do.

Sir Philip. Why then seek to change it into hate?

Handy, jun. Confidence seldom generates hate—mistrust always.

Sir Philip. Most true.

Handy, jun. I am not impelled by curiosity to ask your friendship. I scorn so mean a motive. Believe me, sir, the folly and levity of my character proceed merely from the effervescence of my heart—you will find its substance warm, steady, and sincere.

Sir Philip. I believe it from my soul.—Allow me a moment's thought.—[*Aside.*] Suspicion is awakened; does not prudence as well as justice prompt me to confide in him. Does not my poverty command me. Perhaps I may find a sympathizing

friend—the task is dreadful—but it must be so—perhaps he will perform the awful task of visiting the chamber, and removing every vestige of guilt. [*To him.*] Yes, you shall hear my story; I will lay before your view the agony with which this wretched bosom is loaded.

Handy, jun. I am proud of your confidence, and am prepared to receive it.

Sir Philip. Not here—let me lead you to the eastern part of the castle, my young friend—mark me: this is no common trust I repose in you: for I place my life in your hands.

Handy, jun. And the pledge I give for its security is, what alone gives value to life, my honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A gloomy Gallery in the Castle—in the centre a strongly barred Door.—The Gallery hung with Portraits.

HENRY discovered examining a particular Portrait which occupies a conspicuous situation in the Gallery.

Henry. Whenever curiosity has led me to this gallery, that portrait has attracted my attention—the features are peculiarly interesting. One of the house of Blandford—Blandford!—my name—perhaps my father. To remain longer ignorant of my birth I feel impossible. There is a point when patience ceases to be virtue—Hush! I hear footsteps—Ah! Sir Philip and another in close conversation! Shall I avoid them?—No—Shall I conceal myself, and observe them?—Curse on the base suggestion!—No—

Enter SIR PHILIP and HANDY, jun.

Sir Philip. That chamber contains the mystery.

Henry. [*Aside.*] Ah!

Sir Philip. [*Turning round.*] Observe that portrait. [*Seeing HENRY—starts.*] Who's there?

Handy, jun. [*To HENRY.*] Sir, we wish to be private.

Henry. My being here, sir, was merely the effect of accident. I scorn intrusion. [*Bows.*] But the important words are spoken—that chamber contains the mystery. [*Aside.—Exit.*]

Handy, jun. Who is that youth?

Sir Philip. You there behold his father—my brother—[*Weeps.*]—I've not beheld that face these twenty years.—Let me again peruse its lineaments. [*In an agony of grief.*] Oh, God! how I loved that man!—

Handy, jun. Be composed.

Sir Philip. I will endeavour. Now listen to my story.

Handy, jun. You rivet my attention.

Sir Philip. While we were boys, my father died intestate. So I, as elder born, became the sole possessor of his fortune; but, the moment the law gave me power, I divided in equal portions his large possessions, one of which I with joy presented to my brother.

Handy, jun. It was noble.

Sir Philip. At least it was just—we lived together, sir, as one man; as my life I loved him, and felt no joys but what he shared—

Handy, jun. Such love demanded a life of gratitude.

Sir Philip. [*With suppressed agony.*] You shall now hear, sir, how I was rewarded. Chance placed in my view a young woman of superior personal charms; my heart was captivated—Fortune she possessed not—but mine was ample. She blessed me by consenting to our union, and my brother approved my choice.

Handy, jun. How enviable your situation !

Sir Philip. Oh ! [*Sighing deeply.*] On the evening previous to my intended marriage, with a mind serene as the departing sun, whose morning beam was to light me to happiness, I sauntered to a favourite tree, where, lover-like, I had marked the name of my destined bride, and, with every nerve braced to the tone of ecstasy, I was wounding the bark with a deeper impression of the name—when, oh, God !——

Handy, jun. Pray proceed.

Sir Philip. When the loved offspring of my mother, and the woman my soul adored—the only two beings on earth, who had wound themselves round my heart by every tie dear to the soul of man, placed themselves before me ; I heard him—even now the sound is in my ears, and drives me to madness—I heard him breathe vows of love, which she answered with burning kisses—He pitied his poor brother, and told her he had prepared a vessel to bear her for ever from me.—They were about to depart, when the burning fever in my heart rushed upon my brain—Picture the young tiger when first his savage nature rouses him to vengeance—the knife was in my gripe—I sprung upon them—with one hand I tore the faithless woman from his damned embrace, and with the other—stabbed my brother to the heart.

Handy, jun. [*Starting with horror, then recovering.*] What followed ?

Sir Philip. At that dreadful moment my brother's servant appeared, and the vessel that was to waft him to happiness bore away his bleeding body ; a few days brought the news that he had died suddenly in France, and all inquiry ceased. [*Exhausted he falls into HANDY, jun. arms.*]

Handy, jun. You are faint—But let me lead you from this place—Yet hold!—the wretched woman—

Sir Philip. Was secretly conveyed here—even to that chamber.—She proved pregnant; and, in giving birth to a son, paid the forfeit of her perjury by death.

Handy, jun. Which son is the youth that left us?

Sir Philip. Even so.—Tell me, could a wretch be born possessed of a more solid title to my hate?

Handy, jun. Yet he is innocent.

Sir Philip. My task being ended yours begins.

Handy, jun. Mine!

Sir Philip. Yes, that chamber contains evidence of my shame; the fatal instrument, with other guilty proofs, lies there concealed—can you wonder I dread to visit the scene of horror—can you wonder I implore you, in mercy, to save me from the task? Oh! my friend, enter the chamber, bury in endless night those instruments of blood, and I will kneel and worship you.

Handy, jun. I will.

Sir Philip. [*Weeps.*] Will you? [*Embraces him.*] I am unused to kindness from man, and it affects me. Oh! can you press to your guiltless heart that blood-stained hand!

Handy, jun. Sir Philip, let men without faults condemn—I must pity you.

[*Exit HANDY, jun. leading SIR PHILIP.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A wooded view of the country.

Enter SUSAN ASHFIELD, who looks about with anxiety, and then comes forward.

Susan. I fear my conduct is very imprudent.—Has not Mr. Handy told me he is engaged to another? But 'tis hard' for the heart to forego, without one struggle, its only hope of happiness; and, conscious of my own honour, what have I to fear? Perhaps he may repent of his unkindness to me—at least I'll put his passion to the proof; if he be worthy of my love, happiness is for ever mine; if not, I'll tear him from my breast, though from the wound my life's blood should follow. Ah! he comes—I feel I am a coward, and my poor alarmed heart trembles at its approaching trial—pardon me, female delicacy, if for a moment I seem to pass thy sacred limits.

[Retires up the stage.]

Enter HANDY, jun.

Handy, jun. By heavens! the misfortunes of Sir Philip Blandford weigh so heavily on my spirits, that—but confusion to melancholy! I am come here to meet an angel who will, in a moment, drive away the blue devils like mist before the sun. Let me again read the dear words; *[Reading a letter.]* “I confess, I love you still;” *[Kisses the letter.]* but I dare not believe their truth till her sweet lips

confirm it. Ah! she's there—Susan, my angel! a thousand thanks. A life of love can alone repay the joy your letter gave me.

Susan. Do you not despise me?

Handy, jun. No; love you more than ever

Susan. Oh! Robert, this is the very crisis of my fate.—From this moment we meet with honour, or we meet no more. If we must part, perhaps, when you lead your happy bride to church, you may stumble over your Susan's grave. Well, be it so.

Handy, jun. Away with such sombre thoughts!

Susan. Tell me my doom—yet hold—you are wild, impetuous—you do not give your heart fair play—therefore promise me (perhaps 'tis the last favour I shall ask,) that before you determine whether our love shall die or live with honour, you will remain here alone a few moments, and that you will give those moments to reflection.

Handy, jun. I do—I will.

Susan. With a throbbing heart I will wait at a little distance. May virtuous love and sacred honour direct his thoughts! [Aside.—Exit.]

Handy, jun. Yes, I will reflect, that I am the most fortunate fellow in England. She loves me still—what is the consequence?—that love will triumph—that she will be mine—mine without the degradation of marriage—love, pride, all gratified—how I shall be envied, when I triumphantly pass the circles of fashion! one will cry, “Who is that angel?”—another, “Happy fellow!” then Susan will smile around—will she smile? oh, yes—she will be all gaiety—mingle with the votaries of pleasure, and—what! Susan Ashfield the companion of licentious women!—Damnation! no! I wrong her—she would not—she would rather shun society—she would be melancholy—melancholy! [Sighs and looks at his watch.]—would the time were over!—Pshaw! I think of it too seriously—'tis false—I do not.—

Should her virtue yield to love, would not remorse affect her health? should I not behold that lovely form sicken and decay—perhaps die? die! then what am I?—a villain, loaded with her parents' curses and my own.—Let me fly from the dreadful thought.—But how fly from it?—[*Calmly.*]—By placing before my imagination a picture of more honourable lineaments.—I make her my wife.—Ah! then she would smile on me—there's rapture in the thought;—instead of vice producing decay, I behold virtue emblazoning beauty; instead of Susan on the bed of death, I behold her giving to my hopes a dear pledge of our mutual love. She places it in my arms—down her father's honest face runs a tear—but 'tis the tear of joy. Oh, this will be luxury! paradise!—Come, Susan!—Come, my love, my soul—my wife!

Enter SUSAN—she at first hesitates—on hearing the word wife, she springs into his arms.

Susan. Is it possible?

Handy, jun. Yes, those charms have conquered.

Susan. Oh! no; do not so disgrace the victory you have gained—'tis your own virtue that has triumphed.

Handy, jun. My Susan! how true it is that fools alone are vicious. But let us fly to my father, and obtain his consent. On recollection, that may not be quite so easy. His arrangements with Sir Philip Blandford are—are—not mine, so there's an end of that. And Sir Philip, by misfortune, knows how to appreciate happiness. Then poor Miss Blandford—upon my soul I feel for her.

Susan. [*Ironically.*] Come, don't make yourself miserable. If my suspicions be true, she'll not break her heart for your loss.

Handy, jun. Nay, don't say so; she will be unhappy.

Ash. [*Without.*] There he is. Dame, shall I shoot at un?

Dame. No.

Handy, jun. What does he mean?

Susan. My father's voice.

Ash. Then I'll leather un wi' my stick.

Handy, jun. Zounds! no—come here.

Enter ASHFIELD and DAME.

Ash. What do thee do here with my Sue, eh?

Handy, jun. With your Sue!—she's mine—mine by a husband's right.

Ash. Husband! what, thee Sue's husband?

Handy, jun. I soon shall be.

Ash. But how tho'?—what! faith and troth?—What! like as I married Dame?

Handy, jun. Yes.

Ash. What! axed three times?

Handy, jun. Yes; and from this moment I'll maintain, that the real temple of love is a parish church—Cupid is a chubby curate—his torch is the sexton's lantern—and the according pæan of the spheres is the profound nasal thorough bass of the clerk's Amen.

Ash. Huzza! only to think now—my blessing go with you, my children!

Dame. And mine.

Ash. And heaven's blessing too. Ecod, I believe now, as thy feyther zays, thee canst do every thing.

Handy, jun. No; for there is one thing I cannot do—injure the innocence of woman.

Ash. Drabbi't it! I shall walk in the road all day to zee Sue ride by in her own coach.

Susan. You must ride with me, father.

Dame. I say, Tummas, what will Mrs. Grundy say then?

Ash. I do hope thee will not be ashamed of thy feyther in laa, woolye?

Handy, jun. No; for then I must also be ashamed on thyself, which I am resolved not to be again.

Enter SIR ABEL HANDY.

Sir Abel. Hey-day, Bob! why an't you gallanting your intended b'fide? but you are never where you ought to be.

Handy, jun. Nay, sir, by your own confession I am where I ought to be.

Sir Abel. No! you ought to be at the castle—Sir Philip is there, and Miss Blandford is there, and Lady Handy is there, and therefore—

Handy, jun. You are *not* there. In one word, I shall not marry Miss Blandford.

Sir Abel. Indeed! who told you so?

Handy, jun. One who never lies—and, therefore, one I am determined to make a friend of—my conscience.

Sir Abel. But zounds! sir, what excuse have you?

Handy, jun. [*Taking SUSAN's hand.*] A very fair one, sir—is not she?

Sir Abel. Why yes, sir, I can't deny it—but 'sdeath, sir, this overturns my best plan!

Handy, jun. No, sir; for a parent's best plan is his son's happiness, and that it will establish. Come, give us your consent. Consider how we admire all your wonderful inventions.

Sir Abel. No, not my plough, Bob—but 'tis a devilish clever plough.

Handy, jun. I dare say it is. Come, sir, consent, and perhaps, in our turn, we may invent something that may please you.

Sir Abel. He! he! he! well—but hold—what's the use of my consent without my wife's—bless you! I dare no more approve, without—

Enter GERALD.

Gerald. Health to this worthy company!

Sir Abel. The same to you, sir.

Handy, jun. Who have we here, I wonder.

Gerald. I wish to speak with Sir Abel Handy.

Sir Abel. I am the person.

Gerald. You are married?

Sir Abel. Damn it! he sees it in my face.—Yes, I have that happiness.

Gerald. Is it a happiness?

Sir Abel. To say the truth—why do you ask?

Gerald. I want answers, not questions—and depend on't 'tis your interest to answer me.

Handy, jun. An extraordinary fellow this!

Gerald. Would it break your heart to part with her?

Sir Abel. Who are you, sir, that—

Gerald. Answers—I want answers—would it break your heart, I ask?

Sir Abel. Why, not absolutely, I hope. Time, and philosophy, and—

Gerald. I understand—what sum of money would you give to the man who would dissolve your marriage contract?

Handy, jun. He means something, sir.

Sir Abel. Do you think so, Bob?

Gerald. Would you give a thousand pounds?

Sir Abel. No!

Handy, jun. No!

Sir Abel. No; I would not give one; but I would give five thousand pounds.

Gerald. Generously offered!—a bargain—I'll do it.

Sir Abel. But an't you deceiving me?

Gerald. What should I gain by that?

Sir Abel. Tell me your name?

Gerald. Time will tell that.

Lady H. [Without.] Sir Abel, where are you ?

Gerald. That's your wife's voice—I know it.

Sir Abel. So do I.

Gerald. I'll wait without—Cry, “Hem !” when you want me.

Sir Abel. Then you need not go far—

[Exit GERALD]

I dare not believe it—I should go out of my wits—and then if he fail, what a pickle I shall be in ! Here she is.

Enter LADY HANDY.

Lady H. So, sir, I have found you at last ?

Handy, jun. My honoured mamma, you have just come in time to give your consent to my marriage with my sweet Susan.

Lady H. And do you imagine I will agree to such degradation ?

Ash. Do'e, Lady Nelly, do'e be kind-hearted to the young lovers.—Remember how I used to let thee zit up all night a sweethearting.

Lady H. Silence ! and have you dared to consent ?

[To SIR ABEL]

Sir Abel. Oh, no, my lady !

Handy, jun. Sir, you had better cry—“Hem.”

Sir Abel. I think it's time, Bob.—“Hem.”

Handy, jun. Hem !

Lady H. What do you mean by—Hem ?

Sir Abel. Only, my dear, something troublesome want to get rid of—Hem !

Enter GERALD.

There he is—never was so frightened in all my life.

[GERALD advances.]

Lady H. [Shrieks and exclaims.] Gerald !

Gerald. Yes.

Lady H. An't you dead, Gerald? Twenty years away, and not dead?

Gerald. No, wife.

Sir Abel. Wife! did you say, wife?

Gerald. Yes.

Sir Abel. Say it again.

Gerald. She is my wife.

Sir Abel. Once more.

Gerald. My lawful wedded wife.

Sir Abel. Oh, my dear fellow!—Oh, my dear boy! Oh, my dear girl!—[*Embraces GERALD and the rest.*] Oh, my dear! [*Running to MRS. GERALD.*] No—yes, now she an't my wife, I will—well—how will you have the five thousand? Will you have it in cash, or in bank notes—or stocks, or India bonds, or lands, or patents, or—

Gerald. No—land will do—I wish to kill my own mutton.

Sir Abel. Sir, you shall kill all the sheep in Hampshire.

Gerald. Sir Abel, you have lost five thousand pounds, and with it, properly managed, an excellent wife, who, though I cannot condescend to take again as mine—you may depend on't shall never trouble you. Come! this way [*Beckoning to MRS. GERALD.*]—important events now call on me, and prevent my staying longer with this good company. Sir Abel, we shall meet soon.—Nay, come, you know I'm not used to trifle; Come, come—[*She reluctantly, but obediently, crosses the stage, and runs off—GERALD follows.*]

Sir Abel. [*Imitating.*] Come, come—That's a damn'd clever fellow! Joy, joy, my boy! Here, here, your hands—The first use I make of liberty, is to give happiness—I wish I had more imitators—Well, what will you do? [*Walks about exultingly.*] Where will you go? I'll go any where you like—Will you go to Bath, or Brighton, or Petersburg,

or Jerusalem, or Seringapatam? all the same to me. We single fellows—we rove about—nobody cares about us—we care for nobody.

Handy, jun. I must to the Castle, father.

Sir Abel. Have with you Bob. [*Singing.*] “I’ll sip every flower—I’ll change every hour.”—[*Beckoning.*]—Come, come—[*Exeunt SIR ABEL, HANDY, jun. and SUSAN. SUSAN kisses her hand to ASHFIELD and DAME.*]

Ash. Bless her! how nicely she do trip it away with the gentry!

Dame. And then, Tummas, think of the wedding.

Ash. [*Reflecting.*] I declare I shall be just the same as ever—may be I may buy a smartish bridle, or a silver backy stopper, or the like o’ that.

Dame. [*Apart.*] And then, when we come out of church, Mrs. Grundy will be standing about there—

Ash. I shall shake hands agreeably wi’ all my friends. [*Apart.*]

Dame. [*Apart.*] Then I just look at her in this manner.

Ash. [*Apart.*] How dost do, Peter—Ah, Dick—glad to zee thee wi’ all my zoul. [*Bows towards the centre of the stage.*]

Dame. [*Apart.*] Then, with a kind of half court’sy, I shall—[*She advances to the centre also, and their heads meet.*]

Ash. What an wold fool thee be’st, Dame—Come along, and behave pratty, do’s. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same as Act fourth, Scene third.

Enter HANDY, jun. with caution, bearing a light, and a large key.

Handy, jun. Now to fulfil my promise with Sir Philip Blandford—by—entering that chamber, and removing—'Tis rather awful—I don't half like it, somehow, every thing is so cursedly still. What's that? I thought I heard something—no—why, 'sdeath, I am not afraid—no—I'm quite su—su—sure of that—only every thing is so cursedly hush, and—[*A flash of light, and a tremendous explosion takes place*] What the devil's that? [*Trembling.*] I swear I hear some one—lamenting—who's there?

Enter SIR ABEL HANDY.

Father! [*Trembling.*]

Sir Abel. [*Trembling.*] Bob!

Handy, jun. Have you seen any thing!

Sir Abel. Oh, my dear boy!

Handy, jun. Damn it, don't frighten one—

Sir Abel. Such an accident! Mercy on us!

Handy, jun. Speak!

Sir Abel. I was mixing the ingredients of my grand substitute for gunpowder, when somehow it blew up, and set the curtains on fire, and—

Handy, jun. Curtains! zounds, the room's in a blaze!

Sir Abel. Don't say so, Bob.

Handy, jun. What's to be done? Where's your famous preparation for extinguishing flames?

Sir Abel. It is not mixed.

Handy, jun. Where's your fire-escape?

Sir Abel. It is not fixed.

Handy, jun. Where's your patent fire-engine?

Sir Abel. 'Tis on the road.

Handy, jun. Well, you are never at a loss.

Sir Abel. Never.

Handy, jun. What's to be done?

Sir Abel. I don't know. I say, Bob, I have it—perhaps it will go out of itself!

Handy, jun. Go out! it increases every minute—
Let us run for assistance—Let us alarm the family.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Abel. Yes—dear me! dear me!

Serv. [*Without.*] Here, John! Thomas! some villain has set fire to the Castle. If you catch the rascal, throw him into the flames.

[*SIR ABEL runs off, and the alarm bell rings.*]

SCENE III.

The Garden of the Castle.—The Effects of the Fire shown on the Foliage and Scenery.

Enter HENRY, meeting EVERGREEN.

Henry. The castle in flames! What occasioned it?

Everg. Alas! I know not!

Henry. Are the family in safety?

Everg. Sir Philip is.

Henry. And his daughter?

Everg. Poor lady! I just now beheld her looking with agony from that window.

Henry. Ah! Emma in danger!—Farewell!

Everg. [*Holding him.*] Are you mad! the great staircase is in flames.

Henry. I care not. Should we meet no more, tell Sir Philip I died for his daughter!

Everg. Yet reflect.

Henry. Old man, do not cling to me thus—
'Sdeath! men will encounter peril to ruin a woman,
and shall I hesitate when it is to save one? [Exit.

Everg. Brave, generous boy! Heaven preserve
thee!

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Sir Philip. Emma, my child, where art thou?

Everg. I fear, sir, the castle will be destroyed.

Sir Philip. My child! my child! where is she?
speak!

Everg. Alas! she remains in the castle!

Sir Philip. Ah! then will I die with her! [Going.

Everg. Hold, dear master! if human power can
preserve her, she is safe—The bravest, noblest of
men has flown to her assistance.

Sir Philip. Heaven reward him with its choicest
blessings!

Everg. 'Tis Henry.

Sir Philip. Henry! Heaven will reward him—I
will reward him!

Everg. Then be happy: Look, sir!

Sir Philip. Ah! dare I trust my eyes

Everg. He bears her safe in his arms.

Sir Philip. Bountiful Creator, accept my thanks!

Enter HENRY, bearing EMMA in his arms.

Henry. There is your daughter.

Sir Philip. My child! my Emma, revive!

Henry. [Apart.] Ay—now to unfold the mystery
—the avenue to the eastern wing is still passable—
the chamber not yet in flames—the present moment
lost, and all is closed for ever. I will be satisfied, or
perish. [Exit.

Miss B. Am I restored to my dear father's arms?

Sir Philip. Yes, only blessing of my life! In fu-

ture thy wishes shall be mine—thy happiness my joy.

Enter HANDY, jun. and SUSAN.

Handy, jun. My dear friend safe ! and the lovely Emma in his arms ! Then let the bonfire blaze.

Sir Philip. My young friend, do you mark ? the flames will save the trial I imposed on you. Behold—they already burst from the eastern turret ! Ere this, they must have reached the chamber—that consumed, the secret is with us secure.

Miss B. Oh ! father, this unkind man has refused me, and given his hand to that sweet girl.

Handy, jun. I confess 'tis true—your eyes can only fail to conquer those who are before subdued.

Sir Philip. But, Emma, where is your Henry ? I wish to be just to him—I wish to thank him.

Miss B. He has withdrawn, to avoid our gratitude.—

Everg. No—he again rushed into the castle, exclaiming, “ I will penetrate that chamber, or perish in the attempt.”

Sir Philip. Then all is discovered !

Handy, jun. Hush, for heaven's sake collect yourself !

Enter HENRY, in great agitation.

Miss B. Ah ! [*Shrieks.*] Thank heaven, he's safe ! What urged you, Henry, again to venture in the castle ?

Henry. Fate ! the desperate attempt of a desperate man !

Sir Philip. Ah !

Henry. Yes ; the mystery is developed. In vain the massy bars, cemented with their cankerous rust, opposed my entrance—in vain the heated suffocating damps enveloped me—in vain the hungry

flames flashed their vengeance round me! What could oppose a man struggling to know his fate? I forced the doors, a firebrand was my guide; and, among many evidences of blood and guilt, I found—these! *[Produces a knife and bloody cloth.]*

Sir Philip. *[Starts with horror; then, with solemnity.]* It is accomplished! Just Heaven, I bend to thy decree!—Blood must be paid by blood! Henry, that knife, aimed by this fatal hand, murdered thy father!

Henry. Ah!

[Grasping the knife.]

Miss B. *[Placing herself between him and her father.]* Henry! *[He drops his hand.]* Oh, believe him not! 'Twas madness! I have heard him talk thus wildly in his dreams! We are all friends! None will repeat his words—I'm sure none will! My heart will break!—Oh, Henry! will you destroy my father?

Henry. 'Would I were in my grave!

Enter GERALD.

Sir Philip. Ah, Gerald here! How vain concealment! Well, come you to give evidence of my shame?

Gerald. I come to announce one, who for many years has watched each action of your life.

Sir Philip. Who?

Gerald. Morrington.

Sir Philip. I shall then behold the man who has so long avoided me——

Gerald. But ever has been near you—he is here.

Enter MORRINGTON, wrapped up in his cloak.

Sir Philip. Well, behold your victim in his last stage of human wretchedness! Come you to insult me?

[MORRINGTON clasps his hands together, and hides his face.]

Ah ! can even you pity me ? Speak—still silent—still mysterious—Well, let me employ what remains of life in thinking of hereafter—[*Addressing Heaven.*] Oh, my brother ! we soon shall meet again—And let me hope, that, stripped of those passions which make men devils, I may receive the heavenly balm of thy forgiveness, as I, from my inmost soul, do pardon thee.

[*MORRINGTON becomes convulsed with agony, and falls into GERALD's arms.*]

Ah ! what means that agony ? He faints ! give him air !

[*They throw open his cloak and hat.*]

[*Starts.*] Angels of mercy ! my brother ! 'tis he ! he lives ! Henry, support your father !

Henry. [*Running to MORRINGTON.*] Ah, my father ! he revives.

Sir Philip. Hush !

[*MORRINGTON recovers—seeing his brother, covers his face with shame, then falls at his feet.*]

Mor. ling in the dust, behold a repentant wretch ?—

Sir Philip. [*Indignantly.*] My brother, Morrington !

Mor. Turn not away—in mercy hear me !

Sir Philip. Speak !

Mor. After the dreadful hour that parted us, agonized with remorse, I was about to punish home what your arm had left unaccomplished ; when some angel whispered—“ Punishment is life, not death—Live and atone ! ”

Sir Philip. Oh ! go on !

Mor. I flew to you—I found you surrounded by sharpers—What was to be done ! I became Morrington ! littered with villains ! practised the arts of devils ! braved the assassin's steel ! possessed myself of your large estates—lived hateful to myself,

detested by mankind—to do what? to save an injured brother from destruction, and lay his fortunes at his feet! [*Places parchments before SIR PHILIP*

Sir Philip. Ah! is it possible!

Mor. Oh, is that atonement? No—by me you first beheld her mother! 'Twas I that gave her fortune! Is that atonement? No—but my Henry has saved that angel's life—Kneel with me, my boy—lift up thy innocent hands with those of thy guilty father, and beg for mercy from that injured saint. [*HENRY kneels with him.*

Sir Philip. O God! How infinite are thy mercies! Henry, forgive me—Emma, plead for me—There—There. [*Joining their hands.*]

Henry. But my father—

Sir Philip. [*Approaching.*] Charles!

Mor. Philip!

Sir Philip. Brother, I forgive thee.

Mor. Then let me die—blest, most blest!

Sir Philip. No, no. [*Striking his breast.*] Here—I want thee here—Raise him to my heart.

[*They raise MORRINGTON—in the effort to embrace, he falls into their arms exhausted.*

Again!

[*They sink into each other's arms.*

Handy, jun. [*Comes forward.*] If forgiveness be an attribute which ennobles our nature, may we not hope to find pardon for our errors—here?

[*The curtain falls.*]

THE END.



DRAMATIST



VAFIO. PROLOGUE OF RECALCULATING
YOUR MAN.—I'LL WRITE YOU SOME
ACT II. SCENE II.

Printed by Simpkin

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Reviewed by C. Heath

THE
DRAMATIST;
OR,
STOP HIM WHO CAN!
A COMEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS;
BY **FREDERICK REYNOLDS.**
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.
PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS
FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.
WITH REMARKS
BY **MRS. INCHBALD.**

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
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REMARKS.

PLAYS of former times were written to be read, not seen. Dramatic authors succeeded in their aim ; their works were placed in libraries, and the theatres were deserted.—Now, plays are written to be seen, not read—and present authors gain their views ; for they and the managers are enriched, and the theatres crowded.

To be both seen and read at the present day, is a degree of honour, which, perhaps, not one comic dramatist can wholly boast, except Shakspeare. Exclusive of this, scarcely any of the very best comedies of the best of former bards will now attract an audience : yet the genius of ancient writers was assisted by various tales, for plots, of which they have deprived the moderns ; they had, besides, the privilege to write without either political or moral restraint. Uncurbed by law or delicacy, they wrote at random ; and at random wrote.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD SCRATCH
HARRY NEVILLE
FLORIVILLE
WILLOUGHBY
ENNUI
PETER
VAPID
SERVANT

Mr. Quick.
Mr. Holman.
Mr. Blanchard.
Mr. Macready.
Mr. Munden.
Mr. Thompson.
Mr. Lewis
Mr. Ecatt.

LOUISA COURTNEY
LADY WAITFOR'T.
LETTY
MARIANNE

Miss Brunton.
Mrs. Webb.
Miss Brangin.
Mrs. Wells.

SCENE,—Bath.

THE
DRAMATIST.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Grove.—LADY WAITFOR'T'S House.

Enter MARIANNE, and LETTY, from the House.

Mari. But I tell you I will come out—I didn't come to Bath to be confined, nor I won't—I hate all their company, but sweet Miss Courtney's.

Letty. I declare, Miss Marianne, you grow worse and worse every day, your country manners will be the ruin of you.

Mari. Don't you talk about that, Letty—It was a shame to bring me up in the country—if I had been properly taken care of, I might have done great things—I might have married the poet I danced with at the ball—But it's all over now.—I shall never get a husband, and, what's worse, my aunt did it on purpose.—She ruined me, Letty, that nobody else might.

Letty. How you talk!—I hope Miss Courtney hasn't taught you all this?

Mari. No,—she's a dear creature,—she has taught me many things; but nothing improper, I'm sure.

Letty. Pray, has she taught you why she never plays any tune but the one we heard just now?

Mari. Yes—and if you'll keep it a secret, I'll tell you, Letty; Mr. Harry Neville taught it her last summer,—and now she is always playing it, because it puts her in mind of the dear man. When it is ended, don't you observe how she sighs from the bottom of her dear little heart?

Letty. Why, I thought they had quarrelled?

Mari. So they have—she won't see him, and I believe my aunt, Lady Waitfor't, has been the occasion of it;—poor Mr. Neville!—I wish I could assist him; for indeed, Letty, I always pity any body that is crossed in love—it may be one's own case one day or other you know.

Letty. True—and for the same reason, I suppose, you rejoice when it is successful.—I'm sure now the intended marriage of Lady Waitfor't and Lord Scratch gives you great pleasure.

Mari. What! the country gentleman who has lately come to his title? No, if you'll believe me. I don't like him at all;—he's a sour old fellow—is always abusing our sex, and thinks there is only one good woman under heaven:—Now, I'm sure that's a mistake, for I know I'm a good woman, and I think, Letty, you are another,

Letty. Yes,—I hope so, though I confess I think your aunt is better than either of us.

Mari. More shame for you—she is a woman of sentiment, and hums you over with her flourishes about purity and feelings.—Feelings!—'faith, she ought to be ashamed of herself—no other woman would talk in that manner.

Letty. You mistake her—she is a woman of virtue,

and can't help feeling for the vices and misfortunes of others.

Mari. Then why can't she do as I have done, Letty? keep her feelings to herself—If I had given way to them half so much as she has—Oh Lord! I don't know what might have been the consequence.

Letty. For shame! You never hear Lady Wait-for't speak ill of any body.

Mari. No,—How should she, when she talks of nobody but herself?

Letty. Well, your opinion is of little weight; my Lord sees her merit, and is come to Bath on purpose to marry her—he thinks her a prodigy of goodness.

Mari. Then, pray let him have her—every fool knows so, to be sure he does, Letty, that a prodigy of goodness is a very rare thing;—but when he finds her out!—'faith it will be a rare joke, when he finds her out.

Letty. Shameful, Miss Marianne! do speak a little intelligibly, and remember your aunt's favourite observation.

Mari. What is it?—I have forgot.

Letty. That good sentiments are always plain.

Mari. Yes,—so are good women,—bid her remember that, Letty.

Letty. Hush :—say no more—here she comes, and Mr. Willoughby with her.

Mari. Ay—that man is always with her of late—but come, Letty, let's get out of their way—let's take a walk, and look at the beaux.

Letty. The beaux! ah, I see you long to become a woman of fashion.

Mari. No—though I hate the country, I never will become a woman of fashion—I know too well what it is to do many things one don't like, and 'faith, while there is such real pleasure in following my own incli-

nations, I see no reason why, merely out of fashion, I should be obliged to copy other people's.

[Exit, with LETTY.]

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T and WILLOUGHBY.

Lady. [To SERVANT.] When my lord returns, tell him I'm gone to Lady Walton's, and shall be back immediately.

Will. Then your ladyship is certain Harry Neville is arrived.

Lady. Yes—the ungrateful man arrived last night, and, as I yet mean to consult his happiness, I have written to him to come to me this evening—but I will ever oppose his union with my lord's ward, Louisa Courtney, because I think it will be the ruin of them both; and you know, Willoughby, one cannot forget one's feelings on those occasions.

Will. Certainly—Ennui, the time-killer, whose only business in life is to murder the hour, is also just arrived; and my lord is resolved on his marrying Louisa instantly.

Lady. True—and only because he'll make a quiet member for his brother in the west. But, for various reasons, I am determined she shall be yours—yet it must be done artfully—my circumstances are deranged, and an alliance with my lord Scratch is the only hope of relief.—Such are the fruits of virtue, Willoughby.

Will. Well—but her fortune is entirely dependent on my lord's consent, and how is that to be obtained? You know I am no favourite, and Ennui is a great one.

Lady. I know it, and therefore we must incense him against Ennui—let me see——can't we contrive some mode,—some little ingenious story—he is a singular character, you know, and has violent prejudices.

Will. True—and of all his prejudices, none is so

violent, or entertaining, as that against authors and actors.

Lady. Yes,—the stage is his aversion, and some way or other—I have it—it's an odd thought, but may do much—suppose we tell him Ennui has written a play.

Will. The luckiest thought in the world! it will make him hate him directly.

Lady. Well, leave it to me—I'll explain the matter to him myself,—and my life on't it proves successful. You see, Willoughby, my only system is to promote happiness.

Will. It is indeed, Lady Waitfor't—but if this fails, may I still hope for your interest with Miss Courtney?

Lady. Yes,—I'm determined she shall be yours, and neither Neville's nor Ennui's.—But come, it's late—here he is.

Will. We'll get rid of him.

Enter ENNUI.

Lady. Mr. Ennui, your most obedient—we are going to the Parade—have you seen your cousin Neville?

Ennui. I've an idea, I've just left him.

Lady. I suppose we shall see you at Lady Walton's this evening?—till then, adieu.

[*Exeunt LADY WAITFOR'T and WILLOUGHBY.*]

Ennui. I've an idea, I don't like this Lady Waitfor't—she wishes to trick me out of my match with Miss Courtney, and if I could trick her in return—[*Takes out his watch.*] How goes the enemy?—only one o'clock!—I thought it had been that an hour ago!—heigho!—here's my patron, Lord Scratch.

Enter LORD SCRATCH.

Lord. What a wonderful virtue is the art of hear-

ing!—may I die, if a listener be found any where:—zounds! am not I a peer, and don't I talk by prerogative?—and, if I mayn't talk ten times as much as another person, what's the use of my peerage?

Ennui. I've an idea—I don't comprehend you.

Lord. That fellow Neville wouldn't hear a word I had to say:—abandoned young dog—he's come to Bath to invent tales against that divinity, Lady Waitfor't, again, I suppose—but my ward, Louisa, shall be put out of his power for ever—she shall marry you to-morrow.

Ennui. In fact—I always forgot to give your lordship joy of your title, though not of your dress.

Lord. Not of my dress!—ay, ay;—that's the difference—you poor devils, in humble life, are obliged to dress well, to look like gentlemen—we peers may dress as we please—[*Looking at his watch.*] but I shall lose my appointments—past two o'clock.

Ennui. Past two o'clock!—delightful!

Lord. Delightful!—what, at your old tricks?

Ennui. I'd an idea—it had been only one.

Lord. And you're delighted because it's an hour later?

Ennui. To be sure I am—my dear friend, to be sure I am—the enemy has lost a limb.

Lord. So you're happy, because you're an hour nearer the other world?—tell me now,—do you wish to die?

Ennui. No.—But I wish somebody would invent a new mode of killing time—in fact—I think I've found one—private acting.

Lord. Acting!—never talk to me about the stage—I detest a theatre, and every thing that belongs to it: and if ever—but no matter—I must to Lady Waitfor't, and prevail on her to marry me at the same time you marry my ward.—But, remember our agreement—you are to settle your estate on Louisa, and I am to bring you into parliament.

Ennui. In fact—I comprehend—I am to be a hearer and not a speaker.

Lord, Speaker!—if you open your mouth, the Chiltern Hundreds is your portion.—Look ye—you are to be led quietly to the right side—to sleep during the debate—give a nod for your vote—and, in every respect, move like a mandarin, at my command;—in short, you are to be a mandarin member.—So, fare you well till we're both married.

[*Exit.*

Ennui. I've an idea—here's Neville.—In fact—he knows nothing of my marrying Louisa, nor shall he, till after the happy day.—Strange news, Neville.

Enter NEVILLE.

Nev. I've heard it all. Louisa is going to be married; but to whom I know not,—and my Lord persists in his fatal attachment to Lady Waitfor't.

Ennui. In fact—why fatal?

Nev. Because it is the source of every mischief.—While she maintains her power over him, I have no hope of love or fortune:—when my father died, he left his estate to my brother, relying on my lord providing for me—and now, how he deserts me!—and all owing to the artifices of an insidious woman.

Ennui. I've an idea—I comprehend her motive—she loves you.

Nev. Yes, 'tis too plain—and, because I would not listen to her advances, she has ruined me in my uncle's opinion, and degraded me in Louisa's;—but I will see Miss Courtney herself—I will hear my doom from her own mouth; and if she avoids me, I will leave her and this country for ever.

Enter PETER.

Peter. A letter, sir.

Nev. Without direction!—What can it mean

Peter. Sir, 'tis from Lady Waitfor't.—The serv-

ant who brought it said her ladyship had reasons for not directing it, which she would explain to you when she saw you. [Exit.

Nev. Oh, the old stratagem :—as it is not directed, she may swear it was designed for another person.

Sir, [Reads.

I have heard of your arrival at Bath ; and, strange as my conduct may appear, I think it a duty I owe to the virtuous part of mankind, to promote their happiness as much as I can ; I have long beheld your merit, and long wished to encourage it.—I shall be at home at six this evening. Yours,

A. WAITFOR'T.

Ennui. In fact—a very sentimental assignation, that would do as well for any other man.

Nev. If I show it to my lord, I know his bigotry is such, that he would, as usual, only suppose it a trick of my own—the more cause there is to condemn, the more he approves.

Ennui. I've an idea—he's incomprehensible.—In fact—who have we here ?

Nev. As I live, Vapid, the dramatic author—he is come to Bath to pick up characters I suppose.

Ennui. In fact—pick up !

Nev. Yes—he has the ardor scribendi upon him so strong that he would rather you'd ask him to write an epilogue to a new play than offer him your whole estate—the theatre is his world, in which are included all his hopes and wishes.—In short, he is a dramatic maniac. And to such an extent does he carry his folly, that if he were not the best natured fellow in the world every body would kick him out of doors.

Ennui. Has he not a share of vanity in his composition.

Nev. Oh, yes—he fancies himself a great favourite with the women.

Ennui. Then I've an idea—I've got a thought, by

which you may revenge yourself on Lady Waitfor't—in fact—give him the letter—he'll certainly believe 'tis meant for himself.

Nev. My dear friend, ten thousand thanks!—We'll flatter his vanity, by persuading him she is young and beautiful, and my life on't it does wonders ;—but, hush, he comes.

Enter VAPID.

Nev. Vapid! I rejoice to see you,—'tis a long time since we met; give me leave to introduce you to a particular friend of mine—Mr. Ennui—Mr. Vapid.

Ennui. I've an idea—you do me honour—Mr. Vapid, I shall be proud to be better acquainted with you—in fact—any thing of consequence stirring in the fashionable or political world?

Vapid. Some whispers about a new pantomime, sir,—nothing else.

Nev. And I'm afraid, in the present scarcity of good writers, we have little else to expect.—Pray, Vapid, how is the present dearth of genius to be accounted for; particularly dramatic genius?

Vapid. Why, as to dramatic genius, sir, the fact is this—to give a true picture of life, a man should enter into all its scenes,—should follow nature, sir—but modern authors plunder from one another—the mere shades of shadows.—Now, sir, for my part, I dive into the world—I search the heart of man ;—'tis true I'm called a rake—but, upon my soul, I only game, drink, and intrigue, that I may be better able to dramatize each particular scene.

Nev. A good excuse for profligacy.—But tell me, Vapid, have you got any new characters since you came to Bath?

Vapid. 'Faith, only two—and those not very new either.

Ennui. In fact—may we ask what they are?

Vapid. If you don't write.

Nev. No, we certainly do not.

Vapid. Then I'll tell you:—The first is a charitable divine, who, in the weighty consideration how he shall best lavish his generosity, never bestows it at all:—and the other is a cautious apothecary, who, in determining which of two medicines is best for his patient, lets him die for want of assistance.—You understand me, I think this last will do something, eh?

Ennui. I've an idea—the apothecary would cut a good figure in a comedy.

Vapid. A comedy! pshaw! I mean him for a tragedy.

Ennui. In fact—I don't comprehend, nor, possibly, the town.

Vapid. I know it—that's the very thing—hark ye, I've found out a secret—what every body understands, nobody approves; and people always applaud most where they least comprehend.—There is a refinement, sir, in appearing to understand things incomprehensible—else whence arises the pleasure at an opera, a private play, or a speech in parliament? why, 'tis the mystery in all these things—'tis the desire to find out what nobody else can—to be thought wiser than others—therefore—you take me—the apothecary is the hero of my tragedy.

Nev. Faith, there is some reason in all this—and I'm amazed we have so many writers for the stage.

Vapid. So am I—and I think I'll write no more for an ungrateful public—you don't know any body that has a play coming out, do you?

Nev. No—why do you ask?

Vapid. He'll want an epilogue you know, that's all.

Nev. Why, you won't write him one, will you?

Vapid. I! oh Lord! no;—but genius ought to be encouraged, and as he's a friend of yours—what's the name of the play?

Nev. I really don't know any body that has written one.

Vapid. Yes, yes, you do.

Nev. Upon my word, I do not—a cousin of mine, indeed, wrote one for his amusement, but I don't think he could ever be prevailed on to produce it on the stage.

Vapid. He prevailed on!—the manager you mean—but what did you think of it?

Nev. I never read it, but am told it is a good play—and if performed, Vapid, he will be proud of your assistance.

Vapid. I speak in time, because it is material—many a dull play has been saved by a good epilogue.

Nev. True—but I had almost forgot.—Why, Vapid, the lady in the Grove will enlarge your knowledge amazingly.

Ennui. I've an idea—she's the pattern of perfection.

Nev. The paragon of beauty! Ah, Vapid! I would give worlds for the coldest expression in this letter.

Vapid. That letter!—what do you mean by that letter?

Nev. And you really pretend not to know the young Lady Waitfor't?

Vapid. No,—I hav'n't spoke to a woman at Bath,—but a sweet girl I danced with at the ball; and who she is, by the Lord, I don't know.

Nev. Well, but, Vapid—young Lady Waitfor't—she loves you to distraction.

Vapid. As I hope for fame, I never heard her name before.

Nev. Then she has heard yours, and admires your genius; however, read the letter, and be satisfied she loves you.

[*VAPID reads.*

Arrived at Bath—duty I owe—virtuous part of mankind—beheld your merit—wish to encourage—us this evening.—A Waitfor't—Grove.

Vapid. Yes, yes, it's plain enough now—she admires my talents!—It isn't the first time, Neville, this has happened.—Sweet fond fool!—I'll go and prepare myself directly.

Nev. Ay do, Vapid,—she'll be all on fire to see you.

Vapid. All on fire! I suppose so.—Write a play, Neville, write a play—you see the effect of the muses and graces when they unite—you see, Neville, you see—but, hold, hold—how the devil came you by this letter?

Nev. That's true enough. [*Aside.*] I'll tell you—I was at her party last night, and coming out of the room she slipt it into my hand, and desired me to direct it, and give it to you.—She has often spoke to me in your favour, and I did you all the good I could—however, to be sure it's no mistake, ask the servant, who admits you, if the name at the bottom is not her own hand-writing.

Vapid. Oh, no!—it's no mistake,—there's no doubt of the matter.—Write a play, Neville, write a play—and charm the ladies, you dog!—adieu! [*Exit.*]

Ennui. I've an idea—if we've common fortune, this will do every thing.

Nev. No,—Lady Waitfor't's arts are numberless—she is so perfect a hypocrite, that I even doubt her confessing her real sentiments to her minion Wiloughby; and when she does a bad action, she ever pretends 'tis from a good motive.

Enter VAPID.

Vapid. 'Gad, I forgot—you'll recollect the epilogue, Neville.

Nev. Yes,—I'll write to my cousin to-day.

Vapid. But, not a word of the love affair to him—any where else indeed it might do one a service—but never tell an intrigue to a dramatic author.

Ennui. In fact—why not, sir?

Vapid. Because it may furnish a scene for a comedy—I do it myself.—Indeed, I think the best part of an intrigue is the hopes of incident, or stage effect—however, I can't stay.

Nev. Nay, we'll walk with you—I, in pursuit of my brother—you, of your mistress.

Vapid. Ay, Neville, there it is—now, do take my advice, and write a play—if any incident happens, remember, it is better to have written a damned play, than no play at all—it snatches a man from obscurity—and being particular, as this world goes, is a very great thing.

Nev. But I confess I have no desire to get into print.

Vapid. Get into print!—pahaw! every body gets into print now.—Kings and quacks—peers and poets—bishops and boxers—tailors and trading justices—can't go lower, you know—all get into print!—But we soar a little higher,—we have privileges peculiar to ourselves.—Now, sir, I—I, for my part, can talk as I please,—say what I will, it is sure to excite mirth,—for, supposing you don't laugh at my wit, I laugh myself, Neville, and that makes every body else do the same—so allons!

Enui. I've an idea—no bad mode of routing the enemy.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in LADY WAITFOR'T'S House.—Two Chairs.

Enter VAPID and a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, my lady will wait on you immediately.

Vapid. Hark ye, sir—Is this young lady of yours very handsome?

Serv. Sir?

Vapid. Is your young mistress, sir, very handsome?

Serv. Yes, sir.—My young mistress is thought a perfect beauty.

Vapid. Charming!—What age do you reckon her?

Serv. About twenty, sir.

Vapid. The right interesting age! and fond of the drama, I suppose?

Serv. Sir?

Vapid. Very fond of plays, I presume?

Serv. Yes, sir, very fond of plays, or any thing relating to them.

Vapid. Delightful!—now am I the happiest dog alive:—yes, yes, Vapid! let the town damn your plays, the women will never desert you. [*Sits himself.*] You needn't stay, sir. [*Exit SERVANT.*] That's a good sign, that fellow isn't used to this kind of business—so much the better—practice is the destruction of love—yes, I shall indulge a beautiful woman,—gratify myself, and, perhaps, get the last scene for my unfinished comedy.

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Sir, your most obedient.

Vapid. Ma'am.

[*Bowing.*

Lady. Pray keep your seat, sir—I beg I mayn't disturb you.

Vapid. By no means, ma'am, give me leave—

[*Both sit.*] Who the devil have we here? [*Aside.*

Lady. I am told, sir, you have business for Lady Waitfor't?

Vapid. Yes, ma'am;—being my first appearance in that character, but I could wait whole hours for so beautiful a woman.

Lady. Oh, sir!

Vapid. Yes—I am no stranger to her charms—sweet young creature!

Lady. Nay, dear sir, not so very young.

Vapid. Your pardon, ma'am,—and her youth enhances her other merits.—But, oh! she has one charm that surpasses all.

Lady. Has she, sir?—What may that be?

Vapid. Her passion for the stage.

Lady. Sir!

Vapid. Yes, her passion for the stage. That, in my mind, makes her the first of her sex.

Lady. Sir, she has no passion for the stage.

Vapid. Yes, yes, she has.

Lady. But I protest she has not.

Vapid. But I declare and affirm it as a fact, she has a strong passion for the stage, and a violent attachment for all the people that belong to it.

Lady. Sir, I don't understand you—explain.

Vapid. Hark ye,—we are alone—promise it shall go no further, and I'll let you into a secret—I know—

Lady. Well, what do you know?

Vapid. I know a certain dramatic author with whom she—he had a letter from her this morning.

Lady. What?

Vapid. Yes,—an assignation—don't be alarmed—the man may be depended on—he is safe—very safe!—Long in the habit of intrigue—a good person too!—a very good person indeed.

Lady. Amazement!

Vapid. [*Whispering her.*] Hark ye, he means to make her happy in less than half an hour.

Lady. [*Rising.*] Sir, do you know who you're talking to?—do you know who I am?

Vapid. No,—How the devil should I?

Lady. Then know I am Lady Waitfor't!

Vapid. You Lady Waitfor't!

Lady. Yes, sir—the only Lady Waitfor't!

Vapid. Mercy on me!—here's incident!

Lady. Yes, and I am convinced you were sent here by that traitor, Neville.—Speak, is he not your friend?

Vapid. Yes, ma'am:—I know Mr. Neville.—Here's equivoque!

Lady. This is some trick, some stratagem of his.—He gave you the letter to perplex and embarrass me.

Vapid. Gave the letter! 'gad that's great.—Pray, ma'am, give me leave to ask you one question—Did you write to Mr. Neville?

Lady. Yes, sir,—to confess the truth, I did—but from motives——

Vapid. Stop, my dear ma'am, stop—I have it—now, let me be clear—first, you send him a letter; is it not so? yes: then he gives it to me—very well: then I come (supposing you only twenty) mighty well!—then you turn out ninety—charming!—then comes the embarrassment: then the eclairsissement! Oh! it's glorious—Give me your hand—you have atoned for every thing.

Lady. O! I owe all this to that villain, Neville—I am not revengeful—but 'tis a weakness to endure

such repeated provocations, and I am convinced the mind that too frequently forgives bad actions, will at last forget good ones.

Vapid. Bravo ! encore, encore—it is the very best sentiment I ever heard—say it again, pray say it again—I'll take it down, and blend it with the incident, and you shall be gratified, one day or other, with seeing the whole on the stage.—“The mind that too frequently forgives bad actions will at last forget good ones.”

[*Taking it down in his common place book.*]

Lady. This madman's folly is not to be borne—if my Lord too should discover him [*VAPID sits and takes notes.*] here; the consequences might be dreadful, and the scheme of Ennui's play all undone.—Sir, I desire you'll quit my house immediately—Oh ! I'll be revenged, I'm determined. [*Exit.*]

Vapid. What a great exit !—Very well !—I've got an incident, however.—Faith, I have noble talents—to extract gold from lead has been the toil of numberless philosophers ; but I extract it from a baser metal, human frailty—Oh ! it's a great thing to be a dramatic genius !—a very great thing indeed. [*As he is going.*]

Enter LORD SCRATCH.

Vapid. Sir, your most devoted,—How d'y'e do ?

Lord. Sir, your most obedient.

Vapid. Very warm tragedy weather, sir !—but, for my part, I hate summer, and I'll tell you why,—the theatres are shut, and when I pass by their doors in an evening it makes me melancholy—I look upon them as the tombs of departed friends that were wont to instruct and delight me—I don't know how you feel—perhaps you are not in my way ?

Lord. Sir !

Vapid. Perhaps you don't write for the stage—if

you do,—hark ye—there is a capital character in this house for a farce.

Lord. Why! what is all this—who are you?

Vapid. Who am I?—here's a question! in these times who can tell who he is?—for aught I know I may be great uncle to yourself, or first cousin to Lady Waitfor't—the very woman I was about to—but no matter—since you're so very inquisitive; do you know who you are?

Lord. Look ye, sir, I am Lord Scratch.

Vapid. A peer! pshaw! contemptible;—when I ask a man who he is, I don't want to know what are his titles, and such nonsense; no, old Scratch, I want to know what he has written, when he had the curtain up, and whether he's a true son of the drama.—Hark ye, don't make yourself uneasy on my account—In my next pantomime, perhaps, I'll let you know who I am, old Scratch. [Exit.]

Lord. Astonishing! can this be Lady Waitfor't's house—“Very warm tragedy weather, sir!” “In my next pantomime let you know who I am.”—Gad, I must go and investigate the matter immediately; and, if she has wronged me, by the blood of the Scratches, I'll bring the whole business before parliament, make a speech ten hours long, reduce the price of opium, and set the nation in a lethargy. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Library in LADY WAITFOR'T'S House.—A Sofa and two Chairs.

Enter VAPID.

Vapid. Either this house is a labyrinth, or I, in reflecting on my incident, have forgot myself; for so

it is, I can't find my way out—who have we here ? by the sixtieth night, my little partner !

Enter MARIANNE with a Book in her Hand.

Mari. The poet I danced with !—he little thinks how much I've thought of him since.—Sir.

[Courtesying.]

Vapid. Ma'am. *[Bowing.]*

Mari. I hope, sir, you caught no cold the other night ?

Vapid. No, ma'am, I was much nearer a fever than a cold.—Pray, ma'am, what is your study ?

Mari. I have been reading “ All for Love.”—Pray, sir, do you know any think about plays ?

Vapid. Know any thing about plays !—there's a question !

Mari. I know so much about them, that I once acted at a private theatre.

Vapid. Did you ? Then you acted for your own amusement, and nobody's else: what was the play ?

Mari. I can't tell.

Vapid. Can't tell !

Mari. No—nobody knew—it's a way they have.

Vapid. Then they never act a play of mine.—With all this partiality for the stage—perhaps you would be content with a dramatist for life—particularly if his morals were fine ?

Mari. Lord ! I don't care about fine morals—I'd rather my husband had fine teeth—and I'm told most women of fashion are of the same opinion.

Vapid. To be sure they are—but could you really consent to run away with a poet ?

Mari. Faith—with all my heart—they never have any money, you know, and as I have none, our distress would be complete ; and, if we had any luck, our adventures would become public, and then we should get into a novel at last.

Vapid. Into a prison more probably—if she goes on in this way, I must dramatize her first—and run away with her afterwards. [*Aside.*] Come, are you ready?

Lady W. [*Without.*] Tell my lord, sir, I'll wait in the library.

Mari. Oh, lord! my aunt, what's to be done?

Vapid. What's to be done!—why?

Mari. She mustn't find you here—she'll be the death of us, she is so violent.

Vapid. Well, I'm not afraid—she's no manager.

Mari. If you have any pity for me—here—hide yourself for a moment behind this sofa, and I'll get her out of the room directly.

Vapid. Behind the sofa! here's an incident!

Mari. Nay—pray—she's here! come—quick!—quick!—

[*VAPID gets behind the Sofa, MARIANNE sits on it, takes out her work-bag, and begins singing—*

Mari. Toll de roll, &c.

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Marianne, how came you here? I desire you'll leave the room directly.

Mari. Leave the room, aunt?

Lady. Yes, leave the room immediately—what are you looking at?

Mari. Nothing, aunt, nothing—Lord! lord! what will become of poor, poor Mr. Poet? [*Exit.*

Lady. So—here's my lord—now, to mention En-nui's play, and if it does but prejudice him against him, Willoughby marries Louisa, and Neville is in my own power.

Enter LORD SCRATCH.

Lord. That curst pantomime ruffian! nobody knows any thing about him—perhaps my lady has

got a sudden touch of the dramatic mania, and prefers him—here she is—now if she would talk about the stage.

Lady. Pray be seated, my lord—I want to ask you a favour.

Lord. Ask me a favour! Is it possible!

[*They sit.*]

Lady. Yes, for your friend Ennui—what do you think he has done?

Lord. What?

Lady. Turned author.—He has written a comedy

Lord. A comedy!—she has it.

Lady. Yes—it's very true, and it has been approved of by men of the first dramatic fame.

Lord. Dramatic fame! she has it!—dam'ne, she has it!

Lady. Nay, if you need farther proof, my lord, it has been approved by the manager of one of the theatres, and the curtain is to draw up next winter.

Lord. The curtain draw up!—Look ye, madam, I care no more for the manager or his theatre—

Lady. Now, my lord, the favour I have to ask of you is this—promise me to peruse the play, make alterations, and write the epilogue.

Lord. The epilogue! fire and forefathers!

[*LADY holds him.*]

Lady. Ay, or the prologue.

Lord. The prologue! blood and gunpowder!

[*VAPID comes from behind the sofa, and smacks him on the back.*]

Vapid. Prologue or epilogue—I'm the man—I'll write you both.

Lord. There he is again!

Lady. Oh! I shall faint with vexation!—My lord, I desire you'll misinterpret nothing—every thing shall be explained to you.—Marianne!

Lord. Here's the curtain up with a vengeance!

Enter MARIANNE.

Lady. Answer me directly, how came that gentleman in this apartment? I know it is some trick of yours.

Vapid. [*Coming down the stage.*] To be sure, never any thing was so fortunate!—upon my soul, I beg your pardon: but, curse me if I can help laughing, to think how lucky it was for you both I happened to be behind the sofa!—ha! ha! ha!

Mari. [*As if taking the hint.*] 'Faith, no more can I—to be sure it was the luckiest thing in the world! ha! ha! ha!

[*Here they both laugh loud, and point to my-*

LORD and LADY WAITFOR'T, who stand between them in amazement.

Lady. Sir, I insist you lay aside this levity, and instantly explain how you came in this room.

Lord. Ay, sir—explain.

Vapid. Never fear old lady—I'll bring you off depend on't.

Lady. Bring me off, sir! speak out, sir, how came you in this apartment?

Vapid. With all my heart—by her ladyship's own appointment.

Lady. My own appointment!—I shall run wild.

Vapid. To be sure—you have hardly forgot your own hand writing.

Lord. Her own hand-writing!—get on, sir—I beseech you, get on.

Vapid. Why, look ye, old Scratch—you seem to be an admirer of this lady's.—Now I think it my duty as a moral dramatist—a moral dramatist, sir; mark that—to expose hypocrisy—therefore, sir, there is the letter, read it, and be convinced of your error.

Lord. Very well; have you done, sir—have you

done?—consider I'm a peer of the realm, and I shall die if I don't talk.

Vapid. And now, sir, I must beg a favour of you—*[Gets close to him.]*—keep the whole affair secret, for if it gets hacknied it loses its force.—To bring it all on the stage: hush! say nothing—it will have a capital effect, and brother bards will wonder where I stole it—your situation will be wonderful—you havn't an idea how ridiculous you will look—you will laugh very much at yourself I assure you.

Lord. What is all this! Well, now I will speak—I'll wait no longer.

Vapid. Yes, yes, I shall take care of you,—Falstaff in the buck-basket will be nothing to it—he was only the dupe of another man's wife—you'll be the dupe of your own, you know—"think of that, Master Brook, think of that." Well, your servant. *[Exit.*

Lord. He's gone without hearing me!—then there's an end of every thing, for here I stand, once a barrister—since a country gentleman, and now a peer; and, though I have made twenty attempts to speak, I can't be heard a syllable—mercy! what will this world come to! a peer and not to be heard!

Lady. My lord—assured of my innocence, I have no doubt of justifying my own conduct, and even by means of that letter increasing your affection.—It was written to another person—your ungrateful nephew.

Lord. My nephew?

Lady. Yes, sir, I could not perceive him losing the esteem of his friends, without having the desire to reclaim him—indeed, I knew no better mode of fulfilling my project, than by personally warning him of his situation.—For this purpose I wrote that letter, and I never thought it would have been thus misused.—If there is any improper warmth in the expressions, it only proceeds from my anxiety of

ensuring an interview.—I hope, sir, you are satisfied.

Lord. Why, I believe you my lady; and I should be perfectly satisfied if I could forget your passion for the stage, and that madman behind the sofa.

Lady. As to that, sir, this young lady can best inform you.—I desired him to leave the house an hour ago.

Mari. [*Aside.*] I'm afraid my only way is to confess all.—My lord, if I confess the truth, I hope you'll prevail on my aunt to forgive me.

Lord. Tell what you know, and I'll answer for your forgiveness.

Mari. Why, sir, I found the gentleman alone, and not having had a *tete-a-tete* a long time, I pressed him to stay, and on hearing your voice, I put him behind the sofa—that you might not think any thing had happened—and, indeed, sir, nothing did happen—upon my word he's as quiet, inoffensive a gentleman as yourself.

Lord. My fears are over. Oh! you finished composition! come to my arms, and when I suspect you again—[*Coughs much.*]—this curst cough, it takes one so suddenly,

Enter ENNUI.

Ennui. I've an idea—Florville is arrived—in fact—I just now spoke to him.

Lord. Florville arrived!—Come, my lady—let's go see what his travels have done for him.—Hark ye, Ennui—prepare for your interview with Louisa, and remember you make a mandarin member.—Come, my lady—nay, never irritate your feelings.

[*Exeunt LORD and LADY.*]

Mari. So—poor Mr. Neville is to lose Miss Courtney.—Her present quarrel with him is so violent, that she may marry this idiot merely in revenge.—If I could dupe him now and ensure her contempt.—I'll

try.—Mr. Ennui, have you seen your intended wife yet?

Ennui. No

Mari. So I thought—why you'll never please her while you remain as you are.—You must alter your manners.—She is all life!—all spirits!—and loves a man the very opposite to you.

Ennui. I've an idea—I'm very sorry—in fact—how can I please her?

Mari. There's the difficulty—let me see—the sort of man she prefers is—you know Sir Harry Hustle?—a man all activity and confidence!—who does every thing from fashion and glories in confessing it.

Ennui. Sir Harry Hustle?—in fact—he's a modern blood of fashion.

Mari. I know—that's the reason she likes him, and you must become the same, if you wish to win her affection—a new dress—bold looks—a few oaths, and much swaggering effects the business. [*ENNUI puts himself in attitudes.*] Ay, that's right, you are the very man already.

Ennui. I'm a lad of fashion!—eh, dam'me!—I've an idea—I shall fall asleep in the midst of it.

Mari. No, no;—go about it directly—see Sir Harry Hustle, and study your conversation before hand—but remember Louisa is so fond of fashion, that you can't boast too much of its vices and absurdities.

Ennui. If virtue was the fashion, I should be virtuous!—I should, dam'me!

Mari. Ay, that's the very thing—well—good bye, Mr. Ennui—success attend you—mind you talk enough.

Ennui. Talk!—I'll talk till I fall asleep!—I will, dam'me! [*Exit swaggering.*—*MARIANNE laughing.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Saloon in LADY WAITFOR'T'S House.

LOUISA *discovered reading.*

Louisa. Heigho! these poets are wonderfully tiresome—always on the same theme—nothing but love—I'm weary of it. [*Lays down the book and rises.*] Ungenerous Neville! how could he use me so cruelly? to attempt to gain my affections, and then address another! Lady Waitfor't has convinced me of the fact—I can never forgive him: yet, I fear I love him still—well, I'll even go examine my heart, and determine whether I do love him or not.

Enter NEVILLE as she is going out.

Mr. Neville!—I thought, sir, I had desired we might never meet again.

Nev. 'Tis true, madam, and I meant to obey your commands, hard as they were, implicitly obey them—but I came hither to welcome my brother, and not to intrude on the happiness of her I am doomed to avoid.

Louisa. If I remember, sir, truth was ever among the foremost of your virtues?

Nev. Yes—and I am confident you have no reason to doubt it—though you have cause to censure my presumption, you have none to suspect my fidelity.

Louisa. Oh, no!—I don't suspect your fidelity in

the least; but when people are faithful to more than one, you know, Mr. Neville——

Nev. I don't understand you, ma'am.

Louisa. It is no matter, Mr. Neville—you may spare yourself any trouble in attempting to justify your conduct—I am perfectly satisfied, sir, I'll assure you. [Going.]

Nev. Oh, do not leave me in this anxious state—perhaps this is the last time we shall ever meet; and to part thus, would embitter every future moment of my life. Indeed, I have no hopes that concern not your happiness—no wishes that relate not to your esteem.

Louisa. Sir, I will freely confess to you, had you shown the least perseverance in your affection, or sincerity in your behaviour, I could have heard your addresses with pleasure; but to listen to them now, Mr. Neville, would be to approve a conduct, my honour prompts me to resent and my pride to despise.

Nev. Then I am lost indeed!—'Tis to the perfidious Lady Waitfor't I owe all this—my present

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T behind.

misery—my future pain—are all the product of her jealous rage!—She is so vile a hypocrite, that—

Lady. [Coming forward.] Who is a hypocrite, sir?

Nev. Madam!

Lady. Who is a hypocrite, sir? answer me.

Nev. Ask your own heart, that can best inform you.

Lady. Tell me, Mr. Neville, what have I done that you dare insult me thus?

Nev. What have you done! look on that lady, madam;—there all my hopes and wishes were combined!—there was the very summit of my bliss!—I thought I had attained it; but in the moment of my happiness, you came, crushed every hope, and baffled all my joys.

Lady. Upon my word, sir, very romantic—but I thank heaven, I look for approbation in a better opinion than that of Mr. Neville's.

Nev. 'Tis well you do, madam; for were I your judge, your punishment should be exemplary.—But I'll waste words no more—I only hope [*To LOUISA.*] you, madam, are satisfied that one of my errors may at least be forgiven, and this last suspicion for ever blotted from your memory.

Lady. Sir—from that lady's forgiveness you have nothing to expect—if she consents to pardon you, I'll take care my lord never shall.

Nev. No—I do not hope for forgiveness—I have heard her determination; and, cruel as it is, to that I must resign;—she may be assured I never will intrude where I know I offend.

Louisa. Do you then leave us, Mr. Neville?

Nev. Yes, madam—and for ever!—May you be as blest in the gratification of your hopes as I have been wretched in the disappointment of mine.

[*Exit.*]

Lady. Tyrant! I wish he had stayed to hear reason—I hope he is not serious in leaving us.

Louisa. You hope!—Why does it concern you?

Lady. Oh! no further than from that general love I bear mankind.—You forget my feelings on these occasions, Louisa.

Louisa. Yes, indeed—I have too much reason to attend to my own.—You'll excuse me—I have particular business—I'll return immediately. [*Exit.*]

Lady. Oh! the cause of her confusion is evident—she loves him still—but they shall never meet again—I have already sent a letter to Willoughby, which imparts a scheme I have long cherished. My lord, in his anger about my stage mania, has forgot Ennui's play; so, that there may be no bars to Willoughby's happiness, I am determined Louisa shall be his this very night.

Enter LORD SCRATCH.

Lord. Here's a spectacle for a peer ! Floriville is below, and has returned from his travels a finished coxcomb.—I'll not give him a farthing.

Lady. Nay, my lord, perhaps you may be mistaken.

Lord. Mistaken ! no—he has travelled, not to see, but to say he had seen.

Enter MARIANNE with a French Watch and Chain.

Mari. Oh, uncle-in-law ! look here—I never saw any thing so elegant in all my life.

Lord. Whose present is this ?

Mari. Whose !—why the sweet gentleman's just arrived from Italy—Lord ! he's a dear man !—He has promised to do every thing for me—to get me a fortune—to get me a husband—to get me a——

Lord. Hush ! you don't know what you are talking about.

Mari. Yes, but I do, though—he has told me every thing—Lord ! I have heard such things !—Come here, near—[*LORD SCRATCH gets close to her.*] get my aunt out of the room and I'll tell you stories that shall make your old heart bound again ! Hush ! do it quietly—I will, upon my honour.—What an old fool it is !

[*Aside.*

Lady. Marianne, you mustn't listen to Mr. Floriville—for travellers may persuade you into any thing—and many a woman has been ruined in one country by being told it is the fashion in another.

Lord. Here he comes : I see, as plain as my peerage, I sha'n't keep my temper.

Enter FLORIVILLE.

Flor. Ladies, a thousand pardons, for not waiting

on you before, but this is the first vacant moment I have had since my arrival in Bath.

Mari. Sir, your coming at all is taken as a very great compliment, I'll assure you.

Lady. Leave the room immediately—no reply—I will be obeyed—[*To MARIANNE, who exits.*] Mr. Floriville, we are very happy to see you.

Flor. Ma'am, you do me honour—my lord, where's Harry?—I thought to have found him here;—what! he didn't choose to stay?—so much the better—it shows he's not a man of ceremony—we do the same in Italy. But, hark ye, uncle—is this the lady I'm to call my aunt?

Lord. My gorge is rising: I shall certainly do him a mischief.

Flor. [*Spying at her.*] Rather experienced or so—a little antique, eh!—however, the same motive that makes her a good aunt to me, will make her a good wife to you—you understand me?

Lord. Dam'me if I do.

Flor. Well, well, no matter—come, I want to hear every thing—to know what remarkable occurrences have happened since I left England.—Pray, Lady Waitfor't inform me—do let me know every little circumstance.

Lady. Rather, sir, we should ask of you what happened in your travels?

Flor. Oh, nothing so shocking!—no man can be the herald of his own praise.

Lady. Yes, sir—but I wish to know how you like the Chapel of Loretto, the Venus de Medicis of Florence, the Vatican at Rome, and all the numberless curiosities peculiar to the countries you have travelled through?

Lord. Look ye—I'll answer for it, he knows nothing of the gentlemen you mention—do you, my sweet pretty?—Oh! you damned puppy!

Flor. Why swear, my lord?

Lord. Swear, my lord! Zounds! it's my pretogative, and by——tell me how you spent your time, sir?

Flor. Why, in contemplating living angels, not dead antiquities;—in basking in the rays of beauty, not mouldering in the dust of ancestry;—in mirth, festivity, and pleasure; not study, pedantry, and retirement.—Oh, I have lived, sir! lived for myself, not an ungrateful world, who, should I die a martyr to their cause, would only laugh and wonder at my folly.

Lady. You seem to know the world, Mr. Floriville.

Flor. No, ma'am, I know little of mankind, and less of myself—I have no pilot, but my pleasures;—no mistress, but my passions;—and I don't believe if it was to save my life, I could reason consequentially for a minute together.

Lord. Granted:—you have seen every thing worth seeing, yet know nothing worth knowing;—and now you have just knowledge enough to prove yourself a fool on every subject.

Flor. Vastly well, my lord—upon my word you improve with your title, but I am perfectly satisfied, believe me—for what I don't know, I take for granted, is not worth knowing—therefore we'll call another topic.—I'm in love, my lord.

Lord. In love!—with who, sir?

Flor. Can't you guess?

Lord. No, sir, I cannot.

Flor. With one that will please you very much—at least, ought to please you—you'll be in raptures, dear uncle.

Lord. Raptures! and you shall be in agonies my dear nephew.

Flor. You have known one another a long while, yet you hav'n't met for years—you have loved one another a long while, yet you quarrelled not an hour ago.

—you have differed from one another all your lives, yet you are likely to be friends as long as you live—and, above all, the person is now in the house.

Lord. In this house! let me know who it is this moment, or by the blood of the Scratches——

Flor. One who has charms enough to set the world on fire;—one who has fortune enough to set a state at war, sir;—one who has talents, health, and prosperity, and yet not half what the person deserves:—can you tell now, sir?

Lord. No, sir, and if you don't tell this instant—

Flor. Then I'll tell you, [*Slaps him on the back.*] it's myself, sir! my own charming self!—I have searched the world over, and I don't find any thing I like half so well.

[*Walks up the stage.*]

Lord. I won't disgrace myself—I won't lower the dignity of peerage by chastising a commoner;—else, you Prince of Butterflies—come, my lady—look ye, sir—I intend to be handed down to posterity; and, while you are being lampooned in ballads and newspapers, I mean to cut a figure in the History of England:—so, come along, my lady—in the History of England, you coxcomb!

[*Exeunt LORD and LADY.*]

Flor. If the face is the picture of the mind, that intended aunt of mine is a great hypocrite, and the story I heard of the poet proves it.—But now for a frolic—'gad it's very strange I could never reform, and become a serious thinking being—but what's the use of thinking?

Reason stays till we call, and then not oft is near,
But honest instinct comes a volunteer!— [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in LADY WAITFOR'T'S House.

Enter WILLOUGHBY and SERVANT.

Will. [To SERVANT.] Tell your mistress I shall be punctual to the appointment. [Exit SERVANT.] So, thanks to fortune, Lady Waitfor't has at length consented to my entreaties, and this night makes Louisa mine for ever!—now to read the letter once more.

[Reads.]

Louisa accompanies me to-night to Lady Walton's, which you know is at the extremity of the town—on some pretence or other I'll tell her I have ordered the servant at the back gate which adjoins the paddock—there I'll leave her—and if you have a chaise waiting near the spot, you may conduct her where you please.—You know my feelings on this occasion, but it is for her good only, I'll assure you—she don't deserve it, Mr. Willoughby:—indeed she don't deserve it.

A. WAITFOR'T.

So—this is beyond my hopes!—ha! my Lord, and Louisa with him, come to receive Ennui, whom, to my astonishment, I met just now swearing and capering, and boasting of the vices of fashion—but no matter—I must to the rendezvous immediately—now, Louisa, tremble at my vengeance! [Exit.]

Enter LORD SCRATCH and LOUISA.

Lord. Yes, yes:—Ennui will be here in an instant—but he's so reserved—and so mild—

Louisa. So I understand, sir—and so very silent that he won't talk so much in a year, as I intend in an hour.

Lord. I know—that's the reason I bring him into parliament—he'll never speak—only say “Ay” or

"No," and be up stairs to beef-steaks in an instant, [Knock] Here he is!—now encourage him—don't mind his diffidence—

Louisa. No, sir—I'll do all in my power to make him talk.

Lord. That's well—I'll leave you together—I won't interrupt you, [Stamping without.] Odso!—I must get out of the way—encourage him, Louisa—I beseech you encourage him! [Exit.

Ennui. [Without.] Stand by! no ceremony dam'me!—

Louisa. Heaven!—is this diffidence?

Enter ENNUI and SERVANT.

Ennui. Get down stairs, you dog—get down— [Exit SERVANT.] Here I am, ma'am:—ease is every thing—I'll seat myself—now for business!—yaw—aw. [Yawns aside.

Louisa. Sir!

Ennui. In one word, I'll tell you my character—I'm a lad of fashion—I love gaming—I hate thinking—I like racing—I despise reading—I patronize boxing—I detest reasoning—I pay debts of honour, —not honourable debts—in short, I'll kick your servants—cheat your family, and fight your guardian—and so if you like me, take me—heh, dam'me!—I'm tired already!—yaw—aw. [Yawns aside.

Louisa. Astonishing!—Mr. Ennui—

Ennui. Ma'am? yaw—aw. [Aside.

Louisa. Mr. Ennui, can you be in your senses?

Ennui. In fact—I don't comprehend [Forgetting himself.]—Oh—ay—senses! [Recollecting himself.] a lad of fashion in his senses!—that's a very good joke!—if one of us had any sense, the rest would shut him up in a cabinet of curiosities, or show him as a wonderful animal:—they would, dam'me!—I can't support it!—yaw—aw. [Yawns aside.

Louisa. So, you glory in your ignorance!

Ennui. Ma'am—yaw—aw.

Aside.

Louisa. So, you glory in your ignorance—in your vices?

Ennui. I've an idea—I can't understand—[*Forgetting himself.*]*—vices! Oh :—ay, dam'me, to be sure ;* [*Recollecting himself.*] you must be wicked, or you can't be visited—singularity is every thing—every man must get a character, and I'll tell you how I first got mine :—I pretended to intrigue with my friend's wife—paragraphed myself in the newspapers,—got caricatured in the print-shops—made the story believed—was abused by every body—noticed for my gallantry by every body—and at length visited by every body—I was, dam'me!—I'm curst sleepy,—yaw—aw. [*Yawns aside.*]

Louisa. Incredible!—but if singularity is your system; perhaps being virtuous would make you as particular as any thing.

Ennui. Vastly well!—'gad, you're like me, a wit, and don't know it. [*Taking out his watch.*] How goes the enemy?—more than half the day over!—tol de rol lol! [*Humming a tune.*] I'm as happy as if I was at a fire or a general riot.—Come to my arms, thou angel—thou—[*As he goes to embrace her, LORD SCRATCH enters—he embraces him.*] Ah—Scratch!—my friend Scratch!—sit down, my old boy—sit down—we've settled every thing. [*Forces him into a chair and sits by him.*]

Lord. Why—what is all this?

Ennui. She's to intrigue and you and I are to go halves in the damages—some rich old Nabob—we'll draw him into *crim. con.*—bring an action directly, and a ten thousand pound verdict at least—eh, dam'me!—

Lord. Why he's mad!—that dramatic maniac has bit him.

Ennui. Get a divorce—marry another and go halves again, dam'me!

Lord. [*Rising.*] Why, look ye, you impostor ! you—didn't you come here to pay your addresses to this lady ? and wasn't I to bring you into parliament, for your quiet silent disposition ?

Ennui. [*Pushing him out of his way.*] Hold your tongue ! out of the way, Scratch !—out of the way, or I'll do you a mischief—I will, dam'me !—Zounds !—a'nt I at the top of the beau monde ? and don't I set the fashions ?—if I was to cut off my head, wouldn't half the town do the same ?—they would, dam'me !—I get sleepy again !—yaw—aw. [*Aside.*

Lord. Here now !—here's a mandarin member ;—why, he'd have bred a civil war !—made ten long speeches in a day !—cut your head off, indeed !—curse me but I wish you would—you must be silent then—you couldn't talk without a head, could you ?

Ennui. Yes, in parliament—as well without a head as with one—do you think a man wants a head for a long speech, dam'me !

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Her ladyship is waiting, ma'am.

Louisa. Oh, I attend her—Mr. Ennui, your most obedient.

Ennui. [*Taking her hand.*] With your leave, ma'am.—You see, Scratch—you see.

Lord. Why, Louisa !—

Ennui. Keep your distance, Scratch—contemplate your superiors—look at me with the same awful respect a city beau looks at a prince—this way, most angelic—Scratch, cut your head off—this way, most angelic. [*Exit with LOUISA.*

Lord. Here's treatment !—was ever poor peer so tormented ?—what am I to do ?—I'll go to Lady Waitfor't, for from her alone I meet relief—find a silent member, indeed !—by my privilege one might as soon find a pin in the ocean—charity in a bench of bishops—or wit in Westminster-hall ! [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Paddock near LADY WALTON'S House—A View of the House at a distance and partly moonlight.

WILLOUGHBY *alone.*

'Tis past the hour Lady Waitfor't appointed—why does she delay? I cannot have mistaken the place—yonder's Lady Walton's house—Oh! 'would all were past, and Louisa safely mine! I hear a noise—by heaven 'tis she! and with her all my happiness—I'll withdraw a while and observe them. [*Retires.*]

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T and LOUISA COURTNEY.

Louisa. My dear Lady Waitfor't, why do you loiter here? you cannot find your servants in this place—let us return to Lady Walton's.

Lady. No, no, they must be here—I ordered them to wait in this very spot to avoid confusion. What can have become of Willoughby? [*Aside.*]

Louisa. If you have the least sense of fear for yourself, or regard for me, I beg we may return to Lady Walton's.

Lady. No, no, I tell you I ordered William at the back gate, that he might conduct us through the paddock to our carriage; you know we might have been whole hours getting through the crowd the other way—do be a little patient, hav'n't I as much reason to be alarmed as yourself?

Louisa. Yes, but you have not the apprehension I have; I don't know why, but I am terrified beyond description.

Lady. Well, well, never fear; [*Looking out.*] Oh, yonder's Willoughby! now for the grand design! [*Aside.*] Louisa, if you'll wait here a moment I'll

step to the next gate, and see if they are there ;—they cannot escape us then.

Louisa. No, no, don't leave me ;—I wouldn't stay by myself for the world.

Lady. Ridiculous ! can't you protect yourself for an instant ? must you be all your life watched like a baby in leading-strings ? Oh ! I am ashamed of you—only wait a moment, lest they pass by in my absence, and I'll return to you immediately.

Louisa. Well : don't stay.

Lady. Stay ! what have you to be frightened at ? I shall not be out of call ;—besides, if there's any fear of a personal attack, may not I be as terrified as yourself ? It isn't the first time, I'll assure you ; but that's no matter ;—show yourself a woman of spirit, and at least, emulate one of my virtues.—Now, Willoughby, the rest is thine !
[Exit.

WILLOUGHBY comes forward.

Willoughby. Be not alarmed, Miss Courtney.

Louisa. Mr. Willoughby !

Willoughby. Yes, madam ; the man you most avoid.

Louisa. Tell me, sir, immediately, how, and by whose appointment, you came here ?

Willoughby. By love, madam ; the same passion that has prompted me to pursue you for years, now happily conducts me hither ;—I come to lessen your fears, not to increase them.

Louisa. Then, leave me, sir, I can protect myself.

Willoughby. No, not till you have heard and pitied me ; I have been long your suitor, and long scorned by you ; you have treated me with indifference, and preferred my inferiors ; how I have deserved, all this, yourself can best explain, but, to prove all former cruelties are forgotten, I here offer you my hand, and with it, my heart.

Louisa. Sir, this is no time for hearing you on this subject ; if you wish to oblige me, leave me

Willoughby. No, not till I am answered;—years may elapse ere I shall have another opportunity like the present, therefore no time can be so well as now.

Louisa. Then I command you to leave me,—I will not be threatened into a compliance.

Willoughby. Look ye, Miss Courtney—I would avoid taking advantage of your situation—start not—but if you persist in your contempt of me, I know not to what extremities passion may hurry me; I have every motive for redress; and, if you do not instantly give me your word, to prefer me to that beggar Neville, I may do that my cooler sense would scorn.

Louisa. Beggar, sir!

Willoughby. Yes; and were he not beneath my resentment, I'd tell you more;—but he is too poor—
—too—

Louisa. Hold, sir; did you resemble him, I might esteem, nay, adore you; but as you are, I loath, I despise, I defy you;—you take advantage of my situation!—Hear me, sir,—though not a friend is near,—though night opposes me, and Heaven deserts me, yet can I smile upon your menaces, and make you tremble, villain as you are.

Willoughby. Have a care, madam! another declaration like that, and I'll delay no longer;—I'll force you to my purpose.

Louisa. You dare not, on your life you dare not.

Willoughby. Nay, then—I am not to be terrified by threats,—[*Lays hold of her.*] all struggling is in vain; this moment gratifies my revenge.—away!

Louisa. Off,—let me go! Oh, help! help!

[*As he is forcing her out, enter FLORVILLE, half drunk.*]

Flor. “Donne, donne, donne, dow.” [*Singing part of an Italian air.*] Oh, this burgundy's a glorious liquor! hey-day! who have we here?

Louisa. Oh, sir! if you have any pity for an injured, helpless woman, assist one who never knew distress till now!

Flor. Go on, ma'am, go on—both damn'd drunk I perceive.

Louisa. Do not be deaf to my entreaties—do not desert me—

Flor. Go on, ma'am, go on—I love oratory in a woman.

Louisa. Gracious Heaven! how have I deserved all this? I see, sir, you avoid me. I see you are indifferent to my fate.

Flor. No, ma'am, you wrong me—but in Italy—observe—we always take these things coolly—now, sir, will you explain?

Willoughby. No, sir, I will not.

Flor. You will not?

Willoughby. No, sir, and I warn you not to listen to the wild ravings of a senseless woman—it may be better for you, sir.

Flor. Why so, Prince Prettiman?

Willoughby. No matter, sir, I will not be amused from my purpose.

Flor. You won't, old Pluto, won't you? then, ma'am, observe! you shall behold my mode of fighting—I'll kill him like a gentleman, and he shall die without a groan;—you'll be delighted, ma'am—I learnt it all in Italy.—Come, Belzebub, are you ready?

Willoughby. 'Sdeath! what can I do? he is drunk, perhaps I may disarm him.

Flor. Now, thou original sin, thou prince of darkness! come out; never let her see thy black infernal visage more; or, by my life, I'll pulverize you—you see, ma'am, no bad orator either—learnt it all in Italy.

Willoughby. Come on, sir.

Flor. Ay, now old Sisyphus, push home—but

fight like a gentleman if you can; for remember, there is a lady in company—observe, ma'am, observe; you won't see it again. [*They fight.*—FLORIVILLE *disarms* WILLOUGHBY.]

Flor. What, vanquished, Tarquin? hah! hah! [*Parrying up and down the stage by himself.*—You see, ma'am, you see!—Oh! Italy's your only country!—Now, ma'am, would you have me kill him here “in Allegro,” or postpone it, that you may have the pleasure of pinking him yourself “in Penseroso?”

Louisa. [*Coming near FLORIVILLE, and discovering him.*] Floriville, my deliverer!—generous man!—No, sir, whatever are his crimes, do not kill him; his greatest punishment will be to live.

Flor. There then, caitiff, take your sword, and, d'ye hear? retire;—that black front of thine offends the lady;—if you want another flourish, you will soon find Floriville—abscond.

Willoughby. Sir, you shall hear from me—dis- traction? [*Exit.*]

Flor. And now, my dear little angel, how can I assist you? I'm very sorry that I can't help it—I'm cursed drunk, and not proper company for a lady of your dignity,—but I won't affront you,—I mean to make myself agreeable, and if I do not—it is the fault of that place, [*Pointing to his head.*] and not of this. [*Pointing to his heart.*]

Louisa. Sir, your conduct has endeared you to me for ever; and while I live, your generosity and valour shall be engraven on my heart.

Flor. Gently, gently, have a care, make no declarations; if you are in love with me, as I suppose you are, keep it secret,—for at this moment you might raise a flame that would consume us both;—poor creature! how fond she is of me! any other time I would indulge her, but not now— [*Looks at her sometime, then runs and kisses her*

hand.—Oh, you paragon!—"Angels must paint to look as fair as you."—[*Goes from her again.*]—I'll leave you, or, by Heaven, it will be all over with us.

Louisa. No, no, don't desert me! alas! I have no way left but to commit myself to your care—if I could bring him to recollect me, all would be safe. Mr. Floriville, don't you know me?

Flor. No, would to Heaven I did.

Louisa. What, not Miss Courtney?

Flor. What, Louisa? my brother's idol?

Louisa. Alas! the very same.

Flor. Then may I die, if I don't get out of your debt before I leave you—where—where shall I conduct you?

Louisa. I know not—return to lady Waitfor't's again, I will not—I had rather be a wanderer all my life—to lady Walton's there is no excuse for returning, and I know no friend in Bath I dare intrude upon.—I have so high an opinion, Mr. Floriville, of your honour, that, notwithstanding your present situation, there is no man on earth I would sooner confide in;—can you then think of any place where I may rest in safety for a few hours, and then I will set out for my uncle's in the country.

Flor. Indeed I cannot, I am a wanderer myself;—I have no home but what this gentleman is to purchase me [*Taking out his purse.*]—you cannot partake of that.

Louisa. Oh! what will become of me?

Flor. Let me see—I have it—I'll take her to my brother's;—she'll be safe there, and not a soul shall come near her.—Well, Miss Courtney,—I have recollected a place where I know you'll be safe—a friend's house, that will be as secure—nay, don't droop—in Italy we're never melancholy.

Louisa. Oh, Mr. Floriville, to what a hazard has lady Waitfor't exposed me! to her perfidy I owe it all; but yonder's that wretch again; pray let us be gone.

Flor. Belzebub again,—no, no, we mustn't stir ;
—what ! an angel fly from a devil ? damme, I'll
stay and crush him.

Louisa. Nay, sir, reflect ; 'twere madness to remain.

Flor. 'Faith, that's true ; I believe it's braver to
retire,—therefore, Tarquin, adieu ; come, my best
angel ! I'll fight your battles, and if I don't sink all
your enemies, may I never see Italy again as long as
I live !

[*Exeunt.*

Enter WILLOUGHBY.

Ha ! gone ! I am sorry for it ; I would have seen
them. Lady Waitfor't has just left me, and treated
me like ner slave ; insulted and derided me : but I'll
have done with her for ever, I'll be her dupe no
more. She is now gone to Neville's lodgings, under
pretence of pursuing Louisa ; but, in fact, to see
him, and prevent his leaving Bath ; this I will
write to my lord, and then let him follow, and be
witness of her infamy ; thus, I hope, I shall make
some reparation for the wrongs I have committed,
and prove at last I have some sense of virtue. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

NEVILLE'S Lodgings—*A Closet in back Scene.—Two
Chairs and a Table, with Wine on it.—A knocking
at the Door.*

Enter PETER, reading a Card.

*Vapid presents his compliments to his friend
Neville ; has thought of nothing but writing the epi-
logue for his friend's play since they parted ; he has
made great progress, and will wait on him to take his
judgment on it in a few minutes. If the gentleman*

should come soon, I fear my master won't be at home to receive him.

[*Knocks.*—*PETER* opens the door, and lets in *VAPID*.]

Vapid. Well, here it is;—where's Neville?

Peter. Not within, sir.

Vapid. Yes, yes, here it is; I must see him.

Peter. Sir, he's gone out.

Vapid. Gone out? impossible!

Peter. Impossible! it's very true, sir.

Vapid. Gone out! why, I've brought him the epilogue, the new epilogue to Mr. What's-his-name's comedy; the very best thing I ever wrote in my life; I knew it would delight him.

Peter. Sir, he has been gone out above these two hours.

Vapid. Then he'll never forgive himself as long as he lives; why, it's all correct, all chaste! only one half line wanting at the end to make it complete.

Peter. Indeed, sir! it's very unfortunate.

Vapid. Unfortunate! I wanted to have heard him read it too; when another person reads it, one often hits on a thought that might otherwise have escaped; then, perhaps, he would have hit on that cursed half line I have so long been working at.

Peter. Sir, if it is not impertinent, and you'd permit me to read it—

Vapid. You read it!

Peter. Yes, sir, if you'd allow me that honour.

Vapid. 'Faith, I should have no objection; but wouldn't it lower one's dignity? No, no, Moliere used to read his plays to his servant, so I believe all's regular. Come, sir, begin.

Peter. [*Reading Epilogue.*] In ancient times, when
agonizing wars,

And bleeding nations, fill'd the world with jars;
When murder, battle, sudden death, prevail'd,
When——

Vapid. Stop—stop—I have it: not a word for your life; I feel it—it's coming on—the last line directly—quick! quick!

Peter. [*Reads.*] The tyrant totters, and the senate nods,

Die all, die nobly!—

Here's something wanting, sir.

Vapid. I know it, say nothing—I have it.

[*Walks backwards and forwards.*]

The tyrant totters, and the senate nods,

Die all, die nobly!—

Oh, damn it! damn it! damn it! that cursed half line. I shall never accomplish it, all so chaste, all so correct, and to have it marr'd for want of one half line, one curst half line! I could almost weep for disappointment.

Peter. Never mind, sir, don't perplex yourself, put in any thing.

Vapid. Put in any thing! why, 'tis the last line, and the epilogue must end with something striking, or it will be no trap for applause; no trap for applause, after all this fine writing! Put in any thing! what do you mean, sirrah?

Peter. Methinks this is a strange epilogue to a comedy. [*Knock at the door.*] Perhaps this is my master; [*Looks out.*] no, as I live, 'tis Mr. Flori-ville and Miss Courtney! she mustn't on any account be seen by this gentleman.

Vapid. Well, who is it?—"The tyrant totters"—

Peter. Sir, it's a friend of my master's, who has brought a lady with him. I'm sure you've too much gallantry to interrupt an amour; and, therefore, you'll be kind enough to get out of the way directly.

Vapid. Get out of the way! what the devil, in the middle of my composition?—"Die all, die nobly"—

Peter. Nay, sir, only step for a moment into this

closet, and you shall be released ; now, pray, sir, pray be prevailed on.

Vapid. Well, let me see—in this closet ! why here's china : zounds ! would you put a live author in a china closet ?

Peter. What can I do, sir ? there is no way 'out but that door ; get in here for an instant, and I'll show them into the library ; now, do, sir.

Vapid. Well, be brief then,—“ Die all ! die nobly ! ”—oh ! oh ! oh !

[*Enters closet, and FLORVILLE and LOUISA enter.*]

Flor. Hey-day ! my old acquaintance, Peter ! where's my brother ?

Peter. Sir, he has been out the whole evening.

Louisa. In the same house with Neville ! oh, Heavens !

Flor. Well, Miss Courtney, I hope now you are convinced of your safety.

Louisa. Yes, sir, but I would it were in any other place. Lady Waitfor't, ere this, is in pursuit of me, and if she discovers me here, you know too well how much I have to dread.

[*Knock at the door.—Exit PETER.*]

Flor. Don't be alarm'd, there's nothing shall molest you.

Louisa. Oh, sir, you don't know the endless malice of lady Waitfor't ; she will triumph in my misery, and till my lord is convinced of her duplicity, I see no hope of your brother's happiness, or my own.

Enter PETER.

Peter. Lady Waitfor't is below, inquiring for that lady, or my master.

Flor. For my brother ?

Peter. Yes, sir, and my lord has sent to know if Mr. Vapid, or her ladyship, have been here ; he was

in bed, but on receiving a letter, got up, and will be here in an instant.

Louisa. For Heaven's sake, Mr. Floriville, let me retire ;—I cannot support the conflict.

Flor. Promise to recall your spirits, and you shall.

Louisa. What I can do I will.

Flor. Then know no apprehension ; for, on my life, you shall not be disturbed.

[*Leads her to the door of the library, and talks in dumb show.*]

Vapid. [*From closet.*] Peter ! Peter ! can't you release me ?

Peter. No, sir, don't move, you'll ruin every thing.

Vapid. Then give me that candle ; I have pen and ink ; I think I could finish my epilogue.

Peter. Here, sir. [*Giving candle.*]

Vapid. That curst half line—" Die all"—

[*PETER shuts him in.*]

Flor. So, now, the storm begins, and if I don't have some sport with the enemy. [*Sits at table, and begins drinking.*] Here she comes.

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T.

Flor. Chairs, Peter, chairs—Sit down, ma'am—sit down—you honour me exceedingly.

Lady. Where is your brother, sir ? I insist on seeing him.

Enter LORD SCRATCH.

Lord. There she is ! in a man's lodgings at midnight ! here's treatment !

Lady. My lord, I came here in search of Louisa, who has been betrayed from my power.

Lord. Look ye, my lady—read that letter, that's all ; read that letter, and then say, if we shan't both cut a figure in the print shops.

Lady. [*Taking letter.*] Ha! Willoughby's hand! [*Reads.*] *Lady Waitfor't* (*I have only time to tell you*) *is gone to Neville's lodgings to meet one she has long had a passion for—follow her, and be convinced of her duplicity.* Oh, the villain! well, my lord, and pray who is the man I come to meet?

Lord. Why, who should it be but the stage rufian? if there was a sofa in the room, my life on't, he'd pop from behind it. Zounds! that fellow will lay straw before my door every nine months!

Lady. 'This is fortunate. [*Aside.*] Well sir, if I discover Louisa, I hope you'll be convinced I came here to redeem her, and not disgrace myself. Tell me, sir, immediately, where she is concealed.

[*To FLORVILLE.*

Flor. Sit down, ma'am—sit down: drink, drink, then we'll talk over the whole affair—there is no doing business without wine; come, here's "The glory of gallantry." I'm sure you'll both drink that.

Lady. No trifling, sir; tell me where she is concealed; nay, then I'll examine the apartment myself. [*Goes to door of Library.*] The door lock'd! give me the key, sir.

Flor. [*Drinking.*] "The glory of gallantry, ma'am."

Lord. Hear me, sir, if the lady's in that apartment, I shall be convinced that you and your brother are the sole authors of all this treachery; if she is there, by the honour of my ancestors, she shall be Willoughby's wife to-morrow morning.

Flor. [*Rising.*] Shall she, my lord? Pray, were you ever in Italy?

Lord. Why, coxcomb?

Flor. Because I'm afraid you've been bitten by a tarantula—you'll excuse me, but the symptoms are wonderfully alarming. There is a blazing fury in your eye, a wild emotion in your countenance, and a green spot—

Lord. Damn the green spot! open that door, and

let me see immediately : I'm a peer, and have a right to look at any thing.

Flor. [*Standing before the door.*] No, sir ; this door must not be open'd.

Lord. Then I'll forget my peerage, and draw my sword.

Flor. [*To LADY WAITFOR'T, who is going to interfere.*] Don't be alarm'd, ma'am, I'll only indulge him for my own amusement—mere trout fishing, ma'am.

Enter LOUISA from the Apartment.

Louisa. Hold ! I charge you, hold !—let not my unhappy fate be the source of more calamities.

Lord. 'Tis she herself ! My lady did not come to meet the madman.

Flor. By the lord, ma'am, you have ruined all.

Louisa. I know, sir, the consequences of this discovery, and I abide by them. But what I have done I can justify, and 'would to Heaven all here could do the same !

Flor. Indeed, I can't tell. I wish I was in Italy.

Lord. Mark me, madam,—nay, tears are in vain—to-morrow shall make you the wife of Willoughby ; and he shall answer for your follies.—No reply, sir, [*To FLOREVILLE, who is going to speak.*] I woudn't hear the chancellor.

Lady. Now, who is to blame ? Oh, virtue is ever sure to meet its reward ! Come to meet a mad poet, indeed ! My lord, I forgive you only on condition of your signing a contract to marry me to-morrow, and Louisa to Willoughby, at the same time.

Lord. I will, thou best of women ! draw it up immediately—and Neville shall starve for his treachery.

[*LADY WAITFOR'T goes to the table, and writes.*

Louisa. [*Falling at the feet of LORD SCRATCH*] Hear me, sir, not for myself, but for a wrong'd

friend, I speak:—Mr. Neville knows not of my concealment; on my honour, he is innocent: if that lady's wrongs must be avenged, confine the punishment to me; I'll bear it, with patience bear it.

Lord. Let go! let go, I say! Lady Waitfor't, make haste with the contract.

Lady. It only waits the signature. Now, my lord.

Flor. Look ye, uncle, she's the cause of all this mischief, and if you are not lost——

Lord. Out of my way! O'd, noise and nonsense, don't fancy yourselves in the House of Commons; we're not speaking twenty at a time. Here! give me the pen—I'll sign directly; and now——

As he is going to sign, VAPID breaks the China in the closet, and rushes out with the epilogue in his hand.

Vapid. "Die all! die nobly! die like demi-gods!"—Huzza, huzza! 'tis done! 'tis past! 'tis perfect.

Flor. Huzza! the poet at last; "Stop him who can!"

Lady. Confusion! tell me, sir, immediately, what do you mean by this new insult?

Vapid. "Die all! die nobly! die like demi-gods!"—oh, it's glorious!—Ah, old Scratch, are you there?—Joy, joy! give me joy! I've done your business! the work's past! the labour's o'er, my boy! "think of that, Master Brook—think of that!"

Lady. My lord, I am vilely treated. I desire you'll insist on an explanation.

Flor. He can't speak, madam.

[All this time my LORD is slowly walking away.]

Lady. How! are you going to leave me, my lord!

Vapid. *[Taking out his common-place book.]* Faith this mustn't be lost! there's something worth observing. ..

[Exit LORD SCRATCH.]

Lady. Oh, I shall burst with rage! Mr. Vapid, I desire you'll explain how you came in that closet. Why don't you answer me, sir?

Vapid. Your pardon, ma'am, I was taking a note of the affair—and yet I'm afraid——

Lady. What are you afraid of, sir?

Vapid. That it has been dramatized before;—it is certainly not a new case.

Lady. Insupportable! but I take my leave of you all! I abandon you for ever! I—oh, I shall go wild!

[*Exit in a rage.*]

Flor. Ay, ay, follow his lordship—virtue is ever sure to meet its reward. Now, Mr. Vapid, tell us how you came in that closet?

Vapid. 'Faith, I can't. I believe the servant hurried me there on your approach.

Flor. Then you didn't come to meet Lady Waitfor't?

Vapid. Meet lady Waitfor't! no, I came to read my epilogue to Neville; and a wonderful production it is—"The tyrant totters, and the senate nods."

[*Walking about.*]

Louisa. To what a strange fatality of circumstances has her character been exposed!—but vice often finds its punishment for a crime it never committed, when it escapes for thousands it daily practises.

Flor. Well, Miss Courtney, I hope now your apprehensions are at an end?

Louisa. Yes, sir, I shall remain for the short time necessary to prepare for my journey, and beg I may detain you no longer. I'm afraid I have already been a great intruder.

Flor. No, you have been the occasion of more happiness than ever I experienced. But you won't leave Bath, till you've seen my brother?

Louisa. Oh, I have been cruelly deceived, Mr. Floriville! I have injured your brother so much, that, though I wish, I almost dread to see him.

Flor. Then I'll go in search of him—and if I don't reconcile you——Come, Mr. Vapid, will you walk?

Vapid. With all my heart.

Flor. [*Taking him by the hand.*] By heaven! you are an honest fellow.

Vapid. Madam, good night! if I can be of any service to you in the dramatic, or any other way, you may command me.

Flor. Ay, I'll answer for him, he would die to serve you.

Vapid. Die to serve her! ay, “Die all!—die nobly!—die like demi-gods!” [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

LADY WAITFOR'T'S Apartment.

LADY WAITFOR'T discovered at her Toilette. LETTY waiting.

Lady. Mr. Vapid not come yet, Letty?

Letty. No, ma'am—but the servant who found him at the tavern said he would be here immediately.

Lady. I protest, I am almost weary of them all. [*Noise without.*] See who's there.

[LETTY listens and returns.

Letty. Mr. Vapid at last:—now, pray your ladyship, insist on his explaining every thing to my lord.

Lady. Yes; but, vilely as he has treated me, I must still be calm.

VAPID putting his head in.

Walk in, sir, walk in.

Vapid. No, ma'am, I'd rather stay here.

Lady. I beg you'll be seated, Mr. Vapid. I have something of consequence to impart to you.

Enter VAPID, gently.

Vapid. I'd never have ventured but in hopes of seeing my dear Marianne. [*Aside.*

Lady. Indeed I will not detain you a moment.

Vapid. Very well, ma'am, if that's the case—
[*Slowly seating himself.*] It's very alarming. [*Aside.*

Lady. Letty, leave the room, and fasten the door.

[*Exit LETTY.*

Vapid. No, no! don't do that, I beseech you!

Lady. You're very much frightened, Mr. Vapid;—I hope you don't suppose I have any design against you?

Vapid. I don't know, really, ma'am—such things are perfectly dramatic.

Lady. Well, but, to release you from your fears, I'll tell you why I have given you this trouble. My business, Mr. Vapid, was to converse with you on the farcical affair that happened at Neville's.

Vapid. Farcical!

Lady. Yes, sir, the farcical affair that happened at Mr. Neville's.

Vapid. Farcical! what, my epilogue, ma'am? I hope you don't mean to reflect on that?

Lady. No, sir, far from it—I have no doubt but it is a very elegant composition.

Vapid. Doubt!—here it is, read it!—the very first

production of the age!—a regular climax of poetic beauty!—the last line the *ne plus ultra* of genius.

Lady. But to be serious, Mr. Vapid—

Vapid. Why, I am serious : and I'll tell you, *Lady* Waitfor't, 'tis the last line of an epilogue, and the last scene of a comedy, that always distracts me—'tis the reconciliation of lovers—there's the difficulty ! You find it so in real life, I dare say ?

Lady. Yes. But Mr. Vapid, this affair concerns me excessively, and I wish to know what is to be done.

Vapid. I'll tell you—write a play ; and, bad as it may possibly be, say it's a translation from the French, and interweave a few compliments on the English, and, my life on't, it does wonders. Do it, and say you had the thought from me.

Lady. Sir, do you mean to deride me ?

Vapid. No. But only be cautious in your style—women are in general apt to indulge that pruriency and warm luxuriancy of fancy they possess—but do be careful—be decent—if you are not, I have done with you.

Lady. Sir, I desire you'll be more respectful. I don't understand it at all. [Rising.

Enter MARIANNE.

Vapid. Then here comes one that will explain every thing.

“ There's in her all that we believe of heaven ;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love ! ”

My dear sweet little partner, I rejoice to see you !

Mari. And, my dear sweet Mr. Poet, I rejoice to see you !

Lady. Provoking ! have I not told you a thou-

sand times, never to break in upon me when I am alone?

Mari. Alone, my lady!—do you call Mr. Vapid nobody, then?

Lady. Suppose I should—what is that to you?

Mari. Then I have a wrong notion of your nobodies. I always thought them harmless, unmeaning things; but Mr. Vapid's not so very harmless either—are you, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Indeed, ma'am, I am not.

Mari. There now, I told you so. Upon my word, you rely too much on your time of life, you do indeed. You think, because you're a little the worse for wear, you may trust yourself any where; but you're mistaken, you're not near so bad as you imagine—nay, I don't flatter, do I, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Indeed, ma'am, you do not.

Lady. Look ye, miss—your insolence is not to be borne—you have been the chief cause of all my perplexities.

Mari. Nay, aunt, don't say that.

Lady. No matter, your behaviour is shameless, and it is high time I exerted the authority of a relation—you are a disgrace to me, to yourself, and your friends—therefore, I am determined to put into execution a scheme I have long thought of.

Mari. What is it? something pleasant I hope.

Lady. No, you shall retire to a convent, till you take possession of your fortune.

Mari. A convent! Oh, lord! I can't make up my mind to it, now don't, pray don't think of it—I declare it's quite shocking.

Lady. It is a far better place than you deserve; my resolution is fixed, and we shall see whether a life of solitude and austerity will not awaken some sense of shame in you.

Mari. Indeed, I can't bear the thoughts of it. Oh, do speak to her, Mr. Vapid—tell her about the

nasty monks, now do—a convent! mercy!—what a check to the passions! Oh! I can't bear it.

[Weeping.

Vapid. 'Gad, here's a sudden touch of tragedy—pray, *Lady*. Waitfor't, reflect—you can't send a lady to a convent when the theatres are open.

Mari. It will be the death of me! pray, my dear aunt—

Lady. Not a word—I am determined—to-morrow you shall leave this country, and then I have done with you for ever.

Mari. Oh! my poor heart!—Oh, oh!

Vapid. See! she'll faint!

Mari. Oh! oh! oh!

[*MARIANNE faints in LADY WAITFOR'T'S arms.*

Lady. Oh! I have gone too far.—Mr. Vapid!

Vapid. I fly, I'll call the servants.—Have you got any drops?

Lady. I have some drops in this closet may recover her—hold her a moment, and for heaven's sake take care of her. [Exit.

[*MARIANNE lays in VAPID'S arms.*

Vapid. Here's a situation!—Poor girl!—how I pity her! I really loved her.

Mari. Did you really love me, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Hey-day! recovered!—here's incident!

Mari. But did you really love me, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Yes I did—here's stage effect!

Mari. And would you have really run away with me, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Yes, I really would.

Mari. Then come along this moment.

Vapid. Hush!—here's the old lady! keep dying, as before, and we'll effect the business—more equivoque!

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Well, Mr. Vapid, how does she do?—lord! she's in strong convulsions.

Vapid. Yes, ma'am, she's dying; where are the drops?

Lady. Here, sir.

Vapid. There are very few—are there any more of the same kind?

Lady. Yes, plenty.

Vapid. Fetch them—'tis the only hope—if you have any hartshorn too, bring a little of that.

Lady. I'm quite shocked! [Exit.

Mari. Well, Mr. Vapid, now let's run away—come—why what are you thinking of?

Vapid. My last act, and I fear—

Mari. What do you fear?

Vapid. That it can't be managed—let me see—we certainly run away, and she returns—faith, I must see her return.

Mari. No, no, pray let us begone, think of this another time.

Vapid. So I will—it will do for the fourth, though not for the fifth act—therefore, my dear little girl, come away, and we'll live and die together.

Mari. Die together!

Vapid. Ay, "Die all! die nobly! die like demi-gods!" [Exeunt.

Enter LADY WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Here, Mr. Vapid—here are the drops!—What, gone!—ruined by a writer of epilogues!—Oh! I shall burst with disappointment! [Exit.

SCENE II.

*Another Apartment in NEVILLE'S House—in the back
Scene Glass Doors with Curtains.*

Enter LOUISA COURTNEY.

Louisa. Still in the same house, yet still afraid to

meet him ! Oh, Neville ! my superior in every thing ; how can I hope for your forgiveness ? while you revealed an affection it had done you credit to deny. I concealed a passion I might have been proud to confess.

Enter VAPID and MARIANNE:

Mari. Oh ! Miss Courtney ! my sweet Miss Courtney ! Mr. Vapid, here, has run away with me, and I am so frightened for fear of Lady Waitfor't.

Louisa. Yes, she may well alarm you—she has destroyed my peace for ever ! but have you seen Mr. Neville ? yet, why do I ask !

Vapid. Seen Mr. Neville !—what, ' doesn't he yet know you are in his lodgings ?

Louisa. No, and I hope never will—the moment his brother returns, I shall set out for my uncle's, and perhaps never see him more.

Vapid. And why not see him, ma'am ?

Louisa. Because I cannot bear the sight of one I have so injured.

Vapid. This'll do—mutual equivoque ! equal misunderstanding ! my own case exactly.

Mari. Your own case ! Lord ! you base man, have you got a young lady in your lodgings ?

Vapid. Ridiculous ! don't talk about young ladies at such an awful—the very situation in my comedy ! the last scene to a syllable !—here's an opportunity of improving the denouement !

Enter PETER.

Peter. Ma'am, my master is returned—the occasion of his delay has been a long interview with Mr. Willoughby—he doesn't know you are here.

Louisa. Marianne, excuse me—you'll be safe from Lady Waitfor't here—indeed I'm very ill.

Mari. Nay—where are you going ?

Louisa. Alas ! any where to avoid him—farewell !

and may you enjoy that happiness I have for ever lost !

[*Exit.*

Mari. Poor dear girl ! I mustn't leave her thus—
Mr. Vapid, we won't run away till something is done
for her.

Vapid. Go, there's a good girl—follow her, and
comfort her.

Mari. I will—Lord ! if they must be happy in
being friends again, what must I be who make them
so !

[*Exit.*

Vapid. The picture before me ! all from nature—
I must heighten his distress, for contrast is every
thing—Peter, not a word for your life.

Enter NEVILLE.

Nev. Vapid, I am glad to see you—any letter from
my brother ?

[*To PETER.*

Peter. None, sir.

Nev. No message ?

Peter. No, sir.

Nev. Then I need doubt no longer—'tis evident
he avoids me—cruel, ungenerous Florville !—

[*Seats himself.*

Vapid. [*Leaning over his chair.*] Miss Courtney
will never see you again.

Nev. I know it—too well I know it—that, and that
alone, makes me determined to leave this country
for ever.

Vapid. You are unhappy then ?

Nev. Completely so.

Vapid. Then stop.—[*Sits by him.*] She was an
angel, Harry.

Nev. Ay, a divinity !

Vapid. And then to lose her !

Nev. [*Rising.*] 'Sdeath !—don't torment me !—
my griefs are already beyond bearing.

Vapid. It will do—he's as unhappy as I could wish.

Peter. I can hold no longer—sir !

Vapid. Hush!—you d—d dog, you'll ruin the catastrophe.

Peter. I don't care—I'll tell him every thing—sir!
—Mr. Neville!

Vapid. You villain!—do you ever go to a play?
—did you ever sit in the gallery?

Peter. Yes, sir, sometimes.

Vapid. Then know this is all for your good—
you'll applaud it some day or other, you dog—curse
it, won't he have happiness enough bye and bye?—
what—you are going abroad, Neville?

Nev. Yes, for ever. Farewell, Vapid.

Vapid. Farewell, Neville—good night—Now for
the effect!—Miss Courtney is in the next room.

Nev. What!

Vapid. Miss Courtney is in the next room.

Nev. Louisa! is it possible?

Vapid. There's light and shade!—Yes, your brother brought her here, and she expects him to return every moment.

Nev. My brother! then 'tis he means to marry her—
—nay, perhaps they are already married—heavens!
I shall go wild!

Vapid. Don't, don't go wild—that will ruin the denouement.

Nev. No matter—I am resolved—I'll bid her farewell for ever—Vapid, 'tis the last favour I shall ask of you—give her this, [*A letter.*] and tell her, since I have resented Wiloughby's attack on her honour, I think I may be allowed to vindicate my own; tell her, great as have been my faults, my truth has still been greater, and wherever I wander—

Vapid. Here's a flourish, now!—why you misunderstand—she is not married, nor going to be married.

Nev. Come, this is no time for raillery.

Vapid. Raillery!—why, I'm serious—serious as the fifth act—she is now weeping on your account.

Nev. Pr'ythes leave fooling, it will produce no effect, believe me.

Vapid. Won't it? it will produce a very great effect though, believe me. Zounds! go to her—preserve the unity of action—marry her directly, and if the catastrophe does not conclude with spirit, damn my comedy—damn my comedy—that's all, damn my comedy.

Nev. 'Would to heaven you were in earnest!

Vapid. Earnest! why there it is now! the women, dear creatures, are always ready enough to produce effect—but the men are so curst undramatic. Go to her, I tell you, go to her.

[*Exit NEVILLE.*—*VAPID* stands aside.

Enter LORD SCRATCH and FLORVILLE.

Lord. That curst dramatic maniac—if I see him again—

Flor. My dear uncle, consent to Harry's marriage, and depend on it he shall trouble you no more.

Lord. I tell you again, sir, I will not.

Flor. Will you give any hopes of future consent?

Lord. By the word of a peer, I will not.

[*VAPID, coming forward, touching LORD SCRATCH on the shoulder, and writing in common-place book.*

Vapid. Master Brook, let me persuade you.

Lord. Flames and firebrands, the fiend again!

Vapid. Give consent, and I'll give Neville a fortune—he shall have the entire profit of the different plays in which I intend to have the honour of introducing yourself and the old lady Hurlothrumbo.

Lord. Oh, that I was not a peer! if I was any thing else—but, thank heaven, Louisa is more averse to the match than myself.

Vapid. Is she?

Lord. Yes, she knows his falsehood, and despises him.

Vapid. What, you are confident of it?

Lord. Out of my way, sir—I'll not answer you—I'll go take her to town directly. Out of my way, sir.

Vapid. Stop—you're wrong, Master Brook—she's in that room.

Lord. Where?—behind me?

Vapid. Yes—there—there! [*Pointing.*] Now for it!—what an effect!

[*LORD SCRATCH opens the glass doors, and discovers NEVILLE kneeling to LOUISA. MARI-ANNE with them.*

Vapid. There, Peter! there's catastrophe!—Shakespeare's invention nothing! applaud it, you dog—clap, clap, Peter, clap!

Lord. What are you at, you impudent rascal!—get out of the room. [*Exit PETER.*

Vapid. I should set this down—I may forget.

Mari. Lord! he has a very bad memory—I hope he won't forget our marriage.

Nev. Oh! Louisa, what am I to think?

Louisa. That I have wronged thee, Neville!

[*Embracing.*

Flor. My dear Harry, let this be my apology for not having seen you before. [*Giving him a paper.*] Miss Courtney, ten thousand joys; could I have found my brother, you should have seen him sooner.

Nev. Why, here is a deed of gift of half your estate!

Flor. I know it, but say nothing. When you gave me money, five years ago, did I say any thing?—no, I forgot it as soon as it was over; and should never have recollected, at this moment, but for my lord's inhumanity. Uncle, I thank you—you have made me the happiest man alive.

Lord. Don't perplex me.—what a compound of folly and generosity!

Mari. Uncle-in-law, what are your feelings on this occasion?—as my aunt says.

Lord. Feelings! I never knew a peer had any.

Mari. Didn't you?

Lord. No; but now I find the contrary: I begin to think I've a heart like other men. It's better to atone for an error, than persist in one—therefore give me that deed, Neville—there, sir, [*Giving it to FLORIVILLE.*] do you think nobody has estates but yourself?—Louisa and her fortune are your own, Neville; and, after my death, you shall have all mine:—and now there's a cursed burden off my mind.

Mari. Now, you're a dear creature! and I won't marry—that's what I won't, without consulting you.

Lord. You marry! why, who should you marry?—and pray, how came you here?

Mari. A gentleman run away with me;—he is now in the room.

Lord. In the room! what, Floriville?

Mari. No, behind you.

[*Pointing to VAPID who is writing at a table.*]

Lord. Ghosts and spectres! my evil genius!

Mari. Come, my dear, haven't you almost finished?

[*VAPID rises.*]

Vapid. Yes, the denouement is complete, and now, Mrs. Vapid, I resign myself to love and you.

Mari. Come, give consent, my lord—my husband will get money, though I have none.

Lord. None! I dare say he can tell you, you will have twelve thousand pounds in less than a year.

Vapid. That's a new incident!

Mari. Shall I? then 'faith, Mr. Vapid, we'll build a theatre of our own! you shall write plays, and I'll act them.

Enter ENNUI.

Ennui. I've an idea—I give you joy, Neville. I mean to kill time, by living single; and, therefore, I hope, the lady and the borough may be yours.

Mari. Mr. Ennui, I hope you'll forgive me, and Sir Harry Hustle, the fatigue we occasioned you ?

Ennui. Yaw, aw—don't mention it. The very recollection makes me faint. In fact—my lord, I just met one of Lady Waitfor't's servants, who tells me she has left Bath in a rage.

Flor. I am afraid she has escaped too easily.

Lord. Oh, never think of her ! I can answer for her punishment being adequate to her crimes—Willoughby has told me all her schemes—and if ever I hear her name again, may I lose my peerage, and dress like a gentleman.

Ennui. My lord—I've an idea—

Vapid. Sir, I beg your pardon ; but really, if you have an idea, I will trouble you to spare it me for my comedy.

Ennui. In fact—I don't comprehend. I have read your "die all" epilogue, and—

Vapid. Oh, then I don't wonder at your having ideas !

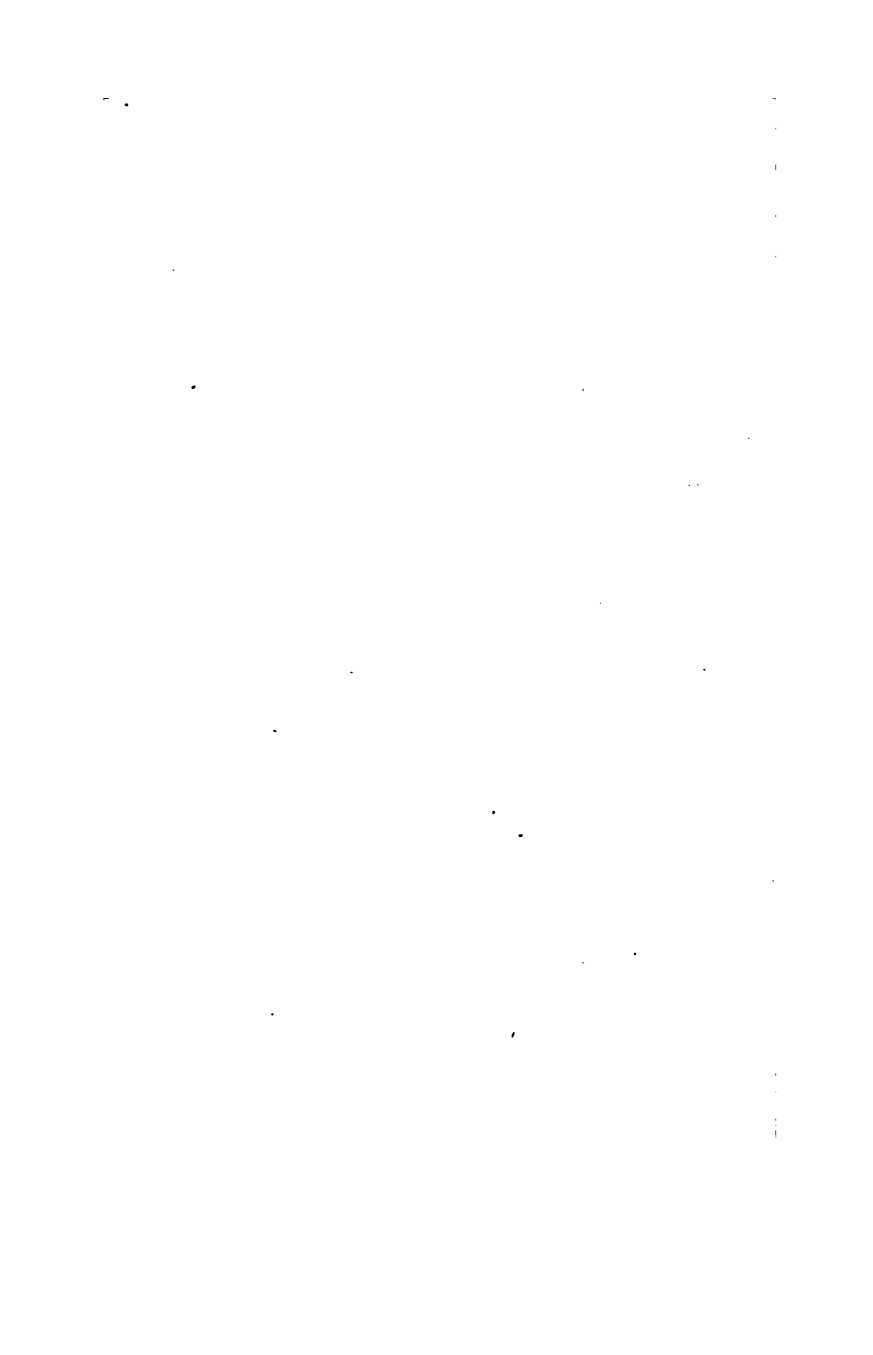
Lord. Oh, poor fellow ! he's always talking about what he never has. Neville, my boy, may you be as happy as I am.

Flor. Ay, I'll answer for his happiness by my own. Miss Courtney, notwithstanding my brother, I will "still live in your eye—die in your lap—and be buried in your heart : " and, moreover, I will stay with you both in England.

Louisa. Yes, Floriville, if you would behold pure, unsullied love, never travel out of this country. Depend on't,

No foreign climes such high examples prove,
Of wedded pleasure, or connubial love.
Long in this land have joys domestic grown,
Nursed in the cottage—cherish'd on the throne





FONTAINBLEAU



BEFORE YOU GO, TAKE YOUR
MORNING WALK.

Painted by Singleton.

Published by Longman & Co.

Engraved by G. Smith.

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FONTAINBLEAU;

A COMIC OPERA.

IN THREE ACTS.

By JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS,
FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS
By MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1822.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square,

REMARKS.

THE title of this play gives a sensation of both pain and pleasure. — Fontainebleau was a favourite residence of a number of the French kings, and the spot where the princes of the blood resorted, with all the nobility of the land, when the sports of the field, or the course, were the particular objects of their pastime. Pastime is a word no longer used in the vocabulary of the court of France — Every moment has now its impending cares, and teems with the fate of empires !

At the time this opera was written, (in 1784), the late Duke of Orleans frequently visited England, and was remarkable for his passionate attachment to British modes and manners. The character of Colonel Epaulette, in this drama, was supposed to be founded on this, his Highness's extravagant partiality. There is that trait, indeed, of the Duke's propensity, in Epaulette ; but, in all other respects, the Colonel neither soars, nor grovels, with his royal archetype, in any one action of notoriety.

The author would not take the liberty to characterise a foreigner, without dealing, at the same time, equally free with one of his own countrymen. The part of Lackland was taken more exactly from life,

than that of Epaulette, from a gentleman well known abroad by every English traveller ; and whose real name is so very like the fictitious one here adopted, that a single letter removed, would make the spelling just the same.

The reader will observe in this Lackland, so much of debased nature, and of whimsical art ; so much of what he has probably met with upon journeys, or amongst common intruders at home, that he will regret, that the author, in his delineation, swerves now and then from that standard of truth, to which he, possibly, at first meant to adhere ; and, for the sake of dramatic effect, has made this hero, in effrontery, proceed somewhat too far beyond its usual limits.

The family of the Bulls, especially Miss Bull and her father, are likewise portraits rather too bold ; but they are humorous pictures, and, no doubt, perfect copies of such citizens, as inhabited London a few centuries past.

Squire Tallyho gives, like them, some idea of former times ; for his manners do not exactly correspond with those of the modern gentlemen of the turf.

Lapoche is, perhaps, an exact Frenchman of the time in which he was drawn ; and, as such, the most agreeable object for an Englishman's ridicule. The mistakes which occur, to both Mr. and Mrs. Bull, in respect to this insignificant, and that pompous man, Epaulette, are incidents of very rich humour, though they place the opera more in that class of the drama, which is called farce, than in that of comedy. Such is the incident, but more excellent

in its kind, of Lackland's courtship of Miss Dolly, and her equal affection for her three suitors.

The real lovers, in this piece, would all be extremely insipid, but that they all sing; and music is called, "the voice of love."

When music had fewer charms for the British nation, operas were required to possess more of interesting fable than at present is necessary—for now, so rapturous is the enjoyment derived from this enchanting art, even by the vulgar, that plot, events, and characters of genuine worth, would be cast away in a production, where music had a share in bestowing delight.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD WINLOVE
SIR JOHN BULL
COLONEL EPAULETTE
SQUIRE TALLYHO
LACKLAND
HENRY
LAPOCHE
1st Waiter
2d Waiter
Gagger
French Innkeeper
French Waiter
Robin
Cook
Chamberlain
Bootcatcher
Jockey
English Waiter

LADY BULL
ROSA
MISS DOLLY BULL
CELIA
MRS. CASEY
NANNETTE

Mr. Duruset.
Mr. Bartley.
Mr. Farley.
Mr. Blanchard.
Mr. Jones.
Mr. Pearman.
Mr. Yates.
Mr. King.
Mr. Atkins.
Mr. Lewis.
Mr. Ryalls.
Mr. Heath.

Mr. Crompton.
Mr. Grant.

Mr. Lee.

Mrs. Davenport.
Miss M. Tree.
Miss Foote.
Miss Love.
Mrs. Pearce.
Miss Beaumont.

FONTAINBLEAU.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Town. — Sign on one Side, the Lily of France, on the other the British Lion.

Bells ring. — Enter MRS. CASEY and First Waiter.

Mrs. Casey. Come, Bob, what are you about, boy? The company tumble in upon us like smoke; quick; all the cooks at work, do you hear me now?

[Bell rings.]

1 Waiter. Yes, ma'am. Coming, coming. *[Exit.*

Lackland. [Within.] You scoundrel, I'll teach you to talk to a gentleman!

2 Waiter. [Within.] Oh, very well, very well, sir.

Mrs. Casey. Hey day!

Enter Second Waiter, stumbling in.

What's the matter now?

2 Waiter. Only Mr. Lackland, ma'am; you know you ordered me to keep the Globe for the large company; there, he takes possession of it; and though I told him it was bespoke, he would dine no where else: — orders a bottle of champagne, and because I didn't fly with it, kicked me down stairs, though I cried Coming up, sir!

Mrs. Casey. Champagne, and not a Louis in his

pocket!—d'ye hear? tell Mr. Lackland, it's my desire he'll quit my house.

2 Waiter. Your desire! Ecod, ma'am, he said he'd make you bounce.

Mrs. Casey. Make me bounce? A shabby, spunging—though without a second coat, the fellow's as proud as a Galway merchant.—Make me bounce in my own house!—pretty well, that, upon my honour!

Lack. [*Within.*] What! house!

Mrs. Casey. Run, don't you hear?

Lack. [*Within.*] Where is that infernal—

2 Waiter. Infernal! that's you, ma'am, he's calling.

Mrs. Casey. Hush! here he is. [*Exit Second Waiter.*] Because I'm a lone woman, he thinks to impose upon the house.

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. Landlady, your attendance is shameful!

Mrs. Casey. Why, the truth is, sir, my waiters have enough to do if they properly attend on folks who have money to pay for what they call for.

[*Takes out her snuff-box.*]

Lack. [*Takes a Pinch.*] And even your snuff, is execrable!

Mrs. Casey. Lookye, Mr. Lackland, that you're a gentleman every body knows; and you've a good estate, only it's all gone; and you're allowed to be a six-bottle man, and a choice companion. Ah! the beginning of a good song at the latter end of a bottle is a capital thing for a house.—Now, here, during the race time, I'll give you your board at the table d'hôte, and money in your pocket to pay the reckoning, if you'll only be a good jolly fellow, and encourage the company to drink, by a funny song, or a comical story.

Lack. What! live by entertaining a company?

Mrs. Casey. Yes; that's what I call earning your bread like a gentleman.

Lack. Make me your decoy-duck? *Mrs. Casey*, you're a widow, you'll oblige me if you'll marry somebody immediately.

Mrs. Casey. And why so, pray?

Lack. Madam, that I might have the superlative honour of twisting your husband by the nose.

[*Bows gravely.*]

Mrs. Casey. Well, upon my honour, you're a very mannerly fellow! but I wish I had a husband, for your sake — Oh, I wish I had a husband!

Enter GAGGER.

Gag. Madam, there's a Paris chaise stopped, and the master of the Lily of France has got hold of them already.

Mrs. Casey. Then he shall soon quit his hold, that he shall, as sure as my name is Casey. — Bob, do you go and try to bring them this way, and I'll go see the rooms prepared myself. [*Goes to the Door.*] Ah, my deeree, I wish I had a husband!

[*Exeunt MRS. CASEY and GAGGER.*]

Lack. [*Looking.*] An English officer. [*Retires.*]

Enter HENRY and French Postboy.

Henry. There — [*Throws Money into the Boy's Hat, who is discontented.*] never satisfied!

Postb. Monsieur, c'est toût poste royale, de Paris jusqu'a Fontainebleau.

Henry. Oh, double postage for the horses? Ay, ay, if we approach a mansion of the grand monarque, we must pay for it. — Seven posts.

[*Gives more money.*]

[*Exit Postboy.*]

Lack. [*Comes forward.*] By Heaven! my old college chum, Harry Seymour!

Henry. Pray, friend, can you direct me to the best — [*Stops, and looks attentively on LACKLAND.*]

Is it possible? but I heard something of this — Can you be Charles Lackland?

Lack. How d'ye do, Harry?

Henry. My poor fellow? [*With concern.*] But how has all this come about?

Lack. Eh?

Henry. I feel for you, sincerely!

Lack. What d'ye mean? Oh, my—[*Looking at his clothes.*] Pshaw! Never mind a man's outside; I've a heart within, equally warm to an old friend, in snow or sunshine.

Henry. That I have passed so many happy, happy days with!

Lack. Have — ay, and will again.

Henry. All gone?—Play, I suppose?

Lack. Ay, my dear fellow! play, and pleasure, and—but what the devil, musty melancholy! Come to sport here at the races, eh? Flush?

Henry. Why, 'faith Lackland, as to cash, my affairs, at present, are little better than your own.

Lack. Ahem! Egad, that's rather unlucky for us both.

Henry. But my mind, my dear Charles! I am this moment the most unhappy—in a word, you see me here an exile, fled from the hands of justice!—You remember my sister Rosa?

Lack. What, little romping Rose, that used to steal our fish, and throw our cards in the fire? Eh, did I dream, or wasn't there a match talked of, between her and Lord Winlove?

Henry. All over, my dear Lackland! guided only by the weakness of her sex, and the art of ours, she was prevailed on by Lord Winlove to take the road to the Continent; I overtook them at Rochester, demanded reparation of my sister's character by an instant marriage—I was violent—my lord's pride, hurt at a charge, which, perhaps, he did not deserve—a pistol was the umpire—he lost his life, and, in

apprehension that a verdict might endanger mine, I was compelled to assume the disguise of a woman, to effect my escape.

Lack. Bravo ! shot a lord ! I wing'd a marquis yesterday.—Poor Rosa ! where is she now ?

Henry. I have lodged her in the convent of Ville-neuve.

Lack. And have taken the races of Fontainebleau in your way back to Paris ?

Henry. I'll tell you frankly, though you'll say, rather inconsistent with my present situation ; I'm drawn hithew purely by the hopes of meeting an amiable young lady, who engaged my conversation at the Sunday opera in Paris.

Lack. Her name ?—Good family, eh ?

Henry. I'm a total stranger to both—talks of her brother's having horses to run, and of their intention of being there at the races.

Lapoche. [*Without.*] Je n'y manquerai pas.

Lack. [*Aside.*] This cursed tailor ! now I shall be dunned and pestered !

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lap. Monsieur Lackland, I ville no longer wait for my ———

Lack. [*Apart to him.*] Hush ! I'll make your fortune—A customer, rolling in money. Captain, if you're unprovided with neat lodgings, and a good tailor, here's your man, and there's his house.

Lap. Oh, de new customer ! bon—speak de goot vort for me.

Lack. He has good apartments.

Lap. Oh, very goot—Speake more.

Lack. I will. [*To LAPOCHE.*] This ill-looking little rascal—

[*To HENRY.*]

Lap. Much obligé to you.

Lack. [*Apart to HENRY.*] If you are slack in cash, [*Loud.*] you'll find his lodgings convenient.

Lap. Very convenient, because——

Lack. [*Apart.*] Because when he asks for his money, you may kick him down stairs.

Lap. Much obligé to you, sir.

[*Bows to LACKLAND.*]

Lack. [*Apart.*] My way of doing things. [*Loud.*] Wasn't I a good customer, Lapoche?

Lap. Oui, it does a tradesman's heart good to see you—[*Aside.*—outside of his door.

Lack. I paid you eight livres a week, wasn't it?

Lap. Oui, monsieur, you did—[*Aside.*—promise me dat.

Lack. [*Looking.*] Ladies! Must attend where beauty calls—[*Pulls down his ruffles.*] My dear Henry, at your time, I am yours; from a beef steak to a bottle of burgundy—can't stay now—you know I was always a Philander among the ladies. [*Exit.*

Lap. Always great gander among the ladies.

Henry. Poor Lackland!

Lap. Lately from Londres, monsieur? I was wonce great man in Londres; but now I am anoder man.

Henry. Another man! what, then, my motley friend, I suppose you have a character for every country?

Lap. Oui, I have appear in many character, but Londres vas my grand theatre—Ah! England is de great field of battle for us soldiers of fortune; and ven I could no longer fight my vay——

Henry. Why, then you——

Lap. Oui, I ran away. Ah, monsieur! in England, I vas high, and I vas low—I vas dit, and I vas dat:—I vas cook, parfumeur, maitre de langue, juggle, and toos drawer—in short, I vas every ting.

Henry. And pray, my good friend, what are you now?

Lap. I am now myself, in my true caractere—A tailor, à votre service.

Henry. A tailor! what, and come here to the races of Fontainebleau, to sport your Louis d'ors upon the jockeys of France?

Lap. Non, monsieur, but I am come here to sport de pretty jacket upon de jockeys of France. Ah! I vill show so fine de green jockey, de blue jockey, and de red jockey!—dey may talk of vip and spur, but de beauty of de race come from my shear and timble.

Henry. Pray, which is your best hotel here?

Lap. Hotel! Ah, monsieur, vy no lodge in my house? So convenient for de single gentilhomme! [*Aside.*] I vill not tell him of de lady, my lodger, because I love her myself.

Henry. Well, I don't know but private lodgings, at this time, may be preferable to the noise and bustle of an hotel.

Lap. Eh bien, monsieur, vill you look at my lodgment?

Henry. With all my heart.

Lap. Je vous attend.—[*Calls.*] Nannette!—And if you like them, you may send your baggage and little ting after you.—Nannette! prepare for de new lodger. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GAGGER, and MRS. CASEY, from Tavern.

Gag. This way, Sir John—this way, your honour! Madam, it's Sir John Bull, and Lady Bull, and Miss Bull, and all the family.

Sir John. [*Without.*] I wish, my Lady Bull, you'd let Robin have rolled us up to the door.

Mrs. Casey. Ha! upon my honour, it is Sir John Bull and his lady—this is the truth of an English family.

Enter SIR JOHN and LADY BULL, French Inn-Keeper, Four French Porters, with small Band-boxes, &c.

Mrs. Casey. Sir John, you are welcome from Paris.

Sir J. B. Welcome from Paris! [*Mimicking.*]—Where the devil are you taking us? Such a way, to walk over your damned pavement!

Lady B. Oh fie, Sir John! Do you consider where you are? When English gentlemen come to France, they should leave their dammes at Dover.

Sir J. B. I wish I had left you, or myself there, damme!—what are these fellows doing with the things?

Lady B. Don't you see, the gentlemen are porters, Sir John?

Sir J. B. Porters! pickpockets—paid by the ounce: One Thames Street porter would take the whole seven and their bundles on his knot! here's a proof—

Enter ROBIN, with a very large Trunk.

My trunk, Robin?

Rob. Yes, your honour; four of the *monsieurs* trying to carry it dropped it in the dirt, yonder.

[*Puts it down.*]

Lady B. Robin, you must immediately find Colonel Epauletta's lodge, and let him know we are arrived.

Sir J. B. Yes, when you've taken care of the trunks:—and, d'ye hear, Robin, you'll find Squire Tally-ho there, tell him that I'm come, and that Dolly's longing to see him. [*Exit ROBIN.*] But where is she?

Lady B. Ay, where's Dolly Bull?

Enter MISS DOLLY BULL.

Miss Dolly B. Here I am, mamma. [*To MRS. CASEY.*] Ma'am, pray which is the inn?

Lady B. Inn! Hotel, Miss, if you please.

Miss Dolly B. Miss! Mademoiselle, if you please ma'am.

Sir John B. Aha! well said Dolly—there was French upon French.

Lady B. Dear sir, which is the hotel?

[*To French Innkeeper:*

Sir J. B. How cursed polite, — to a waiter too !
only because he's French. [*Aside.*]

French Innk. Dis vay, mademoiselle — I keep
de Lily of France. [*Bowing.*]

Sir J. B. Let's in, I'm plaguy hungry.

French Innk. Ah, monsieur, de nice Vermeccelle-
soup, de bon ragout, and de grande salade.

Sir J. B. Ragouts ! Pshaw !

Mrs. Casey. D'ye hear, George, carry that big
piece of roast beef up to the Lion.

Sir J. B. [*Goes to her.*] Ay, and carry me up to
the Lion, I like to dine in good company : — Who
are you madam ?

Mrs. Casey. I'm Mrs. Casey, at your service,
sir ; and I keep this house, the Lion of England.

Sir J. B. And are you English ?

Mrs. Casey. Yes, that I am, born in Dublin ;
an honest Irish woman, upon my honour.

AIR.—MRS. CASEY.

*The British Lion is my sign,
A roaring trade I drive on,
Right English usage, neat French wine,
A landlady must thrive on.
At table d'hôte, to eat and drink,
Let French and English mingle,
And while to me they bring the drink,
'Faith, let the glasses jingle.
Your rhino rattle,
Come men and cattle,
Come all to Mrs. Casey.
Of trouble and money,
My jewel, my honey !
I warrant, I'll make you easy.*

*Let love fly here on wilken wings,
His tricks I shall comode at ;*

*The lover, who would say soft things,
 Shall have a room in private :
 On pleasures I am pleas'd to wink,
 So lips and kisses mingle,
 For, while to me, they bring the chink,
 'Faith, let the glasses jingle,
 Your rhino rattle, &c.*

Sir J. B. Bravo, Mrs. Casey!—introduce me to your roast beef.

[*Exeunt LADY BULL, DOLLY, and Porters.*]

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. Sir John Bull, I think they call him, from the city—[*Aside.*] Monsieur, Je vous veux parler—

Sir J. B. Don't vow parley me, I am English.

Lack. You are?—Your pardon, I see it in your honest face.

Sir J. B. Well, what have you to say to my honest face?

Lack. Say? me!—Damme, if I have any thing to say—but, only—how d'ye do?

Sir J. B. Why, pretty well; how are you?—A damned impudent fellow! [Aside.]

Lack. And how have you left all friends in a—a—Throgmorton Street?

Sir J. B. Throgmorton Street!

Lack. That is—I mean—You're come to Fontainebleau, and just arrived:—my heart warmed at the sight of my countryman, for I'm English too,—a little unfortunate, but——

Sir J. B. You're poor, eh?

Lack. Why, sir,—I have had money—

Sir J. B. And what did you do with it?

Lack. Sir, I laid it out in experience.

Sir J. B. Oh; then, I suppose, now, you're a very cunning fellow.

Lack. I know the world, sir—I have had rent-rolls, lands, tenements, hereditaments, mansions,

arables, pastures, streams, stewards, beasts, tenants, quarter-days, and such other incumbrances.

Sir J. B. What, and you've got rid of them all?

Lack. Oh, yes.

Sir J. B. You're a devilish clever fellow—but couldn't you have got your teeth drawn at the same time?—I suppose, now, you've little use for them.

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! very clever—smart and clever!—Oh, you vile dog! [*Aside*] As you're English, I feel an attachment;—harkye—a damned sharpening place, this—you may profit by my advice; avoid strangers, particularly our own countrymen;—all upon the sharp—they'll introduce themselves, intrude their conversation, amuse you with some flattery of their families, and spending fortunes, and losses; and the story generally ends in borrowing money from you, that is, if you are fool enough to lend it.—Now, my dear sir, 'tis my pleasure to warn a gentleman, like you, of the tricks and deceptions, of these sort of fellows.

Sir J. B. I'm very much obliged to you—give me your hand—will you eat a bit of mutton with us?

Lack. Sir, I should be proud of the honour, but something awkward—this dishabille!—and as I understand you have ladies, you know, they expect a man—the fellow here over the way, detains a handsome suit of mine, only for—sir, if you could oblige me with a guinea, I should repay you with many thanks.

Sir J. B. What, when the arables come back!—A guinea—well, I don't mind as far as—distress in a strange country, is—what's your name?

Lack. Lackland, at your service.

Sir J. B. A guinea, you say—there, Mr. Lackland—

[*Gives a guinea.*]

Lack. Sir, I am eternally obliged to you.—I fancy I may pass in these clothes, eh?

Sir J. B. Yes, yes, you may pass—[*Aside*—for a shoplifter.

Lack. Waiter! [*Calling*—If you'll give me leave, I'll treat you with a flask of most excellent champagne. [*Goes to Tavern.*

Sir J. B. Treat with champagne! my own money too!—champagne! and I doubt if the fellow has got a shirt to his ruffles.

Lack. Upon my soul, you're a very fine old gentleman!—mind my advice—I warn you against our countrymen—they'll only borrow your money, and laugh at you after!—Ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. B. Ha! ha! ha! So they'll laugh at me after! Ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Now you know their tricks; mind you keep your hand on your cash.

Sir J. B. Yes, yes; the moment they talk of Throgmorton Street, you may be sure I will, ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! very well—Ha! ha! ha!—Bless your jolly face, how a laugh becomes it! Ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. B. My jolly face!—good—Ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! I'm thinking how surprised you'll be, when I pay you this guinea to-morrow!

Sir J. B. I shall be surprised, indeed!

Lack. Ay, I have bought my experience by wholesale.

Sir J. B. Yes, and you now retail it out at a guinea a dose.

Lack. My dear sir, I shall always acknowledge myself your debtor.

Sir J. B. I dare say you will.

Enter Second Waiter.

Lack. Show a room, scoundrel! and change for a guinea. [*Exit, laughing.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber at LAPOCHE'S House. — Folding Doors a little open.

Enter ROSA, reading.

*Ros. Canst thou forget, what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell!
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale.*

*Poor Eloisa in her cloister, spoke my sentiments! —
I begin to repent my elopement. — By this time the
abbess has heard of my departure from the convent.
— Heigho! I wonder if Lord Winlove has got my
letter — I wish he was come!*

AIR. — ROSA.

*Oh, ling'ring time! why with us stay,
When absent love we mourn?
And why so nimbly glide away,
At our true love's return?*

*Ah, gentle time! the youth attend,
Whose absence here I mourn;
The cheerful hours, in pity, send,
That bring my love's return!*

*I feel my heart with rapture beat,
No longer shall I mourn;
My lover soon, with smiles I'll meet,
And hail his dear return.*

Enter NANNETTE.

Nan. Madam, here's a gentleman wants —

*Rosa. My lord Winlove himself? — Why didn't
I wish sooner?* *[Exit NANNETTE.]*

Enter LORD WINLOVE.

Lord W. My charming Rosa!

Rosa. Oh my lord!

Lord W. My dear creature! how could you think of Fontainebleau, of all places — and at such a time too! so full of English, and fifty people that may know both you and me! Safer, as I advised you, waiting for me at Villeneuve, and by a cross route, got to Paris.

Rosa. Nay, don't be angry with me! if I had remained at all in the village, the abbess might have discovered my retreat; for, though in my noviciate, I dare say, she's highly incensed at my escape.

Lord W. Your letter says, you got out of the convent in boy's clothes, ha! ha! ha!

Rosa. Yes; and I was e'en obliged to change them before I reached Fontainebleau. Oh, my lord! this is a wicked step of me!

Lord W. The impiety was mine, my love! to rob Heaven of an angel — But how unlucky! here, my dear, you've got into the house of this Lapoche — the most busy little coxcomb!

Rosa. I wish, indeed, I had been any where else!

Lord W. Well, we may get from hence to-night: my death, from that rencontre with your brother, is every where believed.

Rosa. My dear lord! now only yours — I know no guide but your opinion.

Lord W. My sweet Rosa! though I wasn't to be threatened into a marriage, by the young Chamont, your brother, when he overtook us at Rochester; on my return to England, I shall, with pride, acknowledge my sweet Rosa to be lady Winlove.

AIR. — LORD WINLOVE.

*Flow'rs their beauties all surrender,
When the sun withdraws his ray;
Now they shine in borrow'd splendour,
Painted by the beam of day.
With each good fair Eden planted,
Ev'ry sweet that sense could move,
Passion, sighs, though all is granted,
No enjoyment without love.*

*Dearest maid ! thy smiles bestowing,
Bright and gay, my hours shall be ;
By this heart, with rapture glowing,
Thou art light and love to me.*

Enter NANNETTE.

Nan. Oh, madam ! madam ! here my master has brought in a new lodger with him ; the charmingest, beautifullest young officer — our countryman too ! —

Lord W. Young officer !

Nan. I ask pardon, sir ; I didn't see you.

Lord W. Then I see the necessity for our immediate departure : I'll instantly order a chaise, and remove you, my love, out of this group of jockeys, grooms, peers, and pickpockets. *[Exit.*

Nan. Ah, madam ! See all the men in the globe, give me an Englishman after all ! — This pretty officer — *[Opens the folding doors wider — HENRY discovered asleep on a sofa.]* — Dear madam, look ! asleep -- yes, he complained to my master, that he had been up all night.

[Makes signs to ROSA, to go and kiss him.

Rosa. Oh fie, Nannette ! — D'ye hear, Nannette, when that gentleman returns, you'll call me to him.

[Exit.

Nan. Lud, how nice we are ! — then I'll win the gloves myself — *[Stealing softly towards him — HENRY stirs.]* Oh lud ! he's awake !

Henry. *[Coming forward.]* This travelling by night — thought to have slept in the chaise ; but, not a wink —

Nan. Did you call, sir ?

Henry. Who are you, my little countrywoman ?

Nan. Nanny, sir, at your service : *[Courtesies.]* — Master will call me Nannette, though, in the French fashion.

Henry. Oh, you're the little English fille de chambre to Monsieur Lapoche, the French tailor ?

Nan. At your service, sir.

AIR.—NANNETTE.

Indeed, I'll do the best I can
 To please so kind a gentleman,
 You lodge with us, and you shall see,
 How careful poor Nannette will be :
 So nice, so neat, so clean your room,
 With beau-pots for the sweet perfume !
 An't please you, sir,
 When you get up,
 Your coffee brown,
 In China cup,
 Dinner, desert,
 And bon souper,
 Sur mon honneur,
 At night you be,
 With waxen taper light to bed
 By poor Nannette, your chambermaid.

Enter LAPOCHE, gets round, and turns NANNETTE from HENRY.

Lap. Ah ! here is fine doings in my house !—And you come here vid your vaxen taper, and your caper ; your smile and your smirk, on dis English boy—Pardi ! I vil knock his head against de—
 [Turns to HENRY.] Hope you had a good sleep, sir. [To NANNETTE.] Get you down stairs—I vil tump his nose flat ; allez, allez ! [Exit NANNETTE.] I hope you find every ting agreeable, sir—hope nobody disturb you, and dat you like your appartements ;—here you have all conveniency ; here you may have two course and desert ; S'il vous plait, you may invite your English friend to drink de bon vin—here in my house you may all get so merry, and so drunk, and laugh and roar, and sing, and knock your fistes against von anoder's head, so friendly, à la mode de Londres—Aha !—you please to walk dis way, sir ; I vill show you your chambre à manger.

Enter NANNETTE.

Nan. Here is ——

Lap. Go, get you gone. *Vat*, you come again here, peeping at de men.

Nan. Monsieur, I only want ——

Lap. You want! *Oui*, I know *vat* you want. *Allez, allez!* Begar, I shall have no girl to myself—all de girl in my house vill come after dis jolie garçon!

Nan. Sir, you won't let me tell you, that Colonel Epaulette has sent to know if his new liveries are finished; and the great English squire, Mr. Tally-ho, has sent for his hunting frock.

Lap. Colonel Epaulette and Squire Tally-ho, monsieur, dese are my great customer; dey match de two horse to run on de race to-morrow: Dat Squire Tally-ho is fine man. Ah! I do love to vork for *Milor Anglaise!*—dis *vay*, s'il vous plait, monsieur—you vill excuse a me—[*To NANNETTE.*] Come, he vill excuse a you too. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room at LAPOCHE'S.

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. I wonder what can keep Lord Winlove! I wish we were once upon the road!—this anxiety is tormenting; I long, though why desire, to see England, when all I love is here?

Enter NANNETTE.

Oh, Nannette, is the gentleman come?

Nan. No, ma'am, but I desired the boy to show him to this apartment.

Henry. [*Without.*] What! is the lady this way?

Nan. The devil take the blockhead; may I die, if it isn't the young English officer, he's sending up here.

Rosa. Shut the door, I'll be seen by nobody—
Undone ! my brother Henry !—

Enter HENRY.

Henry. Is it possible ? can it be !—My dear, will you step down a moment ? [*Exit NANNETTE.*]
My sister Rosa !

Rosa. What shall I do ?

Henry. Escaped from the convent, I suppose ?—Tell me, Rosa, what—lost to every sense of virtue ! to fly from the only place that could afford an asylum for your shame ?

Rosa. My dear brother ! though appearances are against me, yet, when you are acquainted with certain circumstances, which prudence forbids me, at present, to account for—

Henry. Talk of prudence, and your fame blemished—your character departed with its destroyer.—But, of your Lord Winlove's memory, let me be tender, as his life has answered for his share in your offence.

Rosa. [*Aside.*] He does not know yet of my lord's being alive—I dread his return—their meeting again must, indeed, be fatal.

Henry. Tell me, Rosa, why would you quit the convent ?

Rosa. [*Aside.*] I must get Henry out of the house before my Lord Winlove comes back ! how shall I—Come, take me, I'll go with you there this instant—do forgive me ; come, dear brother !

Henry. Yes, yes ; I'll lodge you once more :—yet how perplexing ! if I quit Fontainebleau at this juncture, I may lose my wished-for interview, with the unknown charmer that brought me hither.

Rosa. [*Aside.*] Ruin ! I think I hear—if it should be Lord Winlove !—Come, Henry, I have but little preparation, and will immediately attend you.

Henry. Be assured, I won't part with you now,

until I again deliver you to the Lady Abbess, with a strict charge, that she'll strengthen your spiritual chains. [*Aside.*] And yet the sympathy of my own heart, inclines me to excuse the weakness of my sister's.

DUETT.—HENRY and ROSA.

Brooks, to your sources, ah, quickly return!
Tear drop on tear, and give life to the urn;
Truth and virtue pass away,
Ere I for another my true love betray. [Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Course.—A shouting within.

Enter TALLYHO and Jockey.

Tall. Huzza! Ecod, Dick, my boy, you did the thing nicely!

Jockey. Didn't I, your honour? I said I'd win for you—Huzza!

Tall. Huzza! we've banged the monsieurs. Hey for Yorkshire! d'ye hear—See Whirligig well rubbed down, and give her a horn of egg, milk, oil, and saffron; and while you lead her down the course, in triumph, let the French horns play, *Britons strike home.* [Sings.] *Merry be the first of August.*—Let's see, besides the fifteen thousand from this French Colonel Epauvette,—ay, I shall win twenty thousand by the day; and then my slang match to-morrow—Eh, Dick?

Jockey. Ay, sir; Whirligig and old England against the Globe—Huzza! [Exit.

Enter English Waiter.

Eng. Wait. Sir, my mistress would be glad to know, how many she must provide dinner for.

Tall. Eh! dinner! — true: tell old Moll Casey to knock her whole house into one room, and to roast, boil, bake, and fricassee, as if she hadn't an hour to live — we're a roaring, screeching party——

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. Yes, tell your mistress, we're a numerous party — I've left my name at the bar. [*Calling out.*
[*Exit Waiter.*

Tall. Yes, I dare say they have your name in the bar — I see, by his grin, he wants to come captain Borrowman, but 'twont do. [*Aside.*

Lack. Ah, Tallyho, my dear fellow, I give you joy — Upon my honour I never saw finer running in the whole course of ——

Tall. I wont lend you sixpence.

Lack. Sir!

Tall. It's a fine day.

Lack. Why, sir, as to the — ha! ha! ha! Upon my soul, you are the most ——

Tall. So I am, ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! Oh, I have you, ha! ha! ha!

Tall. No, you han't, ha! ha! ha! Nor you wen't have me, ha! ha! ha! I'm not to be had — know a thing or two — up to all — if you're flint, I'm steel.

Lack. Well, but don't strike fire to me — reserve your flashes of wit or ——

Tall. You will catch them, as your coat is a kind of tinder, ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Sir, I desire you will find some other subject for your jokes.

Tall. True, your coat is rather a thread-bare subject, ha! ha! ha! — touching the cash makes a body so comical, ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Cash! ay, your wit is sterling to-day, Tallyho; and as you carry your brains in your pocket, I wish you'd change me a twenty pound joke.

Tall. Ha! ha! ha! Ah, well, Lackland, you're

so full of jokes, that you even laugh at the elbows, ha! ha! ha! that is the best-humoured suit of clothes.

Lack. [*Calmly.*] Sir, if you were any body else, upon my honour, I'd knock you down!

Tall. Hold, if you raise your arm, you'll increase the laugh — Come, don't be angry, [*Looks out.*] and I'll help you to a graver sort o'coat, that's not quite so much upon the broad grin, ha! ha! ha! Hush! I'll introduce you to Colonel Epaulette yonder.

Lack. [*Looking.*] That, ay, a right Frenchman; one might guess by his mirth that he has lost to-day,

Tall. True; but I keep up the old saying, ha! ha! ha! they may laugh that win.

Lack. I have heard the most unaccountable stories of his attempt at our style of doing things.

Tall. Yes, I'm his tutor; I teach him all our polite accomplishments.

Lack. Polite! then I suppose he can drink, swear, play at cricket, and smoke tobacco.

Tall. Yes, he comes on, but I'll give him up to you — or you to him, to get rid of you. [*Aside.*

Lack. Yet, I am told this French gentleman has a most benevolent heart — a man of much worth.

Tall. Yes, he is worth twenty thousand a year.

Lack. I like a man of twenty thousand a year — hem! tell him who I am. [*With great consequence.*

Tall. I'll tell him you're a wrangling mastiff; pointer-made — he thinks so highly of our courage, with him the boldest bully, is the bravest Briton, ha! ha! ha! — he's so fond of our English customs, ha! ha! ha! why, he'd introduce himself to a duchess, with a zounds; and thinks if he can come out with a dozen dammes or so, he speaks very good English.

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE, singing.

Colonel E. Rule Britannia, Britannia rule de

vay. Ah, my victorious squire — [*sings.*] *If you should like de Yorkshire tyke, an honest lad behold me.*

Both. Tol lol de rol, &c.

Colonel E. I lose five thousand to you on dis match — Dere is one thousand on de Paris bank, two de bank of England, von Drummond, and von Child. [*Gives notes.*]

Lack. Tallyho, as I have none of my-own, I'll adopt that child.

Colonel E. [*Looks at LACKLAND with admiration.*] Ha! ha! ha! Le drole!

Tall. Oh yes, it's a very good joke. [*Puts up notes.*] Colonel, this here is Squire What d'ye call him — Squire, that there is Colonel Thing-o-me, and now you know one another, shake fists.

Lack. Sir, your most obedient.

Tall. Colonel, this is an honest fellow, and a finished gentleman; a jig or allemande — Robin Gray or Mallbrook — he'll whip you through with a small sword, or break your head with a cudgel.

Colonel E. I'm much obliged to him; but is he fond of play?

Tall. Play! He'll pull the longest straw for a twenty pound joke, or run with you in a sack for a gingerbread hat.

Lack. Sir, my friend Tallyho, is rather lavish in his recommendations — I have the honour to be known, and, indeed, live with some persons, not of the lowest order, in this, and — every country.

Tall. Yes, he has so many great acquaintances, and so polite himself — look at his hat — he has almost saluted away the front cock.

Lack. I hate ceremony, but one must be civil, you know.

Tall. Says so many good things too! — a capital bon motter.

Lack. Hang it! — no Tallyho, my wit is rather

o'the — sometimes, indeed, comes out with a little sally, that —

Colonel E. Sir, I should be proud to be introduced to your little Sally.

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! You shall, Colonel — my little Molly, and my little Jenny, and — ha! ha! ha! you see what I am, Colonel — rather an ordinary fellow, [*Conceitedly.*] but the ladies do ~~squint at me, now~~ and then, ha! ha! ha! — overheard a most diverting confab amongst that group of ladies yonder, as I passed them — Oh dear! look at him, says one — at who? says another — that smart gentleman, says a third — I vow a monstrous pretty fellow, says a fourth — but who is he? perhaps he's the English ambassador — Oh, madam, not he, oh, not him, no, no, — but at last they all concluded from a certain something in my air, that I can be no other than — the Emperor, incog. — ha! ha! ha!

All. ha! ha! ha!

Tall. Well said, master Emperor! ha! ha! ha! but I will new robe your Imperial Majesty. [*Apart to LACKLAND.*] I'll touch him for a coat for you — A man of high taste in our modes. [*Apart to the COLONEL.*] I'll try and get him to change a suit with you.

Lack. Why, I must say, I'm somewhat partial to the Newmarket style.

Colonel E. I tink his coat look de Oldmarket style.

Tall. Yes, but from your coat, and your feathered head, he took you for a drummer.

Colonel E. Sacré Dieu! he did not — Zounds — Damme!

Tall. [*To the COLONEL.*] Yes; but he's such a shot, he'd snuff a candle on your head!

Colonel E. Sir, I vill snuff my head myself; and I vill snuff my nose myself, in spite of any body.

[*Takes snuff in a hasty manner.*]

Lack. Colonel, without offence to your nose, lend me your little finger.

Tall. Do, he'll give it you again.

Colonel E. [*Shaking hands with LACKLAND.*] Ah, I see he is de true Englishman; for he has de courage to fight, and de good nature to forgive. — Mr. Lackland, vill you dine vid me to-morrow?

Lack. Dine! my dear fellow, I'll breakfast with you — I'll stay a whole month in your house.

Colonel E. [*With joy.*] Indeed!

Tall. Yes, and you'll find it cursed hard to get him out of it, he's so friendly.

Colonel E. [*To LACKLAND.*] Gi' me your hand — You're a most hospitable fellow! Zounds! Damme!

Lack. Oh, pray, Tallyho, isn't that your sister Celia?

Tall. [*Looking.*] Yes, that's sister Celia.

Lack. Haven't seen her some time — A fine girl, indeed!

Tall. I wish I'd left her behind, in Paris. — Badger'd — pestered with petticoats, when one has their betts and their business to mind.

Colonel E. I vill wait on de lady.

Lack. Yes, we'll all wait on the lady. — I shall engage her hand at the ball to-night.

Tall. Lackland, be quiet: she has a fortune.

Lack. Well, has her money spoiled her dancing?

Tall. No; but I am her guardian, Master Emperor.

Lack. Ha! ha! ha! then, by Heaven! I'll attack Miss Buffalo, or what is that — the grocer's —

Tall. What, then you have thrust your copper face into Sir John Bull's family?

Lack. Bull! ay, I thought it was some beast or other.

Colonel E. Oh, my Lady de Bull — Oh, dat is she, dat is recommend to me by a noble duke in Paris.

Tall. The daughter, Doll, is a fine filly — We start or matrimony, on our return to Paris.

Lack. After dinner, I'll challenge him in pint bumpers of Casey's burgundy.

Colonel F. And I sall shake an elbow, and set de merry caster.

Tall. Very well, very well, gentlemen, have at you both — yoicks — hurrah!

AIR. — TALLYHO.

*I'm yours at any sort of fun,
My buck, I'll tell you so ;
A main to fight, a nag to run,
But say the word, 'tis done and dona,
All's one to Tallyho.*

*Upon a single card I'll set
A thousand pound, or so.
But name the thing, I'll bind the bet,
And, if I lose, I'll scorn to fret ;
All's one to Tallyho.*

*Suppose you challenge in a glass,
Sweet Doll, my pretty Doe ;
And think your love could mine surpass,
I'd swallow hogsheads, for my lass,
All's one to Tallyho.* [Exeunt.

Enter CELIA, calling after them.

Celia. Brother! why, Brother! was there ever such a mad mortal! Lud, I wish he'd left me in Paris. I wish I hadn't left England — Fontainbleau! — better to have shone on the Steyne, at Brighton — Bless me! I wish I had only one dear beau, if but to keep me out o'the way o'the coaches — talk of French gallantry, and attention to the ladies! I protest, we've quite spoiled them — No, I find I have no chance here, while rivalled by Eclipse, Gimcrack, and Whirligig — Now, if love would but throw the handsome officer in my way, that entertained me so agreeably at the Sunday opera, at Paris!

Enter HENRY and ROSA.

Henry. [Seeing CELIA.] Yes, 'tis she, 'tis my charming unknown. [Aside.

Celia. Is that lady with him? [*Rosa takes HENRY'S arm.*] takes him by the arm!—I wonder women haven't some regard to decency, in public!

[Exit, singing.

Rosa. [Agitated, and looking about.] If Lord Winlove follows me,—death to him, or my brother, must be the consequence. [Aside.] Henry, if you design to take me to the convent to-night, we shall be too late—the gate's shut at vespers.

Henry. [Looking after CELIA.] 'Sdeath, if I lose her now, difficult, perhaps, to meet again—and, if I quit Rosa, she'll——

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lap. Ah, Mademoiselle Rosa! I'm glad you have escape from dat cruel rogue of a—[HENRY turns.] my dear friend, I am so overjoice I overtake a you—I did vash you all over dis great horse field—I did ask a for you all de little jockeyboy, and I vas vip, and push, and kick, and tump about, from dis a post, to dat a post—

Henry. Well, pray what did you want with me?

Lap. Only in your hurry, I did forget to give you de receipt for your lodging money.

Henry. Oh, I forgot to pay you, that's it; but I wasn't gone.—[Looking out.] If she mixes in that crowd, I shall certainly lose her—May I venture to leave Rosa in this fellow's care? [Aside.] Lapoche, I want to speak to a person yonder, you'll oblige me exceedingly, if you'll not quit this lady till I return.

Lap. [Apart.] I varrant I vil stick close.

Henry. Rosa, I shall be back in a few minutes.

[Exit.

Lap. [Aside.] Ah, dat you may never come back, except to pay a me.

Rosa. Cruel Henry! so severely to censure me for a passion, of which, your own heart is so susceptible!

Lap. Oh my dearest, sweetest —

Rosa. Tell me, have you seen the gentleman since?

Lap. De pretty gentilhomme dat love a you? oui.

Rosa. Where?

Lap. Dis morning, in my looking glass.

Rosa. How perplexing! Tell me, man—I mean the gentleman that—has that gentleman been to inquire for me since?

Lap. Ah, sly coquin — I have hear all about you — You, scapefrom de convent in man's coat, to de gentleman—den here you run away vid de captain from de gentleman; and now, I see it in your eye, you vant to run back to de gentleman again.

Rosa. You're not much out there.

Lap. I see she love me ver much. [*Aside.*] I will go see vere de captain is got—hush you little devil of a sly pretty rogue! [*Exit.*]

Rosa. How perverse! By loitering here, Lord Winlove and Henry must certainly meet, and I have the worst to dread from their violence of temper.

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lap. All is safe—your captain is facing up to an-
oder lady—come to my house vid me.

Rosa. 'Tis certainly the surest, and speediest means of seeing my lord again—then the necessity of relieving him from the anxiety, into which my absence must have thrown him—I'm strongly tempted, notwithstanding the impertinence of this fellow.

Lap. She ver fond of me, vonce I have her in my power, if she be unkind—up I lock her for de Lady Abbess. [*Aside.*] Oh, you pretty pattern for a tailor's wife—I do adore de dimple of your chin—your hand soft as Englis broad cloth—your lip, Genoa velvet, and your eye bright as de Birmingham button.

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Course.

Enter CELIA and HENRY.

Henry. Charming creature! since the joy inspired by your conversation at the opera, and the grief of such a hopeless parting, to the instant of this lucky meeting, I have not enjoyed a moment's peace.

Celia. You think this a lucky meeting, sir; I congratulate you on your good fortune, and leave you to the enjoyment of your happiness.

[Courtesies, and going, he takes her hand.]

Henry. One moment, my love!

Celia. Very fine, this; so here my captive presumes to make his conqueror a prisoner of war!

Henry. I am your captive, your slave—thus I kiss my chain; *[Kisses her hand.]* and thus on my knee—

Celia. Stop, you'll soil your regimentals.

Henry. Dear, charming—*[Aside.]* I wish I knew her name.

Celia. Ha! ha! ha! do forgive me.

Henry. I am enchanted with your gaiety, charmed with your beauty—

Celia. Pray were you ever enchanted, or charmed before?

Henry. But never lov'd till now.

Celia. Oh, if you're serious, I must—Come, come, come, I'll talk no more to you—walk that way, and I'll walk this way.

Henry. Nay, but my angel—

Celia. Well, well, I know all that, but if you really expect to meet me in the field again, you must send me a challenge by my brother—Eh—but

I'll not tell you, for you seem to be conceited enough already.

AIR.—CELIA.

*No hurry I'm in to be married,
But if it's the will of my brother,
I'd much rather stay,
Yet, since in the way,
I as well may have you as another.*

*A strange custom this, to be marry'd,
Though follow'd by father and mother,
The grave and the gay,
But, since in the way,
I as well may have you as another.*

*A prude, though she long to be marry'd,
Endeavours her wishes to smother,
I'd give you her nay,
But, since in the way,
I as well may have you as another.* [Exit.

Henry. Charming woman!

Tallyho. [Without.] Yoicks! I'll bring in the stragglers—I'm the boy to fill the rooms, and empty the bottles.

Henry. Oh, here's Tallyho—as this brother she speaks of, is a man of the turf, probably he knows him—I'll just ask him, and—then for my sister Rosa.

Enter TALLYHO.

Tall. I'm an excellent whipper-in for the bottle—Oh, oh! [Looking at HENRY, then takes him under the arm.] Come along.

Henry. Where?

Tall. To get drunk, to be sure—You wear his majesty's cloth, and go to bed sober, when my English Whirligig has beat the mounseers!—Such a pack

of jolly dogs! such burgundy!—won't you come and get drunk with us?

Henry. Certainly, my boy—but, pray, Tallyho, can you tell me—you saw the young lady that parted from me now—admirably handsome!——

Tall. Handsome! Yes, every body says she's like me.

Henry. I shall soon call her mine.

Tall. The devil you shall!

Henry. I have some hopes; the only obstacle is a brother—but, perhaps, you know him—one of our stupid, thick-headed fellows, without an idea, beyond a cock or a horse.

Tall. For fifty pounds, I have as many ideas as you.

Henry. You!

Tall. Yes, Mr. Captain; who gave you commission to talk o' my thick head?

Henry. What a blunder! [*Aside.*] But, really, Squire, is that young lady your sister?

Tall. Celia? yes, to be sure she is my sister, and that's your share of her too. [*Snaps his Fingers.*] She has a great fortune, and you captains are damned poor—but, huzza! I have it, *tol de rol lol!* —[*Sings and capers.*] You shall fill your pockets with French gold—Louis d'ors, sous and souces, you damned son of a—give me your hand.

Henry. Now, what—what is all—

Tall. You shall go halves in my slang match to-morrow. Colonel Epauvette has matched his Black Prince, to run against my Kick-him-Jenny—it's play or pay.—You shall back his Black Prince, take all the odds—I will get my jockey to lame Kick-him-Jenny; and, to give a colour for her not being able to run, I've mounted Sir John Bull to take an airing on her, ha! ha! ha!—I warrant she plays him some prank or other, so, as he's a bad horseman, I'll lay her accident upon him—she can't run—pays forfeit—you sweep the field—touch them all—and when

you've gathered in the cash, we'll meet privately, and divide it, even, fair and honest, in our pockets — Damme, there's our snug ten thousand a piece with a twopenny nail!

Henry. And this, perhaps, you call honour?

Tall. Yes, 'tis good turf honour.

Henry. What! to be a scoundrel?

Tall. Oh, very well; if you're so nice—ay, now, you're a very delicate chicken! But, harkye, the next time you see sister Celia, don't look at her. [*Going.*]

Henry. Stop, Tallyho — I think I'll punish my knowing one. [*Aside.*] On second thoughts, I will join with you in this roguery.

Tall. Then you're a cursed honest fellow — my sister's yours.

Henry. Ay, with her consent —

Tall. Her consent! if we make the match, what has her consent to do with it? — but I'll settle that — come, you shall have it from her own mouth, this instant.

Henry. But what shall I do with Rosa?

[*Aside, and looking out.*]

Tall. What, are you making a set, my pointer? Come, and be merry with us — Why, I'll get drunk to-night, though I'm in love up to the saddle girths. — Oh, my darling Dolly!

Henry. Oh, Miss Bull — Ay, we shall soon have you a bridegroom too.

Tall. Yes, ha! ha! ha! I shall soon be a happy bull-calf.

DUETT — HENRY and TALLYHO.

Tall. Your hand,

Henry. Your hand,

Tall. My hero,

Henry. My buck,

Tall. No more words;

Henry. No more pother!

Tall. } *My sister is yours,*
 Henry. } *Your sister is mine,*
 Both. *And the bargain is struck,*
 Tall. *My brother!*
 Henry. *My brother!*
 Both. *The field round,*
 Tall. *We'll slang 'em,*
 Henry. *We'll slang 'em,*
 Tall. *And if they complain, the captain shall*
 bang 'em.
 Henry. *In this, and that, and every nation,*
 Tall. *Every rank, and every station,*
 All, all declare,
 That cheating is fair,
 Henry. *If it takes but the knowing one in.*
 Tall. *Miss Polly, how coy!*
 With her amorqus boy,
 Cries, dear sir! Oh fie, sir! and bridles
 her chin;
 You impudent man, you,
 How can you? how can you?
 Henry. 'Tis all
 Tall. 'Tis all
 Both. *To take the knowing one in;*
 For all declare,
 That cheating is fair,
 If it takes but the knowing one in.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Hotel.

Enter SIR JOHN BULL, with a large Patch upon his Forehead, and French Waiter.

Sir J. B. Ah, see when they catch me upon a race horse again! — That scoundrel, Tallyho, did it to break my neck — Above all the beasts o'the field, to mount me upon Kick-him-Jenny! But I must get

something to this cut — Have you no apothecaries here in France? [*Waiter bows, and cringes.*] I say, get me a doctor — [*Waiter bows and cringes.*] — I want a surgeon. [*Loud.*]

Waiter. Oui, you be Sir John — [*Bows, &c.*]

Sir J. B. D'ye understand? — I was riding, and Tallyho's mare threw me — [*Roaring, Waiter bowing, &c.*] You scoundrel! what, d'ye stand grinning at me? Get somebody to dress my head.

Waiter. Oui, monsieur. [*Exit.*]

Sir J. B. Oh dear, oh dear! get me once out of France — Then my wife and daughter! such a pair of mademoiselles, as they are making of themselves, to receive this great French Colonel Epaulette — Egad, here they come, in full puff!

Enter LADY BULL and DOLLY, extravagantly dressed.

Sir J. B. [*Bows ridiculously.*] A-la-mode de Paree!

Miss Dolly B. Bless me, papa, what's the matter?

Lady B. What, have you been fighting, Sir John?

[*Looking at his forehead.*]

Sir J. B. Fighting! no, my Lady Bull — I got upon Kick-him-Jenny, she threw me off, and broke my head. [*Eyeing them curiously.*]

Lady B. What is he at now?

Sir J. B. Eh, nothing. [*Looking and smothering a laugh.*] George, get me a pipe.

Miss Dolly B. La, papa, let's have no piping here!

Lady B. Pipes! what man, d'ye think you're at Dobney's bowling-green?

Miss Dolly B. Consider, we are now at Fontainebleau, in France, papa, the very country-seat of the beau monde.

Sir J. B. Oh, very well — Mrs. Casey, get me yesterday's Ledger.

Lady B. Ledger! Oh, now, he's got to Gara-

way's — I tell you again, you are not at Margate, raffling for twopenny toys.

Miss Dolly B. Or dancing in your boots, at Dandelion, papa — La, now, do, pa, get into the mode, like us!

Sir J. B. Thank you, daughter, but I'm not quite so modish.

Lady B. But, consider, my dear, if Colonel Epaulette does us the honour of a visit, how he'll be shocked at your appearance!

Sir J. B. Thank you, thank you, wife; but I don't think I'm quite so shocking.

Lady B. Then, if he does introduce us to the prince — Sir John, to tell you a secret, I have already sent for one Mr. Lapoche, a celebrated French tailor, to make you a new suit of clothes for the occasion.

Sir J. B. A French tailor for me! — very well, very well, ladies.

Enter First Waiter.

Waiter. Mr. Lackland, madam; would you chuse to see him?

Sir J. B. Ay, ay, let the poor devil come up.

[Exit Waiter.]

Lady B. Mr. Lackland! ay, here's more of your — a pretty thing, to come all the way to France, to pick up English acquaintances! and then, such a paltry — shabby —

Enter LACKLAND, elegantly dressed in COLONEL EPAULETTE'S Clothes.

Lack. Ladies, your most obedient — How d'ye do, Bull?

Sir J. B. *[Looking at him with surprise.]* Shabby! — Eh! — Why, in the name of — Oh! ho! — Ha!

ha! ha! — recovered the arables, or another old fool from Throgmorton Street?

Lack. Oh, pray don't let my presence disconcert any body — Ladies, I dined with my friend Tallyho, and Colonel Epaulette; the colonel understanding that I admitted Sir John here, to some share of my notice, begged I'd make his respects, and that he'd wait on you immediately.

Lady B. Now, Miss Bull, summon all the graces.

Miss Dolly B. Oh, lud; and the powder's all — the duchess's barber must titivate me up directly.

Lack. Miss, don't mind me — people say I'm particular — but I'm the most condescending — Bull, be seated.

Sir J. B. Bull! I will not be seated.

Lack. Yes, she is a fine girl, indeed.

Sir J. B. Who, Doll? Yes, Doll's a dev'lish fine girl, and I shall give fourscore thousand pounds with her.

Lack. What! — [*Aside.*] This may prove a good hit — but such a vulgar family! — Hearkye — pray — [*With haughtiness and contempt.*] You've kept shop?

Sir J. B. Fifteen years — the Grasshopper on Garlick Hill.

Lack. And you sold raisins, and —

Sir J. B. Yes, I did, and figs too.

Lady B. D'ye hear him?

Lack. [*Aside.*] Hem! Yes, I'll marry her — a dowdy — he's a seller of figs — yet, fourscore thousand —

Sir J. B. And yet, do you know —

Lack. [*Puts him back gently.*] Softly — Ma'am, [*To Miss DOLLY BULL.*] — upon my soul, you're a very fine creature!

Miss Dolly B. Sir! [*Aside.*] Lord, I like him, vastly!

Lack. I say, ma'am, I — but, hold — I had best

begin with a compliment to the mother though — Ma'am, — [*Looks first at LADY BULL, then at SIR JOHN.*] — Figs! [*Stifling a laugh.*] Ma'am, your dress is extremely elegant — admirably fancied — and —

Sir J. B. Yet if I was to advise —

Lack. [*Puts him back, without looking at him.*] Be quiet, Bull — with so many native charms — difficult to say, whether ornaments grace the person, or the person ornaments the dress.

Miss Dolly B. He's vastly well bred, Mamma.

Lady B. Yes, but speaks English too plain for a gentleman.

Lack. Miss Bull's spirit and good humour, is the emblem of English liberty, and your ladyship, [*Bows.*] the Ninon de l'Enclos of Britain.

Sir J. B. [*Aside.*] Ninon-don — talks French — I lent him a guinea too — well!

Lack. I presume, ladies, you go to the ball to-night — if disengaged, miss, I should be proud of the honour of your hand.

Miss Dolly B. Yes, sir, with all my heart, sir.

Sir J. B. Your heart, hussy! did't you promise Squire Tallyho?

Miss Dolly B. True, papa; but then, I hadn't seen this gentleman.

Lady B. Haven't I hopes of Colonel Epaulette, for you?

Miss Dolly B. Ay, but none of us have ever seen the colonel — he mayn't like me, and, perhaps, I mayn't like him.

Lady B. Dolly, you're too ready with your yes:

Lack. Consider, if your ladyship had always cruelly said no, Miss Dolly could never have been the admiration of the court of Versailles.

Sir J. B. Yes, and I dare say —

Lack. Softly, my honest fellow.

Sir J. B. [*Stamping*] What d'ye mean, friend —

honest fellow! I don't believe you know who you're talking to! — [*Aside.*] Oh, oh! Tallyho is likely to be jockeyed here — [*Calls out.*] Bob! if Squire Tallyho comes, show him —

Lady B. Show him out of the house.

Miss Dolly B. What! the Squire?

TALLYHO *sings without.*

*At six in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode to Kilruddery, in search of a fox.
Tol de rol lol.*

Lack. Here comes Tallyho — Yes, Casey's burgundy has quite done him up.

Lady B. Fontainbleau! one might as well be at Ascot Heath.

Enter TALLYHO, drunk, and singing.

Tall. Or, I'll leap over you, your blind gelding, and all, *tol de rol* — Ha! ha! ha! Sir John, I am so sorry you should be hurt by that fall!

Sir J. B. Ha! ha! ha! Yes, I see you are very sorry.

Tall. But how is your leg?

Sir J. B. My leg! it's my forehead.

Tall. Ah! ha! my old prize fighter!

Sir J. B. I've been fighting your battles here. —

[*LADY BULL looks scornfully at TALLYHO.*

Tall. Right, Sir John — [*Observing her.*] for I see, if the grey mare's the better horse, I lose the filly.

Lady B. I can't stay with this savage.

Lack. Will your ladyship honour me — Miss Dolly, your lily hand — [*Takes her hand.*

Tall. [*Interposing.*] No matter whether her hand is a lily, or a tulip, or a daffydowndilly — by your leave, neighbour — [*Gets between DOLLY and LACKLAND.*

Lack. Sir, you know I am always ready to correct insolence ; if a man insults me, 'tish't his fortune can protect him — [*Turning to* SIR J. BULL.] pr'ythee, Bull, step and ask if I left my snuff-box in the bar below. Mr. Tallyho, when you're inclined to quarrel, I am always ready to go out with you.

Tall. My Lady Bull will go out with you, and I wish her much joy of her company. [*Bows very low.*

[*Exit* LACKLAND, *leading* LADY BULL.]
Sir John, I am so hurt that my mare should — how is your collar bone now?

Sir J. B. Pshaw ! don't you see it's my forehead ? — Go out with him ! isn't that one of your sword-and-pistol terms ?

Tall. Oh yes ; at those amusements, in a small room, that gentlemen is, indeed, pretty company.

Miss Dolly B. Lord, he must be charming company, in a small room ! [*With great glee.*

Sir J. B. An impudent dog ! to send me out for his snuff-box too.

Miss Dolly B. I do like him monstrously !

Tall. Like him ! why, Doll, you're a fox upon a double ditch — none can tell which side you'll leap ho, ho ! what, am I thrown out here, old Hurlo-thrumbo ?

Sir J. B. Me — I don't know what this fellow has been about here, among them, with his snuff, and his feathers — but where have you been, Tallyho ? I tell you, if you'd have Doll, you must stick to her, my boy.

Miss Dolly B. Ay, that you must, indeed, my boy — Lord, Squire, what has made you so tipsy ?

Tall. Love and burgundy — swallowing your health, my sweet Dolly Douse —

[*Sings.*] *Had Diana been there, she'd been pleas'd to the life,*

And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

[*Takes her hand.*

When you come across my noddle—tipsy-gipsy—get upon the half-cock, and then—a dozen bumpers makes me—tol de rol lol—ha! ha! ha! old dad—how cursed comical you looked, when Kick-him-Jenny flung you over her ears, ha! ha! ha! damme, you came upon all fours, like a tom-cat with a parachute, ha! ha! ha!

Miss Dolly B. Ha! ha! ha! Oh, what a rare fellow you are, ha! ha! ha!—what fine game you do make of my father! ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. B. Game o'your father! why, you confounded jade—

Tall. Sir John, I am sorry my mare broke your nose.

Sir J. B. Zounds! don't you see it's my forehead?—but, however, I forgive you, since—ha! ha! ha!—I'm so pleas'd at your winning the race to-day, and beating the mounseers, that, if I'd twenty daughters, and each with a plumb in her mouth, you should have them all.

Tall. [*Looking at his Tablets.*] Plumb! Oh, true, Sir Jackey, my lad, I have you down here, for a fifty.

Sir J. B. How?

Tall. That you owe me.

Sir J. B. Me? I never borrowed sixpence of you, in my life.

Tall. No, but you lost fifty pounds though.

Sir J. B. [*Alarmed.*] Lost! oh, lord! I had a fifty-pound note in my pocket book—[*Takes out his pocket-book.*] No, 'faith, here it is.

Tall. Then you may as well give it me, Jackey.

Sir J. B. Give it you! for what?

Tall. Why, don't you know you laid me fifty pounds upon the colonel's Joan of Arc, and did'nt my Whirligig beat her?

Sir J. B. Damn your Whirligig!

Miss Dolly B. Oh, lord father! how can you damn his Whirligig?

Tall. Come, fifty pounds here—down with your dust!

Miss Dolly B. Ay, papa, down with your dust!

Sir J. B. You hussey! I'll dust your gown for you!

Tall. Why, did'nt you lay?

Sir J. B. Lay! I remember, I said, I thought the brown horse run the fastest.

Tall. Yes, but when I laid fifty he'd lose, did'nt you say done?

Sir J. B. And so you come the dun upon me—pho, pho! none of your jokes, man.

Tall. Jokes! you shall pay me in earnest.

Sir J. B. Pay you—what the devil, do you think I'll give you fifty pounds, because one horse thrusts his nose out before another? Doll, that's a rogue!

Tall. Rogue! Cut while you're well—I'll make no more words—that bet was done and done, and if you don't pay me, I'll post you at Tattersal's—indeed, I will, Sir Jackey, my lad.

Miss Dolly B. Never mind old Fogrum—run away with me. [Apart to TALLYHO.]

Sir J. B. Oh, very well—there—[Gives a note.] by winning fifty pounds, you lose my daughter, and fourscore thousand; and now post that at Tattersal's, Tally, my lad—Dolly, child, go to your mamma.

Miss Dolly B. I won't—I won't go to my mamma—I'll meet you, bye and bye, at the Colonel's.

[Apart to TALLYHO.]

Sir J. B. You won't?—you shall, hussey!

Miss Dolly B. I won't—I won't—[Crying and sobbing.] Oh, the cruelty of old tough fathers, to force young, tender maidens, away from the sweet amiable swains, that so dearly love them! oh! oh! oh!

Sir J. B. Go in there, you jade! [Forces her off.] how cunning you look now, Tally, my lad!

[Exeunt MISS BULL and SIR JOHN.]

Tall. Don't force her away from her beautiful swain—[*Looks disappointed, and whistles.*] So, here's a pretty commence! but if Doll meets me at the Colonel's, I'll whip her off; and if Captain Henry has laid the betts upon my slang match, I shall roll in rhino—first, marry Doll, in private—then, London—hey for a wedding, in full cry, and, then for the dear delights of London!

AIR.—TALLYHO.

*In London, my life is a ring of delight ;
In frolics, I keep up the day and the night,
I snooze at the Hummums till twelve, perhaps later ;
I rattle the bell, and I roar up the waiter ;
“ Your honour,” says he, and he tips me a leg ;
He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg ;
For tea in a morning's a slop I renounce,
So I down with a glass of the right cherry bounce.*

With swearing—tearing !

Ranting—jaunting !

Slashing—smashing !

Smacking—cracking !

Rumblng—tumbling !

Laughing—quaffing !

Smoking—joking !

Swagg'ring—stagg'ring !

*So thoughtless, so knowing, so green, and so mellow !
This—this is the life of a frolicsome fellow.*

*My phaeton I mount, and the plebs they all stare,
I handle my reins, and my elbows I square ;
My ponies so plump, and as white as a lily !
Through Pallmall I spank it and up Piccadilly ;
Till, losing a wheel, egad, down I come, smack !
So, at Knightsbridge, I throw myself into a hack,
At Tattersal's, sling a leg over my nag ;
Then visit for dinner, then dress in a bag.*

With swearing, &c.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

*Town.**Enter First Waiter.*

1 *Waiter.* Here, you, George! — I say, George!

Enter Second Waiter.

2 *Waiter.* What the deuce a bawling do you keep!

1 *Waiter.* What d'ye mean running about the streets, with your hands in your pockets, at such a time, and the house full of company, and ——

2-*Waiter.* Why, didn't mistress desire me to look for Captain Huff, in order to see if he could bully this here Mr. Lackland out of the house; as there's no chance of his ever being able to pay his bill here?

1 *Waiter.* Bully him out! I don't think the captain and his whole regiment can do that.

LACKLAND and MRS. CASEY *without.*

Mrs. Casey. Mr. Lackland, I desire you'll leave my house.

2 *Waiter.* See, what a woman's tongue can do! — here he comes, and my mistress at his heels.

Lack. Upon my honour, Mrs. Casey, I'm amazed that any gentleman would enter your doors!

Mrs. Casey. Upon my honour, Mr. Lackland, you may take yourself out of my doors!

1 *Waiter.* She's done it—here comes the poor beau!

Enter LACKLAND and MRS. CASEY.

Mrs. Casey. Why, I tell you, Sir Harry Bisque's valet has locked up all his master's baggage in it, and you can have that chamber no more.

Lack. I'll ruin your house—no more carriages—I'll bring no more coronets about your doors, to in-

quire after me, madam—by Heaven, I'll ruin your house!

Mrs. Casey. Ay, my house may be ruined, indeed, if I haven't money to pay my wine-merchant. I'll tell you what, my honest lad, I've no notion of folks striving to keep up the gentleman, when they cannot support it; and when people are young and strong, can't see any disgrace in taking up a brown musket, or the end of a sedan chair, or—a knot—*[Looking at his shoulders.]* any thing better than bilking me, or spunging upon my customers, and flashing it away in their old clothes.

Lack. See when you'll get such a customer as I was! Have'nt I left the mark of a dice box upon every table?—was there a morning I didn't take a sandwich? or a day passed, without my drinking my four bottles?

Mrs. Casey. Four bottles! But how many did you pay for?

Lack. Never mind that, that's my affair—By Heaven, madam, I'll ruin your house!—d'ye hear?
[Calling.] Carry my baggage over to the Lily.

Mrs. Casey. Ay, take his baggage upon a china plate, for it's a nice affair.

Lack. Hey, my baggage!

Mrs. Casey. Ah, man, what signifies your conceit?—such a bashaw! here you come and call, like a lord, and drink like a lord, and there you are in my books six whole pages, without a scratch, like a lord. Ogh, you've run up a thumping bill, and, I warrant you'll pay it like a lord. *[Courtesies ironically.]*

Lack. That I shall, ma'am; produce your bill.

[Takes out a Purse, and chinks it.]

Mrs. Casey. Oh! miracles will never cease—well, I said all along, that your honour was a prince.

[Courtesies.]

Lack. Madam, my bill!

Mrs. Casey. Lord, your honour, what need your

honour mind the bill now? sure your honour may pay it any time. [Courtesies.]

Lack. Very true, Mrs. Casey, so I can.

[Puts up the purse.]

Mrs. Casey. But, however, since your honour insists upon paying it now, you shall see it—Here, Bob! [Calling.] Squire Lackland's bill—then Heavens save your handsome face, and your handsome hand, and your handsome leg—pretend to be without money!—Oh, dear, how jokish these gentlemen are!—Here, Bob, Squire Lackland's bill—quick, quick!

[Exit MRS. CASEY and Servants.]

Lack. I am sure, I'm vastly obliged to Colonel Epaulette, for this recruit of finance, if'twas only to rescue me from this Irish harpy—Come, I do very well—Oh, lucky, lucky cards!—after paying her bill, I shall have as much as will set me up at the faro bank—Dem it, I mustn't—cannot think of this grocer's daughter—vile city bulls and bears—no, no, Tallyho may have her—Oh, here he comes!

Enter TALLYHO, crossing quick, and singing.

Oh, Tallyho!

Tall. Couldn't stop to speak to a duke—not even a clerk of the course.

Lack. I'll bet you fifty guineas you stop with me, though.

Tall. But my little doe Doll waits for me at Colonel Epaulette's—a word—she's going off with me—so I must leave my match in the hands of my jockeys—Soho, puss!

[Going.]

Lack. A word.

Tall. What the devil, d'ye think people of business can stand gabbling—lose time with people that's got no money—this is a place of sport, and those that can't—

Lack. What d'ye mean, sir?—gabbling!—Can't sport!—Sir, I have spirit, and ability—

Tall. Spunk and rhino!

Lack. Gabble—can't sport—there—[*Gives him the purse and takes out a pack of cards.*] the highest card against that, if you dare—Can't sport!—You shall find me spunk.

Tall. You're spunk—tol de rol lol—At you, my merry harrier.

Lack. [*Cutting the cards.*] Trey.

Tall. [*Cutting.*] His nob.—I have won!

[*Mimicking LACKLAND, and puts up the purse.*

Lack. Damnation; [*TALLYHO sings, going.*] Tallyho, you'll never miss it—return me the purse.

Tall. The purse—to be sure, my dear boy, you shall have it—there's the purse.

[*Takes out the money, and throws him the empty purse.*

[*Sings.*] “*Then he leap'd over Lord Anglis's Wall,
And seem'd to say, little I value you all.*”

[*Exit, singing.*

Lack. Perdition seize cards, dice—every cursed tool of fortune—that infernal—blind—partial hag! Oh! here comes Mrs. Casey, with her sedan chair, and brown musket, upon me—what—what shall I do?

Enter MRS. CASEY, Waiters, Boots, Cook, &c.

Mrs. Casey. Here, your honour—here's your honour's bill—Bob has drawn it out fairly—

Lack. Damn you and Bob!

Mrs. Casey. What d'ye say, honey?

Lack. What, do you think a gentleman has nothing else to do, but to encumber his pockets, and to carry about lumps of cursed, heavy gold, when you and Bob take a fancy to thrust long scrawl papers into his hand?

Mrs. Casey. Why didn't you desire me to get your bill? and hadn't you your purse out just now to pay me?

Lack. There, you see my purse out just now, but nothing in that.

Mrs. Casey. Well, upon my honour, this is a pretty caper!—all because I'm a lone woman—I see there's no doing without a bit of a man after all.

Lack. Well, I find marriage is the dernier resort, after all.

Waiter. Your honour will remember the waiters?

Cook. The cook, your honour?

Boots. Your honour won't forget Jack Boots?

Lack. Jack Boots too!—Scoundrels—saucy—impertinent—insolent——

[*Drives off Waiter, Cook, &c.*]

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lap. Monsieur Lackland, I hear you have hooked up some cash; so, before it's all gone, pay me my money.

Lack. You too!—you little infernal miscreant, I'll pay you! [*Beats him.*]

Lap. Ah misericorde! Ah pauvre moi! [*Exit.*]

Lack. In spite of figs, raisins, canvas sleeves, and moist sugar, have at Miss Bull, of Garlick Hill, and her fourscore thousand! [*Exit.*]

Enter LAPOCHE, peeping.

Lap. Vat, is he gone? [*Softly.*] 'Tis vell for him he is gone; Monsieur Lackland, you be von damned scoundrel, villain of de rogue—rascal! [*Vaunting.*] and I voud break your——

Enter ROBIN, from MRS. CASEY'S House.

Robin. I say, master——

Lap. [*Starts, much frightened.*] Heigho! Oh, if it had been Monsieur Lackland, how I voud—hem!—vat you vant, Monsieur? [*Imperiously.*]

Robin. What do I want? I want you, if you're the French tailor.

Lap. Oh, I must not affront my customer—[*Aside.*] Vel, sir, I be de tailleur, a votre service. [*Bows.*]

Robin. Then my master, Sir John Bull, is ever so impatient for you.

Lap. Oh, Sir, John Bull—Ah, to take measure of him, for de new clothes—malpeste! I ave as much business as de grand financier.

Robin. Will you come?

Lap. Apres vous, monsieur.

Robin. What?

Lap. After you, monsieur.

Robin. Oh! [*Exeunt, LAPOCHE, ceremoniously.*]

SCENE II.

SIR JOHN'S Apartments in the Hotel.

*Enter First Waiter introducing COLONEL
EPAULETTE in an English Dress.*

Colonel E. Only tell Sir John and my Lady de Bull, dat Colonel Epaulette is come to vait on dem.

Waiter. Sir!

Colonel E. Dat Colonel Epaulette is come to vait on dem.

Waiter. I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Colonel E. By all I can hear, de must be vile bourgeois, but on account of my lord's recommendation, I must show dem some civility, and Squire Tallyho tells me, dey have a fine daughter too—Ay, my English dress is lucky upon de occasion—dey must be vonderfully pleased vid it. Lapoche, my tailleur, has not been in London for noting, and I am much oblige to Mr. Lackland for his advice in my affairs—I hope dey did tell my Lady de Bull too, dat I vas coming to vait on her. [*Retires.*]

Enter SIR JOHN BULL, in a passion, and ROBIN.

Sir J. B. You've been, sirrah, but where have you been?

Robin. Why, wasn't I sent for the French tailor?

Sir J. B. The French tailor! Oh, to take measure of me—well, where is he?

Robin. I don't know, he came into the house with me.

Sir J. B. Very well; since it must be so, go, and send him here.—[*Exit ROBIN.*] Ha! ha! ha! any thing to please mademoiselle my wife, since I must be a jackanapes, and have a French tailor, ha! ha! ha! Oh, 'gad here he is!

Colonel E. Oh, dis must be Sir John—[*Aside.*] Sir, I am your most obedient servant.

Sir J. B. Servant, friend!

Colonel E. I presume, you are Sir John de Bull.

Sir J. B. Ay.

Colonel E. Sir, I have receive a lettre, from my friend de Duke——

Sir J. B. His friend the Duke—what a grand tailor it is! [*Aside.*]

Colonel E. I have great reason to tink I am dear to him, and he recommend you to me in de highest terms.

Sir J. B. Sir, if you are dear to your friends, no doubt but your terms will be high to me.

Colonel E. Sir!

Sir J. B. However, since my wife will have it so—out with your shears.

Colonel E. Sir!

Sir J. B. Let's see your book of patterns.

Colonel E. Pattern!

Sir J. B. Yes, to chuse my colour.

Colonel E. I carry de colour! vat, you take me for an ensign?—but I excuse, as de custom of your country gives a privilege—

Sir J. B. I can't answer for my country, but you shall have my custom—Now, pray, friend, how many men may you have?

Colonel E. About a tousand.

Sir J. B. [*Aside.*] A thousand journeymen! must have great business.

Colonel E. About a thousand in my regiment.

Sir J. B. Oh, you work for a regiment?

Colonel E. Vork! I no understand vat he mean—Sir, de ladies——

Sir J. B. You understand the work for the ladies?

Colonel E. Monsieur, in compliance vid the lettre of his grace, I shall show every civilite, and, if you please, vill ave de honour of introduce my Lady de Bull, and mademoiselle, her daughter, to de prince.

Sir J. B. You! My Lady Bull introduced by a tailor!

Colonel E. Tailor! Aha! Sir, if you were not an Englishman, your life—your life, sir, should answer for dis affront—but from my respect to your country, I pardon you.

Sir J. B. Affront! What! are you above your business, you proud monkey, you?

Colonel E. You are under some gross error, or you are a person void of manners—if de former, you are a fool by nature; if de latter, a clown by habit—and as both is beneath my resentment, I shall look to my noble friend for an explanation of dis affront offered to Colonel Epaulette. [*Exit.*]

Sir J. B. Colonel Epaulette! Oh, the devil! what a blunder I have made!—[*Calls out.*] My lady—my Lady Bull!

Enter LADY BULL.

Lady B. What's the matter—what's the matter now with you, Sir John?

Sir J. B. The mischief to play—here has been Colonel Epaulette, and I unfortunately mistook him for the French tailor that I expected, to take orders for my new clothes.

Lady B. Sir John, why will you ever attempt to speak to persons of distinction? Take a Colonel

of the Gendesarmes for a tailor—how absurd!—
[*Calls.*] Who waits?—Sir John, pray stay and explain this affair.

Sir J. B. Me!—damme, I wouldn't face him again for the pay of his whole regiment. [*Exit.*]

Lady B. [*Passionately.*] Who waits, I say?

Enter ROBIN.

Show that gentleman up stairs.

Robin. Who, madam?

Lady B. The tailor, as your master calls him.

Robin. The tailor—oh, here he comes, madam. [*Exit.*]

Lady B. Ay, here is the colonel, indeed—no regimentals—yes, I heard of his dressing entirely in the English manner.

Enter LAPOCHE.

[*Courtesies very respectfully.*] Sir, I almost blush to see you, and scarce know how to apologize for Sir John's mistake.

Lap. Madam, I wait upon Sir John, to——

Lady B. Really, sir, he's ashamed to appear in your presence, after——but he has contracted such unfashionable habits, that he——

Lap. Madam, I will equip him with de fashionable habit, dat he need not shame to appear in de royal presence.

Lady B. Sir, you have had a loss to-day?

Lap. Oui, I lose my lodger.

Lady B. By this day's running?

Lap. Oui, they did run away.

Lady B. Sir, I mean the match.

Lap. Oui, dey make de match.

Lady B. But, sir, I wish better success to your Joan.

Lap. [*Aside.*] Success to my Joan!

Lady B. But, for all your turf amusements, I dare say, you are a great man, in the cabinet—in committees—privy councils, and board of works.

Lap. Board of works! [*Aside.*] Ay, she mean my shopboard.

Lady B. And, I warrant, you are in all the deep French political secrets—you know all the ministers' measures.

Lap. Oui, I take all deir measures.

Lady B. We were informed, Sir, in Paris, that you were much with the prince.

Lap. Oui, I am quite free in de family.

Lady B. And, when it suits you to introduce us to his highness—

Lap. Me? non!—de prince? I could introduce you to de head butler indeed—

Lady B. Introduce us to the butler!—Ay, ay, from Sir John's rustic behaviour, the colonel here, thinks us fit for no better company.

Enter SIR JOHN. LAPOCHE takes out pattern-book.

Oh, Sir John, I have been endeavouring to apologize for you, to the colonel here.

Lap. [*Looks about.*] Colonel!

Sir J. B. Egad, I fancy this is the tailor, indeed.

Lap. I am, at your service, sir.

Lady B. How!

Sir J. B. Ha! ha! ha! My lady, why will you pretend to speak to persons of distinction?—mistake a tailor, for a colonel, and a gendesarmes! ha! ha! ha!

Lady B. A tailor! then you're a very impudent little fellow!

Lap. Vell, miss, your moder voud not call me so.

Sir J. B. Her mother, you villain!

Lady B. Sir John, pray don't abuse the young man.

Sir J. B. Abuse! You little rascal, how dare you

have the impudence to be taken for a colonel?—Get away, this instant, or I'll crop you, with your own shears—Get along, you rascal!

[Pushes out LAPOCHE.]

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Madam, there's Miss Dolly gone off,—and Mrs. Casey says, it's upon some marriage scheme, or other.

Lady B. My daughter!

Sir J. B. My Doll!

Robin. And, from what I can learn from Squire Tallyho's man, she's to meet his master.

Lady B. There's your honest Yorkshireman, Sir John Bull!

Robin. I think they say, sir, she's gone to Colonel Epaulette's lodge.

Sir J. B. Ay, there's your honourable Frenchman, my Lady Bull!—but, come along—I'll have my daughter!—Rob me of my child!—Oh, for a search warrant!—Oh, for an English jury! Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the COLONEL'S Lodge.

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE and MISS DOLLY BULL.

Colonel E. Miss, I do congratulate my felicity in meeting of you.

Miss Dolly B. I'm sure, I'm much obliged to you, indeed, Colonel.

Colonel E. [*Aside.*] If I could get her, instead of my fille de opera, I should be up vid her fader, for calling me a tailor.

Miss Dolly B. [*Aside, looking out.*] Lord, I wonder what keeps Squire Tallyho!

Colonel E. Miss, vas you ever in love?

Miss Dolly B. Not above nine times, I thank you, sir. [*Courtesies.*]

Colonel E. Hey!

Miss Dolly B. Nine! Yes, three times before I got out of my slips—twice at Hackney boarding school—I don't reckon my guitar-master—then Frank Frippery—Mr. Petticoe—No, sir, only eight, for I never would listen to the handsome staymaker, of Duck Lane.

Colonel E. Miss, vill you be in love de ninth time, and run away vid me?

Miss Dolly B. Lord, sir, are you going to run away?

Colonel E. Oui, I vil scamper off vid you.

Miss Dolly B. Oh, now I understand you—but why scamper off, sir, when I'm sure mamma would consent?

Colonel E. Oui, consent—but dat is so mecha-nique!—

Miss Dolly B. True, sir, it does sound of Bow bell: and, as you say, scampering off is such a funny thing; he! he! he! [*Aside.*] Ecod, I've a great mind: if I should, how Squire Tallyho would be surprised!

Colonel E. Allons, ma chere. [*Going.*]

Miss Dolly B. Stop, will you excuse me afterwards to Squire Tallyho?

Colonel E. For vat?

Miss Dolly B. Because I promised to run away with him.

Colonel E. Indeed!

Miss Dolly B. Yes, but don't tell mamma—Sure, 'twas for that I came here to meet him.

Colonel E. Yes, but here I come first.

Miss Dolly B. True, sir, and first come, first

served, as pa used to say, in the shop at home—he! he! he!

Colonel E. Come, then, my dearest angel!—Aha—Stay, mademoiselle, I vill order my gentil-homme to pack up some poudre, and pomade, and my dancing pump, as von cannot tell vat may happen—den, hey for love and pleasure! [Exit.]

Miss Dolly B. [Calling after him.] Colonel, make haste!

Tall. [Without.] Halloo, Doll! hip, my dainty Dolly!

Miss Dolly B. Squire Tallyho!—Oh, dear, what shall I do.

Enter TALLYHO.

Tall. Well, Doll, are you ready, my sweet Gosling?—I've got a fine rosy, drunken friar here—but, when I get you over into Yorkshire, we'll be married over again—you remember my chaplain, honest Parson Thump?

Miss Dolly B. Lord, Squire, don't tell me of Parson Thump—what kept you so long?—here have I been crying my eyes out for you.

Tall. Crying—fudge—show—why, your eyes do look as if—Ah, come now, you've an onion in your handkerchief?

Miss Dolly B. No, indeed, as I hope for—he! he! he!

Tall. Now, now, there—now, what's that for?

Miss Dolly B. I was laughing, to think of our marriage.

Tall. I begin to think, marriage is no laughing matter, Doll,—now, I tell you truly, I like you as well as anything I ever saw—Good points—fancy, thirteen hands high, and, by my lady's account, rising nineteen years last grass—but I tell you some things you must learn, to be my wife.—My mother, you must know, was a fine lady, all upon the heity-toities, and so, good

for nothing— Says father to me, one evening, as the last whiff of his fourth pipe sighed to the tears of the third tankard— Gaby, my dear boy, never marry a woman that can't breakfast on beef— carve a goose— won't withdraw from table, before "King and constitution," and sing a jolly song at first bidding—and then, says he, [*Snores.*] take care o'the girls, Gaby—and dropping asleep— yes, father, says I, I'll take care o'the girls—and with that, I slipped a brace of yellow boys out of his purse, and, next day, bought Peggy Trundle, the housemaid, a pair of Bath garters, silver shoe-buckles, and a marquiseate pin; for her stomach, he! he! he!

Miss Dolly B. I shouldn't ha' thought of your entertaining me with your old father's pipe, and Peggy Trundle's stomachers—if you're come here to run away with me, why, do the thing at once, and let's have no more talk about it.

Tall. True, Doll, such a fortune as yours, don't offer every day—I've a chaise at the door, and a sulky for Father Dominic, and, as your dad may be for pursuing us, I won't depend upon those rascally French postboys—it's all crack, smack, jabber, grin, and bustle—great noise, and little work, with them—No, no, I'll put on a jacket and great boots—a good disguise too—I'll drive you myself, gee up, my queen—you'll see how we'll tatter the road—do it there, whipcord—shave the signpost—Ah, softly up hill, good Bully—bit of hay to cool their mouths—pint o' twopenny, and a new lash—then, spank the Unicorn slapdash—Gee up—once we're coupled, let Sir John come whistle for you—Gee up—Ah, Button—do it there—softly, my honies—gee-ah! ah! [*Imitating.*
[*Exit.*

Miss Dolly B. Upon my word, this is clever—so, a gentleman can't go to be married, without his great boots! and t'other youth couldn't go without his dancing pumps—Ecod, if one of my old sweethearts

was to step in now, I am so vexed, I should be strongly tempted to give them both the double.

Lackland. [*Without.*] Oh, the lady's this way.

Miss Dolly B. Who have we now? I protest, the sprightly, elegant gentleman, that sent papa for his snuff box—he's a vastly pretty fellow!

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. At last I have found her—I hate courtship—no occasion here, I fancy—so sans ceremonie—here goes—[*Aside.*] Ma'am, your most obedient—

Miss Dolly B. How d'ye do, sir? [*A short courtesy.*

Lack. Well, my dear, 'tis at last settled—

Miss Dolly B. Sir!

Lack. Yes, though with some difficulty; I am now determined to marry you.

Miss Dolly B. Marry me!

Lack. A fact—but don't let your joy carry you away.

Miss Dolly B. You'll carry me away!

Lack. I said I would, and I never break my word.

Miss Dolly B. Said! to who, pray?

Lack. To myself—and you know, if a gentleman breaks his word to himself, what dependence can the world have on him—You're a fine creature—but I would not tell a lie for all the women in France.

Miss Dolly B. [*Aside.*] What a high notion of honour!—a much handsomer man too, than either Tallyho, or the colonel—Ecød, he's a charming, flashy beau!—I have a great mind——

Lack. [*Aside.*] Just as I thought—of fifty lovers with this young lady, I see, the last is the most welcome.

Miss Dolly B. I vow, I've a mind—but pa says you've no money.

Lack. Me no money! pleasant enough that, 'faith, ha! ha! ha!—why, he might as well say I borrowed a guinea from him.

Miss Dolly B. Ecod, now I remember, he did say it too.

Lack. Oh, well, he was right — Why, what an old lying — but — he's your father, therefore let it be so, ha! ha! well, I have no money — [*With pretended irony.*] I am the poorest dog in nature, ha! ha! ha! Well, that is very good, 'faith — such a joke —

Miss Dolly B. Joke? lord, I knew it was — I thought you must have been very rich, by your fine clothes.

Lack. Clothes — oh, I've only borrowed them from somebody, or other, you know — where could I get money to buy such clothes as these, ha! ha! ha! — well, this is excellent, ha! ha! ha!

Miss Dolly B. Ha! ha! ha! I knew you must have a great estate.

Lack. Me! — Oh, I haven't an acre, nor, may be, a mansion in Herefordshire — nor, perhaps, I haven't a house in Portman Square.

Miss Dolly B. Portman Square!

Lack. Without a guinea in the funds — perhaps, at this moment, I haven't half a crown in the world, I'm such a miserable dog, ha! ha! ha!

Miss Dolly B. Ha! ha! ha! Estate in Herefordshire! — Oh, lud! then we can make, at least — ay, twenty hogsheads of cyder.

Lack. Make cyder — hem! Oh, you elegant —
[*Aside.*] Garlick Hill!

Miss Dolly B. I've a monstrous mind — Now answer me one question, that's all — if I should consent to run off with you, would you leave me standing here, for great travelling boots, or your dancing pumps?

Lack. Me! Not for the Pigot diamond!

Miss Dolly B. No? — come along.

Lack. Where?

Miss Dolly B. Lord, don't you know?

Lack. If we had but a chaise, and a priest.

Miss Dolly B. One's in the house, and t'other's at the door below.

Lack. Indeed! My dear, you're young, and frank — I throw myself, and all my fortune, at your feet, in spite of figs, raisins, canvass sleeves, and moist sugar — Oh, you amazing fine creature!

Miss Dolly B. Oh, you astonishing charming man!
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE, speaks as entering.

Colonel E. All is ready — Allons, ma chere made-moiselle.

Enter TALLYHO, in French Boots, &c. speaks as entering.

Tall. Well, Doll, here I am, booted and pistolled — [*Looks about.*] How!

Colonel E. Aha! de lady is gone.

Tall. Aye, where is she gone?

Colonel E. Oui, vere have you put her?

Tall. [*Resolutely.*] Yes, tell me what you have done with her

Colonel E. Moi? — I did leave her here.

Tall. You mean, you found her here, master poacher.

Enter SIR JOHN BULL.

Tall. So, there, you wouldn't give your daughter to an honest Englishman, and now, she's whipped up by a poaching Frenchman! — I give you joy of your son-in-law, my old nag, ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. B. [*To COLONEL E.*] Where is Doll?

Colonel E. Ask dat gentleman dat did stole her.

Sir J. B. Hearkye, you Yorkshire bite, you sha'n't rob me of my child.

Tall. What, the devil, are you mad, old Holofernes! It's that there greyhound has whipped up little puss.

Sir J. B. I believe it.

Colonel E. Diable m'emporte — Zounds — Splutter and oons — it is no such ting.

Tall. It is.

Colonel E. It is not — You are as wrong in dis, as when you took me for a *tailleur*.

Sir J. B. Where have you hid my child? restore her, or, I'll Cressy and Agincourt you — I'll be a *Blaek Prince* to you. Why, *Dolly Bull*!

[*Calling.—Exit.*]

Colonel E. Nay, but, *Sir John* —

Tall. I am so vexed and perplexed — Oh, if I had you at *Dover*, I'd fight you — ay, with a pair of *queen Anne's pocket pistols*.

Colonel E. *Monsieur*, any thing to oblige you — I vil fight, or let it alone — all von to me — *ma foi*! Who's there? [*Calls.*] Hey! *Le Fleche*, *Justine*! —

[*Exit.*]

Tall. Oho! since I find I am jockeyed in this match, I must look sharp to my other matches — See what *Captain Henry* has been about — This *French pony* is now in his own stall, and let him stay there. — A silly tit! to prefer *monsieur*, to such a tight lad as I! — but if I get once back to dear *London*, with a fob full of *French gold*, see, if I let the finest lady in the land fetter my gamarets.

SCENE IV.

LAPOCHE's House.

Enter LAPOCHE, strutting.

Lap. Aha! 'tis certain dat I have something in my air dat is grande — I wrong my bon *adresse* and figure, to stick to dis *tailleur* trade; *Oui*, dat is de reason of *Madame Rosa's* scorn. If de *Lady de Bull* did take me for a colonel, dressed as I vas, vat must I be a-la-mode de noblesse? — Aha! I have a

tought; I vill surprise Madam Rosa into de love for my person! [*Sings.*] Oui, le Marquis de Papillon clothes fit me exactement — how lucky I did not take dem home yesterday! — Aha! Oh, here come de Madame Rosa! [*Retires.*]

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. Ah, could I again behold my dearest lord — every separation, from those we love, seems a chasm in existence — No danger, I think, from my brother Henry; he's now too busy with his own love, to give any interruption to mine: and, yet, I think, had his passion for this young lady but commenced previous to that of Lord Winlove's for me, Henry would not now lament the life, which he imagines, he has taken.

Enter LAPOCHE in a tawdry Dress — Kneels before her.

Rosa. [*Not recollecting him.*] Pray, sir, if I may —

Lap. Heigho! Behold de gentilhomme dat love a you — throw your arms round my neck like solitaire, and give me kiss, my charming fair.

Rosa. Trifling — impertinent!

Lap. Impertinent! — Aha! [*Rises in a passion.*] Do you know who you talk to, mademoiselle? — Impertinent! — You are a great lady, indeed, but I vas just now, (little as you may tink of me) taken for a colonel, by my Lady de Bull, though, perhaps, not so great as you, but, by gar, she vas tree times as big — Impertinent! — See, I vil be revenge — may I never set a stitch, but I vill have satisfaction — I am enragé!

Enter NANNETTE.

You, Nannette, stand out of my valk, or I may put my feet upon you.

Nan. Oh, lud, what's the matter?

Rosa. Nannette, step with me into my chamber.

[*Exit.*

Lap. Dere you may stay in your chamber — Aha! since you scorn me, Madame Runaway, I vill deliver you up to de Lady Abbess.

Nan. But Miss Rosa wants me.

Lap. I vant you, and I am your maître — [*Towards the door.*] you vant a gentilhomme, do you? — but, dere, madam, you may play vid your pin-cushion — vantrebleu! Aha; I am so fine and clever, I must ave somebody — Nannette, you come and kiss me.

Nan. Pooh! Nonsense!

Lap. Comment!

Nan. Lud, sir, what signifies your strutting about there like a jackdaw, and there's the foreman waiting to take home that suit of clothes on you.

[*Exit.*

Lap. So — I was just now impertinent, and now I am jackdaw — fortbien! — de devil's in all de vomen about me to-day — [*knocking without.*] Malpeste! — [*Looking.*] here is dat Lord Winlove returned again — By gar, he vill cut my throat — best hide a littel.

[*Exit.*

Enter LORD WINLOVE.

Lord W. No, I cannot drive her from my heart — let me not condemn her too hastily — I'll first know to a certainty who accompanied her from this house yesterday morning — My death from that rencontre is every where believed, and even a reward offered for apprehending him — Well, one comfort, I'm a living witness of his innocence — but now for his lovely sister — Ah, see where she sits! dissolved in grief and tears.

[*Runs out to her.*

Enter HENRY.

Henry. Here, you Lapoche! where is this fel-

how? — what has he done with Rosa? 'Pray Heaven, she ha'n't given him the slip! Now, with Tallyho's consent, and the amiable Celia's acceptance of my passion, I've no alloy to my golden delights, but the mournful memory of Lord Winlove, thus revived, in my unhappy sister's recent elopement. — Was she still in possession of her unsullied name, I of my Celia's love, and the esteem of such a friend as Lord Winlove could have been, — Fortune might do her worst.

AIR. — HENRY.

*Let Fame sound her trumpet, and cry, "to the war!"
Let glory re-echo the strain;
The full tide of honour may flow from the scar,
And heroes may smile on their pain.
The treasures of autumn let Bacchus display,
And stagger about with his bowl,
On science, let Sol beam the lustre of day,
And wisdom give light to the soul.*

*Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,
Each virtue, each joy to improve;
Oh, give me the friend that I know to be true,
And the fair that I tenderly love.
What's glory, but pride? A vain bubble, is fame,
And riot, the pleasure of wine.
What's riches, but trouble? and title's a name;
But friendship and love, are divine.*

Enter LORD WINLOVE and ROSA.

Henry. Lord Winlove alive!

Lord W. Sorry to see me so, Henry?

Henry. I own, my Lord, I am surprised, yet rejoice to find my hand guiltless of blood, and you still possessed of power to heal my honour, in doing justice to my unhappy sister. Forgive my former weakness, I now only appeal to your humanity.

Lord W. My dear Henry, I never looked upon your sister, but with the ardent wish of an honourable connexion — a jealous honour hurried you to rashness, and the fondest love rendered me imprudent: thus, we see, the noblest principles, if guided only by our passions, may prove destructive.

Enter CELIA, running.

Celia. Oh, my dear Captain! but I didn't know you had company — a thousand pardons — [*Courtesies round.*] but, upon my word, I don't know how to apologize for this strange intrusion of mine — Captain, don't be vain, if I make this horrible news of your danger an excuse for my coming hither.

Henry. A thousand thanks for this kind solicitude! — My lord — Sister — give me leave to introduce a lady, who, I hope, will soon honour our family by the dearest tie.

Miss Dolly B. [*Without.*] Run, husband, or they'll catch us.

Enter LACKLAND and MISS DOLLY BULL.

Lack. Let's rally, and face the enemy.

Enter SIR JOHN and LADY BULL.

Sir J. B. So, you're a pretty jade! but I'll —

[*Advancing.*

Lack. No abuse.

[*Stops him.*

Sir J. B. What! not my own daughter?

Lack. Nobody must abuse my wife.

Sir J. B. Wife! I shall go mad! — my daughter married to a fellow that I saw this morning in white shoes, and a black shirt?

Lady B. Ay, you would have English.

Sir J. B. I hope he's a rogue. [*LACKLAND bows.*

Henry. Your son-in-law!

Sir J. B. If he was myself—I hope he's a rogue—

Lady B. Tell me, Dolly, how dare you take up with that person?

Miss Dolly B. Why, la, mamma! when the Colonel and 'Squire Tallyho left me, I was glad to catch at any body.

Lack. What's that you say, Mrs. Lackland? — I'm very much obliged to you — you have done me infinite honour!
[*Makes a low bow.*]

Enter TALLYHO.

Tall. Eh, what, have you all got about the winning-post here?

Miss Dolly B. Yes, and now you may canter off to Newmarket.

Tall. Lackland, I give you joy of little Ginger, for she was never good, egg, or bird.

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE.

Colonel E. How do you, good folks, damme? Ah, Miss Dolly coquin, run away!

Miss Dolly B. Yes, Colonel, and didn't even wait for my dancing pumps!

Colonel E. How is my good Lady de Bull? zounds!

Lady B. Sir, if you're a Frenchman, behave like one.

Colonel E. I will never behave myself, damme!

Tall. Oh, Captain, you made the betts against my mare — when do we share, my Trojan?

Henry. Sir, I don't understand——

Tall. Why, didn't I pay forfeit, and let the colonel's Black Prince walk over the course to-day?

Henry. And, seriously, did you dare to think that I'd join in such a scandalous affair?

Tall. Then you may fling your cap at Celia.

Henry. Hush! you laid me five thousand yourself — consent to my marriage with your sister, or

I'll proclaim you, not only here, at Fontainebleau, but at every race-course in England.

Tall. I'm had—yes, and tricked, choused, slanged, and banged! Celia, take him against the field—clever—has nicked me, that have nicked hundreds!

Henry. I fancy, the first real good ever produced by gaming; our winning is but a decoy; its joys built upon the grief of others; and our losses stop but in ruin or dishonour.

Tall. May be so; but, as I set out a young pigeon, I'll die an old rook.

Sir J. B. But how shall I get this rook? [*To LACKLAND*] out of my pigeon-house?

Colonel E. Ah, pauvre Lackland! I have procure de commission for you, in my regiment.

Lack. Thank you, Colonel; but while I can raise the price of a drumstick, I'll never draw a sword against my country.

Sir J. B. What!—your hand, my Briton!—you shall never want a nail for your hat, in my parlour, at dinner time—You shall post my books, and take the whip-hand of my lady's gig on a Sunday.

Lack. Drive a gig! My dear dad, you shall rattle up in your vis-a-vis, to the astonishment of all Garlick Hill.

Sir J. B. My dearee and I ride, side by side, in a vis-a-vis! ha! ha! ha!

Tall. Yes, and if you whip your gig down to Yorkshire, I'll mount her ladyship upon Whirligig, and, Sir Jackey, my lad, up you go again, upon Kick-him-Jenny.

Sir J. B. I'll see you astride the dragon, upon Bow steeple, first—but now I'll invite you all to the British Lion, where French claret shall receive the zest of English hospitality—Eh, my Antigallican son-in-law?

Lack. Well said, Bull; but mind, I'll have no il-liberal prejudices in my family—general national reflections are unworthy the breast of an English-

man ; and, however, in war, each may vindicate his country's honour, in peace, let us not know a distance but the Streights of Dover.

FINALE.

- Lord W. *This patriot fire, within each heart,
For ever let us nourish ;*
- Rosa. *Of glory still, the golden mart,
May England ever flourish !*
- Henry. *Let fashion, with her glitt'ring train,
Abroad, awhile deceive us ;*
- Celia. *We long to see dear home again,
The love of England must remain,
And that can never leave us.
This patriot fire, &c.*
- Sir J. B. *My future range,
The Stock Exchange,
'Tis there I'll mend my paces ;
Nor gig, nor nag,
Jack Bull shall drag,
To French or English races.*
- Lady B. *At feast, or ball,
At Grocers' Hall,
'Tis there I'll mend my paces ;
Yet nothing keep
Me from a peep,
At French or English Races.*

CHORUS.

*Now of each doubt and perplexity eas'd,
From Fontainebleau we prance,
In hopes with our errors our friends will be pleas'd,
As 'tis our way in France.*

THE END.

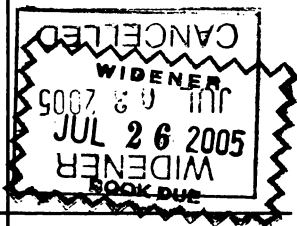
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